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AUTUMN

JOHN S. ALBERT, '09.

'Tis Autumn; the leaves on the trees will soon perish,
The woods become brown, and the meadows be sear;
Yet gladly the songs of the nightingale cherish,
The beautiful sunset we'll ever hold dear.

Although in the shade of the forests we wander
And far o'er the hills and the valleys' green sod,
Yet awed by the silence, we reverently ponder
With heartfelt devotion o'er blessings of God.

The brooks in the forest, the streams from the mountains,
Are singing to us their last song of farewell;
And they to the rivulets, springs and the fountains
Are murmuring sadly their sorrowful knell.

The richest of blessings to us has been given,
No more should we murmur, no longer complain,
The glories of earth and the beauties of heaven
Are ours to remember; yes, ours to retain.

But hearts in our bosoms are sadly repining
For autumn of life will soon linger and fade
Yet through the bleak shadows the sunbeams are shining
To brighten the darkness of sorrow and age.

No more should we languish in sadness and sighing,
For Mem'ry remembers the days that were best;
Though we in the sunset of life may be dying,
Yet soon shall we enter our haven of rest.

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The Place of Longfellow as a Poet in American Literature

HARRY L. Y. SEYLER, '08.

Before criticising the works of the poet under consideration, it is fitting that a few remarks be made on the period immediately preceding the poet's birth, and an account given of his general characteristics. Up to the time of Longfellow, a too practical and ascetic spirit prevailed to make advances in poetry. Puritanism was of such a character as to consider beauty a strange god, and sentiment was looked upon as an idle dream. There was need of a richer life and thought. The time was ripe for a great poet when Longfellow came into existence. He seemed the divinely appointed one to satisfy demands. By combining the sentiment and beauty of other lands in a way to propitiate the ancestral spirit as he well knew how, Longfellow beguiled the reason of the puritanically inclined people through the aesthetic senses and speedily satisfied them that beauty and holiness can be associated. Although Longfellow received the essential part of his nourishment from Europe, he marks the rise of true poetry in America. He excited in the American people a desire for the Old World taste and imagination. The introduction of such invaluable elements was undoubtedly the very thing needed to quicken the prosaic tendencies of the time, and to soften the stern temperaments of the people. These borrowings from the Old World rested upon the firm foundation of centuries of experience, development, consummated criticism, and a romantic and historical environment. If for no other reason than that he caused the influx into our country of the prime requisites of poetry and consequently produced a change of feeling favorable to verse, he should be lauded to the skies.

Just as the minds of all men were concentrated on Cambridge, the literary capital, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, in 1807. Later on this unheralded child was destined to enhance very much the ever-increasing prominence of the home of men like Holmes, Lowell and Everett. Descended from a cultured and affluent household, his opportunities for success were abundant. He was gifted not only with the voice and ear of a poet, but also had an inclination for letters, which was equal to an additional sense. He was gentle, pure, and buoyant in nature, and possessed a manly character. The climatic period of Longfelow's life was at the age of nineteen. At this stage of his career, Bowdoin College, with clear judgment and a discerning eye, offered him the newly established chair of modern languages. This action of his alma mater decided the future calling of Long-

fellow. The future professor of modern languages was requested to spend three years in preliminary study on the Continent. Ten year later he was appointed to a similar position at Harvard, the center of learning. Although not a native of Cambridge, and not even a graduate of Harvard, nevertheless, Longfellow became the core of the literati of the city. Everything was favorable toward his ministry of song—health, friendship, ease, opportunity for travel, with hardly a flaw in his life from beginning to end. In the course of his preparation for the professorship at Harvard, he made a stay in Sweden to study Scandanavian literature. This fact was to bear fruit in his later poetical career. Longfellow was loved abroad as strongly as at home. In confirmation of their esteem, the English erected his monument in Westminster Abbey, where the honored dead of England lie. His calm temperament and sunny nature endeared him to the hearts of all people. Even the death of his wife by burning elicited no complaint, or stamped his sweet songs with pessimism. Each year was made richer by the appearance of new works.

On account of the superior excellencies of Longfellow's poetry, too little notice is taken of his prose compositions. In order to obtain a more thorough appreciation of his character, we must dabble in his romances. They have an autobiographic value attached to them. The first is "Outre Mer." It is a second "Sketch Book." Longfellow did not deny that he received inspiration for this work from Irving's book of similar structure. Yet, in spite of this fact, "Outre Mer" is distinctively Longfellow's. It bubbles over with the spirit of the young man. To him everything is beautiful, romantic, blithesome, and can very easily be called a sentimental journey. The next advance along the line of growth was the production of "Hyperion." It illustrates what four years of experience and acquaintance with the verities of life can do. In it we behold the more matured mind. He thinks more profoundly, and permits us to peep at the riches of his budding mind. A slight thread of a plot runs through the story. A further advance is made to "Kavanagh," written with less freshness; but a more cunning and more thoroughly developed intellect is evident. In it he approaches very near the domain of the novel. The plan of this romance displays the hand of the author in his prime. These prose tales give us an inkling as to his well-ordered life, and show the romantic tendency of the German school in him which he insisted on following as a poet, in spite of the objections raised by those who were opposed to anything gotten from the Old World.

In reading criticisms of Longfellow, we discover that a few of the English critics assert that he is "the least national of our poets." This is a monstrous falsity. Take "The Courtship of Miles Standish" and the "New England Tragedies" and you can see the absurdity of the statement. The two works give a bright and dark view of early Puritan life in this country. In order to depict the pictures painted in these surveys of New England life, one must needs know the situations

and circumstances of life at that time. Longfellow not only writes about the section of country in which he grew to maturity, but also develops countless other natonal subjects. In "Paul Revere's Ride" he ignites our patriotism by the spirited and inspired reference to the revolution. He also endears the "Seaside and Fireside" of America to all its inhabitants. In "Elizabeth" we are given an exquisite picture of Quaker life and love. A number of other poems which add to our knowledge of New England life are: "The Baron of St. Castine," "The Rhyme of Sir Christopher," "Eliot's Oak," "Lady Wentworth" and "The Ballad of the French Fleet." The author of "Hiawatha" could not have been ignorant of the Indians. Pick up "Evangeline" and observe how the southern bayous by moonlight, the prairies, and Amercan rivers are described. An unbiased critic is forced to ascribe nationality to the writer of such works.

The reputation of many poets rests upon the worth of one poem. Of Poe, it is said that "had he written only 'The Raven' his literary fame would still be secure." Of Bryant it must be admitted that all his poetry is fine; but still critics claim that " 'Thanatopsis alone would establish a claim to genius." The following are a list of single lyrics by which the authors became famous: "The Star Spangled Banner," by Francis Scott Key; "The Old Oaken Bucket," by Samuel Woodworth, and "My Life Is Like a Summer Rose," by Richard Henry Wilde. The rank of a poet depends not entirely on the quantity, but principally on the quality of his productions. In like manner, can it be said of Longfellow. Had he written only "Hiawatha" and "Evangeline" his position in the front rank would be assured.

According to the opinion of several competent critics, "Hiawatha" is to be classed as the poet's masterpiece. It certainly is a superb production, and may be called the American Epic. The structure of the poem is unique. The metre which is an imitation of the eight-syllabled trochaic measure of the Finnish Epic, "The Kalevala," seems particularly fitted for the primitive aboriginal legends of "Hiawatha," with their strange uncouth nomenclature and their frequent repetitions. The poem relates the Indian tradition concerning a personage of supernatural birth, who came to this earth to cleanse it from all harms, to clear the rivers, slay all monsters and magicians, and to teach the people the arts of peace. This is the most orignal of Longfellow's literary efforts. It is wonderful how the many harsh sounding names flow along in the verses like water moving down stream. The young reader passes over the outlandish words without stumbling. Then the repeating of certain phrases strikes the ear like the refrain to a song. These repetitions are to the Epic what the base is to a musical composition. They round out the effect of the whole. It is true to the Indian spirit. Things are so vividly portrayed that the action appears to pass before us in panorama. We are present

"With the odors of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling smoke of wigwams,
With the rushing of great rivers."

Notice the delightful rhythm in these lines. Throughout the entire poem we meet with exquisite descriptions. The following lnes, picked at random, are noted here to illustrate Longfellow's ability as a painter of Nature.

"Fiercely the red sun descending
Burned his way along the heavens,
Set the sky on fire behind him,
As war-parties, when retreating,
Burn the prairies on their war-trail;
And the moon, the Night Sun, eastward,
Suddenly starting from his ambush,
Followed fast those bloody footprints,
Followed in that fiery war-trail,
With its glare upon its features."

The above quotation, besides displaying the powers of the delineator, also is a typical example of the alliterative verse of Longfellow. The poet was fond of using this metrical trick to secure melodious rhythm. Another passage must be quoted to show how Longfellow made use of the imaginative element, one essential of a poet. It is a selection of Hiawatha's sailing westward to find Pearl Feather, the magician.

"All the air was white with moonlight,
All the water black with shadow,
All around him the Suggema,
The mosquitoes, sang their war-song,
And the fire-flies, Wah-wah-taysee,
Waved their torches to mislead them;
And the bull-frog, the Dahinda,
Thrust his head into the moonlight,
Fixed his yellow eyes upon him,
Sobbed and sank beneath the surface;
And anon a thousand whistles,
Answered over all the fen-lands,
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Far off on the reedy margin,
Heralded the hero's coming."

The imagination evident in this extract is beautiful, romantic and poetical. It is a perfect picture. It also shows how the polysyllabic words fit into the lines like bricks in a wall. The following philosophic observations with their epigrammatic structure remind one of the renowned Shakespeare.

"Big words do not smite like war-clubs,
Boastful breath is not a bow-string,
Taunts are not so sharp as arrows,
Deeds are better things than words are,
Actions mightier than boastings."

"Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,
Life is checkered shade and sunshine,
Day is restless, night is quiet,
Man imperious, woman feeble."

In all the writings of Longfellow we find these thoughtful remarks in regard to life. Many facts of Indian life are taught in "Hiawatha." The description of how to build a canoe is delectable, and instructive. The numerous Indian legends are woven into the tradition of Hiawatha with such skill that the whole poem seems one natural story. There are few faults to be found. Wherever one dips into it, bubbles of beauty arise. There is enough dramatic action in the poem to satisfy excitable temperaments, and yet soothe their turbulent spirits. After the predestined mission of Hiawatha has been accomplished, his wife, Minnehaha, dies, and shortly after her death he departs

"On a long and distant journey,
To the portals of the Sunset."

"Evangeline" shows Longfellow at his best. It is the first sustained narrative poem in American literature which endured. Longfellow wrote "Evangeline" at forty, the same age at which Tennyson composed his "In Memoriam." In spite of the so-called injunctions of critics that hexameter verse belonged exclusively to the classical languages and could not be introduced into our vernacular tongue with success, Longfellow adopted it and proved to the world that it was no drawback, and that English people read it with pleasure if written gracefully and elegantly. This poem reveals to us the Acadians of French descent, who inhabited a province of Nova Scotia. It tells how the English banished the Acadians, because they assisted their countrymen, the Frenchmen, in the outbreak of the fourth French and Indian War. In the carrying out of this sad expulsion of an entire community, two lovers were separated. The poem deals mostly with the separation and trials of this couple. After much wandering and searching, they found each other when both were old and ready to die. Longfellow opens the poem with an introduction resembling the invocation to the Muses placed at the beginning of Classical Epics.

"This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight.
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms."

In addition to the poetical grandeur, the technique of the lines is perfect. The few flaws, which occur in some of the lines, are the result of the metre, which is not easily adapted to the English. These insignificant mistakes are sure to creep into all writing. Our duty is to remove the outer coating of the rough pebble and exhibit the diamond. The pathetic tale of "Evangeline" is an harmonious whole. Stedman calls it "the flower of American idyls"; and Howells adds: "the best poem of our age." The old hexameter of Homer and Virgil is so deftly handled that it seems the proper and only vehicle for the sadness, love, and melancholy of the story. The following is a graphic, striking and figurative account of a storm. There is a majestic swing in the passage which compels one to read it a second time.

"As when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his windows,
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs,
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclosures,
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker."

One can see the storm sweeping everything before it. There are lines in this poem which will not lose any of their magnificence when compared with Homer or Virgil. At this same point of the story is given an account of the indignation felt by the Arcadian farmers, when they heard the sentence pronounced

that was to exile them from home. This particular section of the poem could be dramatized with brilliant success. The reader can see the surging mob "in the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention." Suddenly, Father Felician enters upon the scene and "raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence all that clamorous throng." As a depicter of sorrow, Longfellow is an artist in the strict sense of the word. All readers of "Evangeline" will recall the sad meeting of the lovers in the almshouse.

"Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows."

Evangeline abounds not only in the dramatic action, pictures of sorrow, adventures, and scenes of home-life, but also contains elegant descriptions which are unsurpassed both in poetry and in prose. The following is an example of that wonderful power of Longfellow to paint with words. It is the burning of Grand-Pre:

"Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon
Titian-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow,
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together.
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the roadstead.
Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a martyr,
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and, uplifting,
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred house-tops
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled."

The story is completed with a conclusion that reminds one of the epilogues attached to dramas in the Elizabethan period of literature. It relates how the two lovers were buried side by side "under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard," and how, over the places spoken of in the beginning, there "dwells another race, with other customs and language." The ending is not as a sympathetic soul would wish, but still it is satisfying to the lover of a story of sustained excitement. This poem is dear to the hearts of all admirers of poetry, and is one of the master productions of all times.

As a result of his visit to the Scandinavian peninsula, Longfellow wrote "The Challenge of Thor." This is an excellent little piece of artistic verse, and was intended for a prologue to the second part of "Christus." This latter poem is divided nto three parts. "The Divine Tragedy" deals with the life and death of the Saviour; "The Golden Legend" developes the doctrine of Christianity in the Middle Ages; "The New England Tragedies" shows Christianity just breaking away from superstitions, and from the spirit of persecution. Each division is introduced by a prologue, or poetical preface. Although intended for the purpose stated above, "The Challenge

of Thor" was finally incorporated in the "Saga of King Olaf," which is one of the tales of "Tales of the Wayside Inn."

All students of literature are to some extent familiar with Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." It must be conceded that this group of tales from the pen of our English friend stands high in the estimation of all critics. Let us examine a collection of Longfellow's tales bound together on somewhat the same plan. Probably Chaucer's work suggested to Longfellow the "Tales of the Wayside Inn." There is one very slight difference in the two productions. Chaucer compells his characters to tell their tales on the road, whereas Longfellow has his narrators seated around the fireside in the Inn. Another reason which determined Longfellow's plan of action was his desire to join the "Saga of King Olaf" with his friend, Ole Bull. This, in turn, led to the more highly developed conception of portraying a group of which the musician should be one. The historic background, the picturesque appearance of the ruined tavern at Sudbury, and the beautiful surroundings led him to localize his idea. This book is interesting, because we receive an inkling of Longfellow's wide acquaintance with foreign literatures. It appears as if he had bathed in the lore of all lands. A majority of the tales are borrowed, but they have been so thoroughly assimilated and characteristically presented that the credit of their beauty accrues to Longfellow. Shakespeare, the greatest dramatist of all ages, pursued the same policy. In "Tales of the Wayside Inn," the characters are real. The musician is Ole Bull; the Spanish Jew, Israel Edrehi; the poet is F. W. Parsons, the translator of Dante; the Sicilian is Luigi Monti, who was a familiar friend of Longfellow's, a political exile; the theologian, Professor Daniel Threadwell, a physicist of genius, who leaned toward theology; the student, Henry Ware Wales, a scholar who had travelled much. The form was of such a nature that new additions could be made continually. The variety, in nationality, of his story tellers gave the poet great scope. Through the Norwegian musician he could spread out his stock of Northern legends; by means of the Sicilian he drew from Boccaccio, or immortalized Italian folklore; by the help of the Jew he unfolded the richness of the Talmud. The poet, student, and landlord gave him more chance for originality and greater variety. "Birds of Killingworth" is the only story of the whole group, that he invented himself.

In the prelude to "Tales of a Wayside Inn" a rich fund of both mythological and historical allusions is given to feed upon. Is this not a characteristic of poetical minds? Descriptions are romantic and realistic. Everything seems to possess vitality, even

> "The wood-fire clapped its hands of flame,
> And shadows on the wainscot-stirred,
> And from the harpsichord there came
> A ghostly murmur of acclaim,
> A sound like that sent down at night
> By birds of passages in their flight,
> From the remotest distance heard,"

as the musician ceased his melodies. In comparison with the "Prologue of the

Canterbury Tales" it can be said that Longfellow delineates by means of details, but Chaucer employs suggestion. It is merely the toss of a penny, which of the two gives a more vivid impression.

The Landlord's Tale, or "Paul Revere's Ride" was written as a single poem to celebrate the heroic action of Paul Revere, and not one of a series of stories. Later on Longfellow revised it and united it with "Tales of a Wayside Inn." To get a hint of the strength of the poem, only the start of the rider is quoted.

""He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!
A hurry of hoofs in a villege street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet."

Although suggestion was not used to any great extent in the prologue, this small selection is almost entirely suggestive. This poem is thrilling in its effects on the reader, and is prescribed for students of elocution. There is a fascination in its rapid action, its patriotic spirit, and the midnight scenes which flit before the reader like actual happenings.

Then the interlude looms up before the reader, in which comments on the preceding story and introduction of the following tale, are made. Such an interruption occurs at the close of every narrative. Each one is of the usual literary stamp, and aids in connecting the story as a whole more closely.

The next fable is "The Falcon of Ser Federigo," which was told by the student. The tale was borrowed from Boccaccio's "Decameron." This same story has been used by La Fontaine and by Tennyson. It has been traced back to the Sanskrit fables. It is a love poem, and is very beautifully told. Then follow in rapid succession the tales of the Spanish Jew, the Sicilian and the musician, the theologian and the poet. This completes the first part. There are two similar parts before the book closes. "King Robert of Sicily," as told by the Sicilian, was embodied in a miracle play. "The Saga of King Olaf" was chosen from the "Heimskringla," an Icelandic chronicle, by Snorro Sturleson early in the thirteenth century. "Tales of the Wayside Inn" are both interesting narratives and beautifully told. They are written so simply and vividly that children laugh and weep over them, and even more highly developed intellects are thrilled beyond control by the life-like pictures presented. In addition to this simplicity there is such strict adherence to technique, such a flow of diction, such poetic language, and such figurative expressions that the master critic fears to condemn the few mistakes, which are sure to crop out in any writing. Longfellow has the art of picking up any kind of phrases, quotations, or outlandish combinations of sounds and making them fit the metre. There is such rhythm and flow of thought in spite of boulders to be overcome that the reader moves along automatically with no effort whatsoever. More stress should be put upon such

poetry; not that which calls for days of labor to interpret the meaning of a passage. For instance, examine at random a stanza from the "Saga:"

"To avenge his father slain,
And reconquer realm and reign,
Came the youthful Olaf home,
Through the midnight sailing, sailing,
Listening to the wild wind's wailing,
And the dashing of the foam."

This reminds one of the melodious and picturesque verse of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," and the musical inventions of E. A. Poe's "Raven." It is an accepted fact that Poe ranks first as a musician of words. Take a selection from "Bishop Sigurd, of Salten Fiord" in the "Saga," and see if a favorable comparison cannot be made.

1 "Up the stairway softly creeping,
2 To the loft where Rand was sleeping,
3 With their fists they burst asunder
4 Bolt and bar that held the door."

1 "Drunken with sleep and ale they found him,
2 Dragged him from his bed and bound him,
3 While he stared with stupid wonder
4 At the look and garb they wore."

This has every bit as much musical swing in it as the poems of Poe. There is a peculiar trick of structure and rhyming in the above that is worthy of notice. Every two stanzas contain one idea. The first and second line in each stanza rhyme, but the third and fourth of the first stanza rhyme with the third and fourth of the second stanza. By means of such variety of combinations throughout the "Tales of the Wayside Inn" a newness is given to every narration that relieves it of the monontony which is characteristic of Pope's couplets. The "Birds of Killingsworth," as related by the poet, is Longfellow's own invention. The story may have been suggested by a certain practice, at Killingworth, of hunting the hawk, the owl, the crow, the blackbird, and any bird harmful to corn. The second and third divisions of "Tales of the Wayside Inn" are constructed on the same plan as the first. The poet and Landlord recount events of the New World, while the others delve into the resources of the Old World. In this way the first two act as variety screws. "Tales of the Wayside Inn" can be placed side by side with "The Canterbury Tales," and lose none of its brilliancy.

The interest of Longfellow manifested in "The Courtship of Miles Standish" was due to the fact that John Alden and Pricilla were two of his ancestors on his mother's side. This poem might be called an idyl on love and friendship. These two attributes are the foundation and keynote of the idyl. It is a splendid picture of early New England life. The meter is the same as that of "Evangeline." There are not as many metrical errors as in "Evangeline." It is amusing to read how Miles Standish harps on the adage, "Serve yourself would you be well served," and yet at the critical moment does not follow his own teachings. A novel method of letting the reader know at the outset that John Alden loves Priscilla is employed. Merely in the writing of letters, which are to be sent

out with the Mayflower, is the secret revealed.

"Every sentence began or closed with the name of Priscilla,
Till the treacherous pen, to which he confided the secret,
Strove to betray it by singing and shouting the name Priscilla!"

The above passage is also the introduction to the confession of Miles Standish's love for Priscilla. The blunt old fighter requests the meek and unassuming John Alden to propose to the Plymouth maiden in his stead. Then is pictured the internal conflict of the simple stripling, which is always sure to affect the sympathy of the reader. Although Alden is sore pressed not to fulfill his duty, still his sincere love and strong friendship for Miles Standish prevails in spite of his own intense love for the damsel; and he repeats:

"Let not him that putteth his hand to the plough look backwards,
Though it pass o'er the graves of the dead and the hearts of the living,
It is the will of the Lord; and his mercy endureth forever!"

Beautiful Christian thought expressed in such elegant form will stand the test of time. In this charmingly interesting manner, making a philosophical observation here and elaborating a religious truth there, Longfellow continues to expound how John Alden blundered in the proposal for his rival; how Priscilla became angry at first, but finally, with eyes overrunning with laughter, said in tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" John was thunderstruck by the idea and rushed out of the house. After the cool breezes had quelled the tumult of emotions in his breast, he goes back to the brave captain fully determined to return to England. Upon hearing John's report of the close of the proposal, the captain storms and rails terribly at his messenger of love. In the midst of his raging the rejected lover is called to a conference in which is to be decided the question of war or peace with the Indians. As John stood with one foot in the boat and one on shore, prepared to depart from the settlement, he looked once more in the direction which was dear to his heart. Directly in his line of vision, apart from the crowd, stood Priscilla with dejected mien, gazing ruefully at him. A flash of understanding seemed to pass between them, and John stayed with the settlers. Still deeming himself bound by the ties of friendship to Miles Standish, this innocent youth never even dreamed of marrying Priscilla until one day the news came that the valiant captain had been killed by the Indians. When the marriage ceremonies had almost been completed, our old friend, the Indian slayer, appeared on the scene still alive and bubbling over with repentance and readiness to forgive all past injuries. In execution and finish this poem stands next to "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha." It gives evidences of more ease and facility in the handling of dactylic hexameter. So many examples of Longfellow's command of words have been cited that it would be like repeating the same old

songs, if more were given. To say that the descriptions in "The Courtship ot Miles Standish" are up to the usual standard must suffice here.

At this point, it is proper to mention another field of work in which Longfellow had few equals. I refer to nis metrical translations, and especially that incomparable version of Dante's "Divine Comedy." The "Divine Comedy" stands as one of the great translations of the world.

Before laying aside this review of the poet's creations, we must not slight the minor productions. Some of them are sublime, storehouses of sweetness, but others are mere ryhmes. "The Building of the Ship" and "Keramos" are almost perfect from all points of view. They are like jewels among precious stones. The conception and structure of both resemble Schiller's "Lay of the Bell"—the first more so than the second. "The Building of the Ship" is built on an ode by Horace. It is a gem of literature. It illustrates the poetical ability of Longfellow in glowing colors. The remarkable thing about "Keramos" is that such an unpromising subject, as the making of pottery, has been wrought into such a beautiful and interesting form. Other noteworthy poems are: "The Skeleton In Armor," "The Wreck of the Hesperus," "The Village Blacksmith," "The Rainy Day," "Maidenhood," "Excelsior," "Psalm of Life," "The Old Clock on the Stairs." All his minor poems have the end rhyme. This device was handled with such skill that it does not become tiresome like Pope's poetry. These small songs contain simple themes, told in a short, concise and rapid style, which is in harmony with the requirements of the ballad.

Thus, one might go on enumerating evidence upon evidence of Longfellow's claim to pre-eminence among American poet's; but since the intent of this essay is to establish the rank of Longfellow, enough has been said. In so far as Longfellow was confident of his ability, he reminds us of Horace. We cannot class him with the great singers of the world. He is a poet of the fireside, not of the everburning fires of nature. He is called the "Household Poet." The elements which make a great poet are spontaneity, fire, boundless admiration for the beautiful in nature, deep feeling, and strong imaginative powers. Longfellow has the imaginative faculty highly developed, has bursts of intense feeling now and then, and paints pictures of nature profusely and magnificently. He lacked the spontaneity, fire, and contagious rapture which characterized poets like Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare; but, nevertheless, among American poets he stands first. In addition, Longfellow had a romantic and sympathetic disposition. No matter what sorrows entered his life, he always remained calm and lovable, never allowing any pessimism to creep into his verse. He looked upon Bryant as his master. This cannot be taken for granted, because both wrote different types of poetry. Bryant is cold, stately, exact, classical, slow, and dignified; whereas Longfellow is sentimental, natural, exact, modern, rapid, soothing,

appealing, pleasant, and more universal in spirit. Both were metrical artists, and gave vivid and true paintings of their subjects. They are opposites, and must be considered as such. It can easily be seen that the fame of Longfellow will increase, while that of Bryant is sure to die out. Although Longfellow is not as fiery and original as Whittier, nor as humorous and disdainful as Lowell, nor as individual as Poe, he had something greater—sweeping intellect, imaginative power, and a sense of melody which was well-nigh faultless. Longfellow also held himself aloof from his poetry, not permitting the personal element to enter, as did Byron in his works. In contradiction to the criticism that Longfellow is superficial, a few quotations were previously given to prove that he has as deep thoughts as any other American poet. The fact that some minds discover no profound thoughts may be due to the simplicity of expression, which Longfellow aimed to effect. It is not said that, when a thing is clearly stated, there is no thought present. Some critics call obscurity, like that of Browning, profundity of thought. With this accumulative evidence of his excellencies to guide us, we are compelled to place Longfellow on a pedestal at the head of American poets.

Diplomatic Usury

H. D. Whitteker, '09.

My friend, Foster, of the Olympian Club, informed me, as we sat at lunch in the Green Room, that there was a draft of five thousand on the Merchants' Trust of New York, awaiting the man who would make the run from Vladivostok to Paris by way of St. Petersburg in two weeks, and ventured to add that it was a reasonably safe bet, since it took four by rail.

For several minutes I sat lost in thought, and at the same time unconsciously endeavored to empty the sugar-bowl into my coffee-cup.

Foster must have watched me until he thought it time to interfere, then leaning over he tapped me on the shoulder.

"May I have that please?" he calmly remarked.

"Eh, what's that?" I said, waking up.

"No hurry, no hurry. Only when you are through with that you may turn the bowl over to me."

I laughed and called the waiter.

"I was thinking of that five thousand," I said, "and——"

"What's the matter with the Canadian Western?"

I smiled at the allusion.

"Well, not exactly the five thousand," I corrected, "but rather the task it imposes. On second thought it does appear somewhat difficult. I fear my legs would give out even before I could reach St. Petersburg," and I stroked my chin thoughtfully.

Foster looked disgusted.

"I fear, Douglass, that your education

has been sadly neglected. Know, sir, that when we speak of a run we leave behind the ancient days of the Greek Stadium and the Marathon race and refer simply to a trip taken in a machine called an automobile. You follow me? Well, an automobile is sometimes called a car and may be propelled by any one of three methods—gasoline, electricity, or steam. Now, the gas——"

"Thanks, many thanks," I said, interterrupting him. "I understand perfectly. But, really, you should be more explicit, Eddie."

Foster remained disdainfully silent, so I continued:

"What else do you know about this eccentric bet?"

"Only what I have told you. Why do you ask? Are you thinking of trying it?"

"I am. But don't tell anybody."

"I won't." He took it as a joke.

"O, I mean it," I assured him.

"The deuce you do!"

"Well, I'm going on a vacation, and one place is as good as another, I suppose."

"Gr-eat Scott! The man's actually going to take a—why, I don't believe you know what a vacation's like."

"Doctor's orders," I retorted. "Higher altitudes and such rot."

"But gimmine! he didn't tell you to go clear to heaven, did he?"

"No, not quite. The hills of Siberia will answer the purpose very well, I believe. Besides, there's the five thousand too. Mustn't forget that."

"No, no, that's so. It wouldn't do to forget the main issue. When do you propose to start?"

"Just as soon as arrangements can be made with the—— By the way, who is the speedy gentleman?"

"You refer to the holder of the stakes? You know, you must be more explicit, Bobbie, dear."

"You follow me," I replied, ignoring the dig.

"The gentleman in question is Count Obervinski."

"The Russian attache?"

"The same."

At that moment somebody entered the room and Foster bowed in recognition. Then leaning across the table he said, sotto voce—"Talk about the devil; and he's coming over too."

"Who? The devil?" My back was toward the door.

"No!" In emphatic disgust. The Count."

I was about to apologize for my denseness when the Count ran alongside and dropped anchor. That expression you will observe is nautical and what I know about nautics—well, the less said the better. It seems to me that it is characteristic of the average American to show his ignorance by attempting to display his knowledge.

A formal introduction was followed by several remarks of a general nature and then decidng to take the bull by the horns I jumped at once into the subject that interested me most.

The Count smiled politely, as I set forth to him what I had just heard from Foster.

"You see," Foster broke in, "I have been telling him about that Vladivistok to Paris run, which you brought up several weeks ago at the club."

"You wish to try it?" inquired the Count, turning to me.

"I must confess that I have been thinking rather seriously of it," I replied.

The Count looked appropriately grave.

"Have you a general knowledge of the nature of the undertaking?" he asked.

"None in the least, save what Mr. Foster has been telling me."

"Then you propose to take up this proposition without the slightest knowledge of what its nature may consist?"

It was half a question and half a statement and seemed to require no answer, and so, without offering any I proceeded to draw a check-book from my pocket.

"I'll make the offer formal, Count, "I said, "and will cover the amount at once. Lend me your pen, Foster, mine is empty."

But Foster cooly refused.

"Well, what's wrong with you?" I asked. I reckon the Count expected a challenge then and there.

Foster stifled a yawn. "Look here, Bobbie," he said; "do you think I'm going to let you sign away your life in such a flippant devil-may-care fashion? NO SIRREE, Bobbie. I love you too much for that. You seem to be in a deuce of a hurry about it, too."

I didn't wait for the end, but returned to the Count only to find that he never carried one with him.

"Divine providence," observed Foster. "His pen is empty; the Count doesn't carry any, and I won't lend him mine;—a sure case of Divine providence."

I laughed and shoved the check-book back into my pocket.

"O, well," I observed," this is a matter of but small importance and we can settle it later. But you may consider the offer as virtually covered. And now, that point being settled, would you mind giving me a general idea of the country which I am about to invade?"

"I would do so willingly, but I am in a hurry and merely stopped to ask M. Foster to drop into the Embassy sometime this evening."

As he said this he turned to Foster, who nodded.

"I'll try to get around about eight-thirty," he said.

"And to-morrow you will please bring M. Douglass to my apartments," he said, as he arose to go, "and I will endeavor to entertain him with stories of Siberan roads that will——" he stopped, shrugged his shoulders. "O, well we will let you judge for yoursef, monsieur."

He smiled, bowed and left us.

As he disappeared between the portiere's Foster looked at me.

"Well?" I asked.

He raised his wine-glass. "Here's to," he said.

The glasses clinked and he laughed, as we arose to go.

"That's all right," I said. "But I will, you see if I don't."

(To be continued)

The Change of the Drawing Card

PAUL P. HUYETT, '10.

Peters was one of those men whose life before he entered the show business was somewhat obscure. But as the world no longer asks us who our ancestors were that doesn't matter. However, it seemed to me that it might be interesting. Consequently, I said to Peters one day: "How is it that you became a show man?" "It's a long story," solemnly announced Peters, "but I'll tell you.

"When Lincoln issued a call for seventy-five thousand volunteers," began Peters, "my father responded. As I saw him shoulder his musket and slowly march away, it suddenly dawned upon me that with him marched away the only available means for my support, and furthermore, that the great, wide world lay open before me.

"But work was by no means scarce. Seventy-five thousand men had left that part of the country suddenly destitute of workmen.

"I had an uncle living on a small farm in a clearing in the western wilds of the state. He it was who held up to me the tempting bait in the form of a job that called for summer work on the farm and winter work at a neighboring lumber-camp. It promised both pleasure and profit to one of my age. Of course, I accepted.

"Summer was soon past with only the usual routine of farm work. The work was agreeable enough, but my youthful ardor longed for adventure. It came sooner than I expected.

"Bears were frequently met, but they seldom molested farmers until autumn made food scarce and the appearance of a few cubs into the family made it still more needy. Late one night we were awakened by the squealing of a pig, and upon reconnoitering my uncle announced that bruin had apparently made good his escape with a small porker in his warm embrace.

"The next morning my uncle went to the boss of the lumbering camp and asked aid to hunt down the intruder, on the plea that meat would soon be scarce with such a formidable butcher abroad. The men were eager for the chase, and so the boss, after many protests, finally agreed.

"The hunt was announced for the next day. Accordingly at the appointed time the men were posted in a circle at different intervals, from which positions they moved towards the center—a large tree, which was supposed to be the enemy's country—beating the bushes as they went. Towards noon a shrill whistle announced that bruin was seen, and immediately the circle closed. There was the bear with two cubs and a goodly company of frightened rabbits, foxes, and the like, driven there by the noise. Bruin was soon despatched, but what were we to do with the cubs? How like a boy I felt, who sees a coveted object, but sees

it, too, seemingly out of reach! To have two small bears and train them as I trained my dog 'Shep' was my only desire. With my uncle's reluctant, yet unexpected, permission, I fondly carried them home. Just as a fond mother pets a dear child, I petted them, fed them daily, securely housed them at night, and took first notice of them in the morning, until such a warm frindship had arisen between the cubs on the one side and I on the other that a millionaire might have envied.

"Before I was aware of it the two little cubs had become full-grown bears. To make matters worse, my uncle decided that two full-grown bears could not be fed any longer, and he said as much to me.

"I bemoaned my troubles to the camp-manager, but he turned a deaf ear. It seemed that the bears and I must part. But friendships acquired in youth are seldom broken. So one day the boss called me into the office. 'Listen!' he said, 'I want to read you an extract from a letter which I received from a friend of mine who is a showman in the east.' 'We are all in despair,' he writes. 'Those two large lions, the drawing card of our show, were killed in a railroad wreck last night. Without them the show is nothing.' 'Well,' said the boss, laying his paper aside, 'why not substitute your bruin brothers for those monarchs. I'll write Berry and see whether you can bring them.' "

"I waited patiently for an answer. It came just as the last float of logs was ready to go down the river. And so the bruin brothers and I went.

"Duly arrived at our destination, it was my desire to part with the bears and return home. When I saw my two pets securely caged and was ready to depart, I felt somewhat as a person feels when he loses his best friend, and I saw that the bears felt the same. Berry saw it too, and I was about to decline his offer. 'Berry,' said I, 'either I must stay or the bears must go.' 'Let's see what you can do. Get in,' said Berry, pointing to the cage. I went in, I petted those bears and took them through the tricks I had taught them when cubs. Berry looked on in surprise. 'Stop,' he commanded, 'That's enough; you stay and the show goes on with no change but the drawing card.' "

"And so," said Peters, "it happened that I am a showman."

"Transpythagoria"

"WACH," '09.

To be precipitated into the arms of an angry mob on a hot April day, when one's heart and soul are fairly crying out with love for God's own beautiful country, is not the province or fortune of every man.

I had just returned from a three years' sojourn in the unknown wilds of Abyssinia, and on my return to America, I decided to stop off at Tangier. From thence, by direct route, I came to Madrid, where occurred the scene of one of the most peculiar incidents that ever happened to mankind—with myself in the principal role.

I don't expect you to believe what I am about to tell you. Under any other circumstances I would not believe it myself. But the important position which I was forced to assume, as will be seen in the forthcoming account, continually impels me to the acknowledgment of that which, even to this day, I am almost unwilling to believe.

Sometimes I sit and think for hours, yes, even days at a time, and my friends call in the doctors. They tell me that I have melancholia, brought on, no doubt, by a sunstroke received during my travels. But I know better; though tell them I dare not.

One day, however, it occurred to me to write it up and see what the critics had to say about it. It would at any rate afford me a great deal of amusement, and the scientists plenty of ground for discussion. Wherefore the following:

Late in the afternoon of the thirtieth of April, 1898, I landed in Madrid, hot, hungry and exceedingly dirty. I went at once to a hotel and registered. After dinner I decided to take a stroll and it must have been somewhere around seven o'clock as I stepped into the street and wended my way northward. Soon I began to observe that the buildings were lavishly and gaily decorated. Flags flapped listlessly from their staffs and bunting hung in graceful curves from window to window.

Now and then an orderly in the gayest of uniforms dashed swiftly by. Small bodies of cavalry clattered noisely passed me, and now and then a squad of infantry came tramping down the street, followed by the loud rumble of artillery.

"What's going on here?" I asked, speaking in English to a certain individual who happened to be passing. At the moment it did not occur to me that he would hardly understand. But he stopped, surprised more than likely at the sound of a foreign tongue.

"You see," I continued, "I am an American. Just landed, you know. What are all these flags and bunches of bunting stuck up for?"

The man looked at me with sudden interest.

"Americano?" he questioned with suspicious gentleness, which, however, I failed to notice.

"That's it," I replied, laughing in-

wardly at my senseless mistake. "Americano! me Americano!" I exclaimed loftily, tapping myself on the breast.

"A bas le Americano!" he shrieked so suddenly and so fiercely that it fairly took my breath.

He stood there shouting angrily and gesticulating vehemently. A crowd quickly gathered and by their wrathful exclamations it soon became evident to me that I was the object of much undesirable attention.

"What the thunder is up now?" I said, growing a little angry myself at such an unaccountable show of hostility. "It isn't a crime to be an American, is it?" But all I could hear were low mutterings and half-threatening growls.

"Well, if you don't like it, I can leave," I finally said, and started to go. The crowd parted before me, glaring and talking angrily. My breath was coming quick and sharp and my head fairly spun with bewilderment. It was the most unaccountable scrape I had ever gotten into. What harm could there have been in asking a passing stranger such a perfectly innocent question?

Well, just as I neared the edge of the crowd and was beginning to breathe more freely somebody gave a yell and a man standing nearby made a pass at me with a knife.

Of course, I dodged and promptly knocked him down. Several others sprang at me, shouting, and I handed them a similar treatment. Then the entire mob went to pieces and the fun began.

In quick succession I put four men *hors de combat,* but finding affairs becoming a little too warm, I decided to trust to my heels. With a sudden rush I threw the foremost back several paces, and turning quickly, fled down the street.

The next moment, like a pack of wolves, they came pell mell after me, shrieking and shouting heaven knows what—I did not have time to investigate. Several pedestrians flung themselves in my path, but I easily brushed them aside, leaving them to join the howling mob in the rear. Coming to a narrow cross-street, I turned sharply to the right. For a number of yards a low brick wall bounded one side of the street, and running swiftly under the shadow of this, for night was fast falling, I suddenly collided with somebody. It proved to be a man, and, of course, I jumped quickly back and stood panting and glaring at him.

He was the first to speak.

"You seem to be in a hurry," he said, smiling coolly and addressing me in English. This latter, however, I was too heated to notice, and the roar of the oncoming mob growing louder and louder maddened me to desperation.

"I am," I hissed, "and if you don't get out of my way it will be the worse for you!"

Just then the mob, a seething, howling mass, burst into the street.

"Hello!" he cried, "what does all this mean?"

"It means me," I roared, and rushed at him. But he caught me and held me.

"Gad, you must be an American," he exclaimed in surprise. "All right. I understand now. Over the wall we go!" But I only struggled the harder.

"Don't make a fool of yourself," he muttered fiercely, "I'm an American myself." Then picking me up he flung me almost bodily up on the top of the wall.

All at once it dawned upon me that he had been speaking in English, and I had just sense enough left to turn and grasp his hand, hauling him up to where I stood.

"Jump!" he commanded, speaking sharply. "It's not far"—as I hesitated, for in the fast gathering night the ground below was very indistinct.

He gave me a gentle push, and, of course, I went, landing in what I presumed to be a flower bed and rolling over and over. He must have followed me immediately, for almost before I could stop he was at my side.

"Hurt?" he whispered.

"No," I replied, jumping to my feet. "A little bit shaken up, though. What next?"

"Follow me and keep close."

And I did.

He led the way through what appeared to me to be a garden. Soon we came to a low arbor or kind of summer house. At the other end was a high narrow gate.

"Wait here a moment," he whispered and disappeared. In a couple minutes he returned, noiselessly unlocked the gate and swung it open.

"Go ahead," he whispered. "I'll have to lock this again. Don't go far though; I'll be right with you."

He soon joined me, and to my astonishment chuckling softly to himself.

"What's up?" I said, for to me my present predicament was anything but a laughing matter.

"Oh, nothing much," he replied, "I was merely thinking how mad the old man will be."

"The old man?" This was half exclamation and half interrogation.

"You landed in his poppy bed when you fell off the wall."

"I rolled in it, too," I replied. "But who is the old man? You seem to be ——"

"Look out," he interrupted. "Here are a few steps. Be careful you don't crack your head. This gate is rather low."

As he said this we halted before a flight of stone steps, and at the bottom a low wall in which I could faintly distinguish a small door. We descended and soon found ourselves on the other side in a kind of stone courtyard.

In the centre of this stood a fountain from which thin streams of water shot noiselessly into the air and fell with a soft splash into a surrounding basin. Before us rose a low building of the Moorish type—its windows latticed; a doorway arabesque. To the left stretched a great alcove, whose marble columns shone faintly in the dim moonlight.

Toward this he led; but on the very threshold a sudden and unaccountable fear seized me, and I stopped short.

Now I trust I can face an open danger with as much outward bravery and composure as any man; but when hellish mystery surrounds it, I shrink from it in absolute horror.

"Look here," I said, "who are you anyway?" He stopped in surprise.

"I told you that I am an American. Isn't that enough?"

"No, it isn't," I retorted, "for all I know you may be leading me into the very danger from which I have just escaped. Probably you are not an American either."

"Do I look like a Don?" he questioned in reply, and laughed softly after he had said it, for in the darkness I would scarcely have been able to distinguish his features. "Most likely I talk like one too," he said.

This latter argument was rather convincing, but I simply reported, "and most likely you have traveled extensively."

"I have," he calmly replied, "but listen! They are searching this place. Quick, this way!"

"What!" I exclaimed, and at once heard the soft scraping of feet on the outer wall. It was the fumbling at the door of the inner wall, however, that aroused me into action.

Swiftly and silently I withdrew into the obscurity of the alcove and the next moment before I had time to think a blanket was quickly and suddenly cast over my head, and I found myself enveloped in complete and smothering darkness.

For the moment I was too surprised to offer any resistance, but only for the moment. Then with a great bound I attempted to free myself. I struggled and fought like an ensnared tiger; I would not give up. Though the cloth was tightly muffled all around my head I could plainly hear the muttered exclamations and the labored breathing of my unknown and would-be captors.

Suddenly something hit me on the head. My brain whirled; my arms fell to my side; and my knees gave away.

"Ilasco! Stop that! Curse you for a fool!" some one cried in English, and, falling in a heap, all consciousness left me.

(To be continued)

EDITORIAL

The month of September is the regular time for the halls of learning to open their doors. It marks the beginning of a very invigorating season of the year. The cold, crisp, bright, and exhilarating days of Autumn invite youth to attempt great things. What are our thoughts, as students, when we return to our books after the long rest? Do we think of the pleasure we shall find in our regular routine work, or do we think only of the various sports that are connected with college life? Do we intend to shirk our duty in the literary socities, so as to find time for other, more pleasing allurements, such as,—"business in town"? It is, indeed, true that we should have our play as well as our labor; but it is so often the case with some of us, that we prefer play above all things, to such an extent, as to sacrifice not only the time required for study, but even encroach on our hours of sleep.

September recalls to the minds of the children of our common schools much distasteful work; but college men are usually affected very differently by the mention of this month. Anyone who saw the hearty hand shakes and the great cordiality with which all the boys greeted each other, on the day of the opening, will not soon forget how glad each and everyone was in being back with "our profs" at Muhlenberg. There was not one, but seemed joyous and happy to be on our dear "college hill" again. There was much gladness expressed on the faces of the old men when a new countenance was seen. The foot ball men were congregated about the halls discussing the possibilities and probabilities of a great and successful team for this year, and as various Freshmen passed, their general height, build, and form were noted.

There was a large attendance of the students, officers and friends of Muhlenberg at the opening of its forty-first scholastic year. They were all assembled in the college chapel at 10 o'clock, on September 19th, when President Haas opened the service by using the Matin Service of the Lutheran Church Book. The Rev. Dr. S. E. Ochsenford delivered the opening address. His theme was, "The Place of Culture in Education." All who had the extreme pleasure of hearing this address were charmed and delighted with the beautiful flow of language and the fine thoughts which the Doctor expressed. After dwelling upon the intellectual culture an educated man should have, he spoke of the culture of the soul, "which tends to broaden life and the views of life, and which can be attained only by the cultivation of the soul by means

of higher things than mere material things—truth in its highest sense, truthfulness in all things, honor among men, and a refinement that marks the entire life. The ideals of the truly cultured man are high, his social standard is unimpeachable and his life is wholesome and elevating. If education means anything at all, it means the drawing out of the best that is in man—an uprooting, a rooting out of that which is base and ignoble; and an implanting, a planting of that which is true, pure and good; and a refining and beautifying of all the good qualities in man so that they may shine with their true lustre, not for the sake of showing off, but for the sake of influencing others to reach out for the higher, better and nobler things of life."

This issue of THE MUHLENBERG marks the advent of a new staff. We begin our work by making an appeal to you. All we ask is co-operation and assistance. Among a number of changes—and we hope you consider them improvements—which characterize this number of THE MUHLENBERG, there is one which requires the thought of every alumnus and student. We have enlarged the book not only in the size of the pages, but also in the number of them. Instead of twenty-eight pages to be filled with literary productions there are now forty. This means work. Work on the part of every student. Let each of you write something for our college monthly. You, as well as we, should endeavor to improve this paper. We hope that the changes in arrangement will meet with your approval. We may have made mistakes, but remember all has been done with the best end in view. If there are criticisms to be made,—and there will be—kindly give them to us; and at the same time, do justice in your criticisms for,—

"Ere thou remark another's sin
Bid thy own conscience look within."

LEST YOU FORGET!
"LABOR, LOVE, LOYALTY."
The three "L's."

It will be a great encouragement to the 'varsity men and candidates if you would appear on the foot ball field. This will show that you are interested in what they are doing. Let everyone attend every game, and while at the games don't be afraid to make a noise—"it helps to win." Learn the new college yells.

PERSONALS

Henry R. Mueller, a congenial biped from Lancaster, has enrolled in the Junior Class.

The college has a new Horn.

That foot ball "dummy" is worthy of cremation.

Hamm is back!

McCormick, when out botanizing, mistook a few pretty maidens for flowers and took them home. We know not whether he pressed them or not.

Keiter, '08 (in astronomy)—"People at first thought the earth was square; then round; now we find it's crooked."

Should cavalry also be needed to defend the Pacific coast, the troop at Twenty-third and Chew should prove serviceable.

College opened during Fair Week; but the sad matter of it is that the Allentown "Fair" bother the students the whole year.

On September 24, the Sophs painted the town green. In a few days they used Sapolio in a vigorous manner and in great quantities.

Notice—"Dare not to retrace the mule-path, or J. L. will invoke the law!"

Grossman has already begun to enjoy his annual string of holidays. Fellows, let's change our faith!

Fasig, '09, was confined to his home in Reading a few days ago due to sickness.

Peter, thou wounded one by Cupid's dart,
We welcome THEE with joyful heart!

R. Kline, '09 (to Benny, '09)—"Say, weren't the Jews made out of the jawbone of an ass?"

Grossman—"Bob, since you have taken up that scientific course you are all up."

The following have entered the Sophomore Class: G. Howard Gelsinger, Reading; J. H. Horn, Hagersville, Pa.; Robt. R. Urich, Lebanon, Pa.; Geo. H. Shiery, Kutztown, Pa.

Mike Rudh, 08 (desiring to appease appetite with sausage)—"Pass the bulldogs, please?"

Bossard, '09—"Shall we buy a History of Greece?"

Prof. F.—"I wouldn't steal any."

This year's Freshman Class is fairly large collectively; but individually it has members ranging in size from a pygmy to a giant. The following compose the class:

Raymond R. Ammarell, West Leesport, Pa.; Philip S. Baringer, Philadelphia, Pa.; John E. Bauman, Allentown, Pa.; G. H. Bechtold, Philadelphia, Pa.; Henry A. Behrens, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; William H. Bieber, Shamrock, Pa.; Arthur N. Butz, Allentown, Pa.; Albert S. Dampman, Pottstown, Pa.; Warren L. Eberts, Bethlehem, Pa.; George B. Ely, Higgins, Pa.; Charles Grant, Reamstown, Pa.; Robert Haas, Allentown, Pa.; George B. Hamm, Allentown, Pa.; Edward C. Hardy, Lancaster, Pa.; John E. Hartzell, Allentown, Pa.; Earle E. Keifer, Bethlehem, Pa.; Paul Kuder, Siegfreid, Pa.; Edgar S. Lawall, Catasauqua, Pa.; William E. Lewis, Allentown, Pa.; Harvey R. Miller, Allentown, Pa.; Edgar O. Reitz, Slatington, Pa.; Roger M. Rentschler, Upper Berne, Pa.; Edgar F. Romig, Allentown, Pa.; Arthur Schelly, Allentown, Pa.; Harrison A. Smith, Allentown, Pa.; Harry G. Stuart, Allentown, Pa.; Paul C. Weber, Latrobe, Pa.; Paul B. Wolper, Norristown, Pa.; F. Wunder, Rochester, N. Y.

ATHLETICS

At the opening of another scholastic year all thoughts are centered on the fall game—foot ball. For two years Muhlenberg has made a good showing, and I dare say, a wonderful record. The third year now dawns with brighter prospects, and what is now needed is hustling and work to keep up to the mark set for Greater Muhlenberg.

The boys have been practicing a few weeks. As some were very patriotic to the Cardinal and Gray, on the day set for reporting to duty eleven men were present. Now, that college has begun, new men and old began to discuss the prospects. With Mr. Barclay, a very efficient coach, who understands the game, and with the great number of applicants for the team, this year ought to be the greatest of the three. The opening game with Lehigh University means a great deal for Muhlenberg, and we must put up a strong team, as Lehigh has had athletics superior to Muhlenberg for quite a number of years.

So, fellows, remember to work hard, whether you are on the scrub or 'varsity teams. Make for Muhlenberg a name in the foot ball world, and in the words of Roosevelt rely: "Don't flinch. Hit the line hard."

The schedule for the year is as follows:

Sept. 28—Lehigh University at South Bethlehem.

Oct. 5—Jefferson Medical College at Muhlenberg.

Oct. 9—Gettysburg College at Gettysburg.

Oct. 12—College of City of New York at Muhlenberg.

Oct. 26—Medico Chi. at Muhlenberg.

Nov. 2—Ursinus at Muhlenberg.

Nov. 9—Williamson Training School at Muhlenberg.

Nov. 16—Steven's Institute at Muhlenberg.

Nov. 23—Susquehanna University at Muhlenberg.

Nov. 28—Carlisle Indians at Muhlenberg.

We are sorry to say that Albright cancelled the game for October 19. We hope to have that date filled if possible.

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Try and sell as many as possible. The expenses this year are very great, as the teams come from a great distance.

LITERARY

In a widely quoted interview, Mr. James Bryce, author of the "American Commonwealth," and British Ambassador to the United States, recently said that America lacked poets. A poem written by George Sterling, called the "Wine of Wizardy," has been offered as proof that there is at least one American poet. Mr. Sterling was hithertofore practically unknown in the literary world, although in 1903, he won some recognition in the literary Nazareth beyond the Rockies, by the publication of a book entitled, "The Testimony of the Suns and Other Poems."

A no less famous critic than Ambrose Bierce declares that Sterling is the greatest poet we have on this side of the Atlantic, and that not in a lifetime has our literature had anything of equal length containing so much poetry and so little else. Carlyle once said that the first impression of a work of genius is always disagreeable. The first impression of the "Wine of Wizardy" has been disagreeable, ergo, Mr. Bierce declares, this is one reason why it is a work of genius. Is it impossible that the gentleman has erred in his logic? The poem begins by telling of the worship of a wine glass, and then traces the caprices of drunken fancy until

"Evening comes, and Fancy folds her
splendid plumes."

Crudely speaking, it may be termed a "drunken nightmare." Without doubt, it is very imaginative. It has the imagination of "Comus" and all the fancy of the "Fairie Queen." But in vain do we look for the practical and helpful. It serves no cause, tells no story, and teaches no moral. The author seems to have no other aim in view than the writing of poetry.

A poem with many great lines is a great poem. We quote a few of Mr. Sterling's great lines:

"A cowled magician peering on the
dammed
Thro' vials wherein a splendid poison
burns.

'Or search for mottled vines with berries
white,
Where waters mutter to the giblous
moon."

"When sunset, like a crimson throat to
hell,
Is cavernous, she marks the seaward
flight
Of honing dragon dark upon the West."

We feel our insignificance to match our intelligence against that of Mr. Bierce, so we leave it to the reader if these lines quoted are of sufficient greatness to make a great poem. Again, granting Mr. Sterling full poetic license, let us consider some of his epithets, such as: The "leprous" moon, smiles "bloodily," "wattled" monsters, "lit" wastes, "bloodshot" gems. Are these the epithets of the versifier, the mere metrician, or does America's greatest poet, by inspiration, evolve felicities like these?

EXCHANGES

As the curtain rises on the first performance of the new staff of THE MUHLENBERG, the editors salute the old and new exchanges. We hope that all will enjoy a pleasant and profitable year, and that the friendly relations of former years will strengthen as time moves on. Although this department occupies only a small place in school and college papers, nevertheless, it is one of the most important.

Since the September issue of THE MUHLENBERG is always the first of the scholastic year, it might be well, in this number, to mention a few points relative to the department. Although exchange has, as its fundamental meaning, the idea of giving and receiving reciprocally without contract, it should cover a wider area of usefulness in college manuals. Whenever a commander of an army decides to engage with the enemy, he first of all plans what to do, and then puts his soldiers into action. Such a method of procedure should be imitated by an exchange editor. He should formulate his plans for the oncoming year and then carry them out. One very important duty of the exchange editor should be to assist, by his just criticism, to improve all papers that fall beneath his ever-watchful eye. He should not only gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the papers sent by the various institutions of learning, but also examine them closely in order to profit by new ideas. Praise ought to be bestowed if the case demands it. It would probably enhance the value and interest of a paper to quote the excellent portions of some genuinely good articles. In this way, and this only, will we be able to publish a proper paper. Let us hope for the best results in the future.

Throughout the last year we had the pleasure of receiving the following exchanges: *The Intercollegian, The Hill School Record, The Penn Charter Magazine, The Buff and Blue, College Chips, Ursinus Weekly, Swarthmore Preparatory School Quarterly, Purple and White* (Allentown), *The F. and M. Weekly, The Albright Bulletin, The Mercersburg News, The Review* (Bell High School), *The Roanoke Collegian, The Normal School Herald, The Comenian, The Touchstone, The Delaware College Review, The Mercury, The Breeze* (Blair Academy),*The Perkiomenite, The Normal Echoes, College Breeze, The Red and Black* (Reading), *The Sorosis.* We hope that these exchanges will continue to be seen on our exchange table, and that many more will be added.

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SHADOWS

PAUL P. HUYETT, '10.

Silently the shadows steal
From the side of yonder keel
Of that wreck upon the shore,
Silent there, forevermore.

Silently the billows flow
O'er that wreck of long ago;
Yet those shadows still appear,
Hovering ever, ever near.

Ah, what stories they could tell
Of the ocean where they dwell,
Could they but from yonder deep
Rise and wake from endless sleep;

Stories both of manly cheer,
Stories, too, of coward's fear;
Days of woe and days of bliss,
Fortunes found and deeds amiss,

Could they tell us, if the sea
From their fetters left them free;
Yet the grave in silence holds
Men and deeds within its folds.

Still the shadows yonder pass,
Still the wreck a mouldering mass,
Tells no tales unknown before
To the silent wave-lashed shore.

Savonarola

F. L. Coleman, '08.

In every darkest cloud of oppression which envelops humanity there is always sure to be a bright ray of promised deliverance. In the most hopeless hour of their slavery under the Pharaohs, a mighty leader was raised up for the "children of promise." At the time when the ancient philosophies of the Greeks and their simple religious theories were losing their hold on the people, there came from Nazareth a man who gave to the world a religion which has satisfied all seekers after truth. In the Middle Ages, when Christianity was passing through the period of deepest gloom, when corruption was gnawing at the vitals of spiritual truth, a bold monk of Saxony arose to purify and regenerate the church.

In that dark time before the great reformer had struck the first note of spiritual freedom, there were many men, too honest and noble, not to see into what depths the church had fallen, but who were yet unable to find a means to lift her out of disgrace. The bright morning star which presaged the dawn of regeneration within the Roman Church was the prophet-priest, Savonarola, the Elijah, the John Baptist of the Middle Ages.

In this enlightened age we can scarce realize what this reformer had to contend with. The morality of the common people was indescribably low. That pure faith which burned in the hearts of the early Christians, inducing them to leave home and kindred, endure poverty and disgrace, suffer torture and shameful death for the cause of their Redeemer, was found but rarely in this dark age. The religion of the people was gross superstition, belief in the efficacy of sacred relics to perform miracles, blind reliance upon a corrupt church and greedy priests, which made the disgraceful sale of indulgence a possibility. A religion which had such followers could not appeal to earnest, thoughtful men. Many looked upon Christianity with disgust and turned to philosophy for consolation, holding up the high ideals of Plato and Aristotle.

What was the church doing? Where were the Vicars of Christ, the successors of Gregory I, Nicholas II and Gregory VII, with their high ideals of the sacred institution of the papacy? Where were the Augustines and Jeromes? History gives us the sorrowful answer. The church was sunk in deepest degradation, the popes were venial, licentious despots, who defiled their sacred office, hesitating not to commit any crime in order to increase their power or wealth, and who filled the offices of the church with their own illegitimate sons. And the shepherds of the flock, the priests and the holy monks, who withdrew from the wicked world to spend their time in sacred meditation and prayer, where were they? Alas! it would soil the page to describe their life. Breaking away from all the restraints imposed by St. Francis,

St. Dominic and Augustine, they made the monasteries centres of vice and corruption.

What a hopeless task, it seems, for one man to contend against such conditions; but that is what Savonarola did. His early life was a preparation for his great work. Well educated from youth, he entered a Dominican monastery and devoted himself to study and thought. He led a remarkably pure life, tinged strongly with asceticism. He was stern and austere, never frivolous. More clearly than any other man, he saw the evils of his time and heroically endeavored to correct them. As a preacher, he surpassed all of his own, and perhaps of any age. When his Florentine audience packed into the immense cathedral, saw the tall, emaciated form of the monk standing before them, saw his eyes flash, his bosom heave, his whole body become convulsed with the intensity of his feeling; when they heard his deep, resonant voice hurl out its message of judgment upon their sins, like Elijah of old, their very souls were moved, and they trembled and wept aloud. He did not spare them, he laid bare every folly and every sin; neither rank nor influence could shield them from his scathing rebuke. Priest as well as layman was arraigned before this court of justice and his vices exposed. Even the holy potentate, the successor of St. Peter, Alexander VI, did not escape. The Dominican monk was fearless; though a good Catholic and a firm believer in the holy institution of the papacy, he did not hesitate to denounce the wicked creature who sat in the papal chair. He could not be quieted by bribes, threats or even excommunication, that mighty weapon of the popes of the Middle Ages. He believed what he did was the will of God, and nothing could restrain him.

The great power which he exercised over his hearers, Savonarola never used wrongly. He labored only for the good of his beloved city. Seeing the evils of the existing government under the Medici, he formulated a kind of democracy in which the citizens had a voice, and gave Florence a constitution, which all statesmen since have praised for its broad and wise measures. This is the side of his life for which he is most severely criticised. As a political reformer, with his power over the people, he was almost a political dictator. Men accused him of striving after worldly glory. There is, indeed, a strong note of the ego in his character. He saw all the evils and dangers in which the city was plunged, and saw himself as its saviour. But it was all for his people's good; never would he raise himself to their disadvantage.

The last years of his life were saddened by the thought that all his labor was in vain. He lost his political influence, he was compelled by the magistrates to cease preaching, he was slandered and falsely accused, he was arrested, tried, cruelly tormented and condemned to death. The people to whom he had devoted his life jeered and hooted him as he went to the gallows. His only crime was his fearless attack on vice, wherever it was found. That he failed

in what he aimed at is evident, and the cause of his failure was the shallowness of his reform. As Lord says of him, "He was contented to top off branches; he did not dig up the roots." He could not realize, as Luther did, that the institution was the cause of the evil more than the man. Yet his life was not in vain; it was the first indication of that movement of reform which swept over the church fifty years later. His simple faith, his pure spiritual life, his fearless support of what he thought was right, has been a beacon to many a pilgrim struggling in doubt, and has endeared his memory to all who know him.

The College and the College Man

A. T. Michler, '07.

Education is one of the most important factors in American life to-day.

Without question its influence among us has largely contributed to the rapid advance our country has made. But, wonderful as our progress has been, we have in no wise reached the zenith of our possibilities. Education like the Christion religion must be adapted to the constant demands of ever-changing ages, and unless we follow this idea with a due course of action we will soon become stagnant and unproductive.

One of the most powerful agents in the educational world to-day is the college, and by this, I mean, one which has true college methods and aims. It is not a school college nor a university college, in the former of which school methods and discipline prevails, giving mediocre results, and in the latter of which the university spirit predominates, giving fair results, but a *true college*, where the subjects taught are broad and liberal, with Christian professors who are manly, intellectually strong and influential, and where the freedom is not one of license but of liberty born of the free spirit and teaching of Jesus Christ.

And in speaking of the college, it has its mission both to young women and to young men. Inasmuch as it has its mission to perform in the hearts, minds and lives of the youth of our great land, the college must be clearly and distinctly Christian, and Christian as set forth and promulgated by some Evangelical church denomination. Such an atmosphere must fill the institution from beginning to end, must pervade its president and faculty, must be present in all the activities of the college, and especially athletics, and, last of all, must permeate her students. But some good educator, of long and ripe experience in some of our non-sectarian schools, will rise and startle the world with the cry for true educational ideals; let us have non-sectarian colleges and universities; let us not be bound by the narrow prejudices of denominationalism; let the youth be trained in our expansive atmosphere of liberalism (which stands nowhere), and results will be superior to yours.

We need not be startled with such noise as this. In our Christian denominational colleges we can pursue a liberal, broad and comprehensive training and stand somewhere. Denominationalism need not and must not be thrust down the throats of non-Christian students and those of other faiths; but experience has proven that Christian truth is best and most purely conserved in our denominational colleges, and is best dispensed by them. Since the college occupies so important and influential a place in our American life, it can be considered, first of all, in its three important relationships: to the home, the church, the State. To the home, first of all, does the work of the college address itself. To the young woman it appeals with its uplifting, broadening and strengthening influence. Whoever hears and answers this appeal is not only helped individually, but, through the individual, the family. It is the home which sends son or daughter to college, which is considered greater in the eyes of their neighbors for so doing than the one that does not. By such a relationship *that* home becomes more vitally interested in Christian education and its possibilities than ever before, and will show its interest in that particular college by such gifts, for its further development, as it is able to render.

Since the home possesses nearly all the elements which are found in the nation at large, its relation to the college becomes all the more manifest and vital. It is in the home that education is first imparted by father and mother; it is in the home that the rights of the individual are first taught to be observed; it is here that a proper respect for law is inculcated; it is here that the proper social relationships are first practiced, and it is here where we are taught our first moral and religious duty. Do not all these elements radiate from the home into actual life, crossing and recrossing at points, at times almost unseen; and if this is so, does not the great mission of the college become apparent not only to the homes from which our young men and our young women come, but to the homes of students yet to be established?

If heredity counts for anything, the future generation of those who have aswered the college ought to be better, stronger, nobler in intellectual, social and religious advantages.

To the young man the college comes with the exhortation to partake of the vast foundations of knowledge. It bids him look up for something higher, it urges him to take it, to assimilate it, to make it his own, and then go and by hard study and thought and a consecrated life give to the world *his* contribution for succeeding generations to enjoy.

To the church, in the second place, the college is closely related. The church is the great and only institution founded by other than human means. Jesus Christ Himself ordered its foundation for a definite purpose. He saw its need among men and the power it was to be among the nations, hence He said "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded

you and lo! I am with you alway even unto the end of the world." The great work to do was to teach, hence from the earliest times the church and all profitable secular learning went hand in hand. The college, therefore, was born of the church and as such occupies a vital relationship to her, hence the complete justification of the Christian denominational college. But, in the third place, it is to the state that the Christian college has a duty. The great work of the college is to train men, to train men to think, to act, to accomplish things, to stand for principle, and in this relation she has a great work before her. The age in which we are living is a peculiar one. It presents its special problems and difficulties. "To have money and build with it a fine house, to drive fine horses and buy fine pictures, whether we know who painted them or what is in them that makes them worth buying—this, in our generation, has become the chief ambition of a larger number of people than ever before." In history we read of long and cruel wars being waged between savage and semi-barbarous tribes, between nations somewhat enlightened and those less so, between the first powers of the world, all because of some imaginary wrong to be righted, some country to be gained, or some honor to be upheld, and all this we wonder at, because of the seeming insignificance of the motive; and we condemn as unworthy such practices as these in a civilized nation such as our own. *Why?* Simply because we abhor and detest the hideous forms such money and principles gave expression to, and not the wrongs and principles themselves. Do we not see, almost daily, violations of sacred trust in our political ranks, are we not familiar with instances, time upon time of political corruption, of the utter perversion and disregard of truth flung in the dust of deceit and trickery and *crushed* almost to lifeless being, by the intrigue and selfishness of men? Shall we allow the obliteration of truth within the State and still fight it without. As the State is composed of families which are composed of individuals, and as the perpetuity of the State depends upon the truth, the perpetuity of the State depends, therefore, upon the degree in which the sacredness of truth is upheld by every individual in the State. Here is the plain duty of the college. She is related to the State through the individuals under her care, and her responsibility is a solemn one. She must teach men accurately to observe and discriminate, to interpret truth, and above all, by writing, talking, voting, to *discharge* the duties of *citizenship*. As to the proper equipment of the college, little need be said. As long as the faculty stands for ripe scholarship and intelligent strength, as long as her social advantages are good and wholesome, giving plenty of opportunity for the new men to become acquainted with one another and the old men to derive that social culture so desirable; as long as she is true to her traditions and continues a forward policy of increased efficiency; as long as her athletics are maintained in a spirit of victory *always,* but only by fair and honorable means; as long as she is true to her religious faith and practice,

so long will she accomplish her work grandly, nobly. Much has been said and done for the college. She is here and ready to give of her rich treasures to those seeking her. To those who have sought her and who have partaken of her rich bounty, the great responsibility falls. Have the millions who have gone forth from our American colleges within the last twenty years been faithful to their trust? Have you, who have gone forth from this institution, been faithful to your trust? As all acts of disloyalty, unmanliness, and unbecoming public conduct always reflects upon the good name of the institution on the part of those while in college, and is *always* to be condemned, so a fruitless, aimless and unproductive life in the world, after graduation, also reflects upon her work and standing and is bound to belittle her dignity and worth in your immediate circle of influence.

To be loyal to one's Alma Mater and to all activities within her; to accept cheerfully all responsibilities and manfully to measure up to them; to labor unceasingly for the good of others and self last; to use power and position only for the highest and best purposes; to be courageous at all times; to measure success not by cold commercialism but by character and sincerity of life; to live in the best social atmosphere, the fullest intellectual life, the ideals of the Christian religion—these and only these are fit for the true college man.

Sir Walter Scott's Novels

K. L. Reisner, '10.

Sir Walter Scott stands first in history as the greatest novelist of his time and one of the greatest writers of fiction the world has ever given us.

He was the discoverer of the historical novel, and, as a writer of the romance of real life, he has never been equaled. Scott was to the novel what Shakespeare was to the drama, bringing out in strong relief and vivid coloring, the passions and weaknesses of the human mind. It was he that first conceived and developed the tragedy of human life in the novel, that theme with which Shakespeare has swayed the minds of thousands from his own day to this.

It was Scott who so completely disturbed the ancient quiet of musty records and old chronicles, even going so far as to journey into distant lands to get from the hearts of the people and the customs of the times, the material from real life, which appears in such large quantities throughout all his works. Around this raw material he wove a romance of such glorious color and natural beauty as to draw admiration from his sharpest critics.

By this wonderful skill of his, "he seemed to bring out a new edition of human nature."

In the set of works known as the

Waverley Novels, consisting of fourteen subjects, he reached, in 1820, the height of his fame as a novelist, and was created a Baronet by the English Crown. These books are the most enduring of all the stories which enchanted Europe, and have had an immense influence on the development of fiction.

No one has decided which of Scott's novels is the greatest, but a strong and popular example of his skill and style is the work known as "Ivanhoe."

As an offspring of the royal house of Buccleuth he has kept that name bright, not in the crafts of war (as did his ancestors), but by the higher honors of his literary achievements. Hazlitt says, "It is impossible to say how fine his writings are unless we could describe how fine nature is."

Diplomatic Usury

(Continued.)

H. D. Whitteker, '09.

The following day I was able to look with greater equanimity upon the events that had transpired in the green room the day before. Though, in truth, I could not fail to see the egregious element of foolhardiness in such a venture, yet some magnetic power seemed to force me on toward that which, down in my heart of hearts, I full well knew might result in nothing save disaster and probably death.

Even more so did this phase loom up before me after my visit to the Count. His only too truthful tale, far from deterring me from my original purpose, rather urged me on. The result was that before I left his apartments he had my check in hand and I rejoiced in the full possession of all rights to the challenge.

I do not try to explain my peculiar action, save, possibly, under the light unconsciously suggested by Foster. You will remember how, at the club, he inferred that the word "vacation" had no practical meaning to me. Well, there I think he touched upon the key-note of it all. Worn out in body and mind by continuous and arduous work, my true nature finally rebelled; and, to fill the demand, this peculiar challenge of Count Obervinski fell into my hands.

I believe I forgot to mention that Foster had left town the same evening of our meeting in the club. Accordingly I had been forced to take matters into my own hands and go to see the Count myself. When, therefore, he returned several days later and happened to drop into my rooms, I simply overwhelmed him with my plans and automobile inventions.

"Well, well," he exclaimed, briskly rubbing his hands, for the day was an extremely cold one, "I am almost persuaded to believe that you have missed your calling. You should have been a novelist."

"O, come," I replied, "this may be a

novel stunt, but then that doesn't have any direct bearing upon the present subject."

He looked disgusted, quoted Dr. Holmes, and blew furiously on his hands to keep from swearing.

"You could almost fool the devil with those schemes of yours," he said.

"What's wrong with them."

"From a literary stand-point, nothing; from a practical, everything. They are absolutely impossible."

"O, well, that's easy," I replied, and picking up the entire bunch of plans, dropped them in the fire. "You do it," I said.

For a while he was too surprised to speak. Walking over to the window he began to drum on the pane. Finally he turned.

"Douglas," he said, "to me you grow more enigmatic every day. Why the duse you are going on such a harebrained adventure is totally beyond me. But I'll do as you request; I'll get you up a car that will be the biggest freak that ever skidded a corner at a country cross-roads.

And he did.

But it was some four months before, by dint of pure bribing and bull-dozing, we finally succeeded in getting it out of the hands of the manufacturers.

The day we gave it a trial-run, we put it through an one hundred and fifty mile course. This took place just outside of New York City.

"What do you think of it?" asked Foster, as we sped along the Hudson.

"Fine," I replied, "I like the chug."

"Hump!" he grunted, "how do you like this?" and hardly before the words were out of his mouth, the machine shot forward like a stone from a catapult. I could have almost sworn that the very tires left the road, and I flew back against the cushions with a thud. But he slackened down before we jumped the river and sat there laughing.

"Well," I replied when I regained my breath, "I suppose it is very nice and, no doubt, will come in handy sometime."

"It will," was his laconic answer.

And it did. It saved my life.

He explained the entire mechanism to me—pounded and drilled it into my head until I knew the whole thing by heart.

Concerning the double-speed transmission gear, the Atcheson carborator, and a few other things of like importance, it is not necessary to enter into details. Suffice to say they served their various purposes with a fidelity unimpeachable.

The day for departure finally came. The machine had been packed and shipped, special, to the western coast, and nothing remained for me to do but pack my trunk and follow.

"Well, good-bye, old man," said Foster, as we stood in the station just before the train pulled out. "Take good care of yourself."

"I'll be a good boy, Eddie, and, what is more, come over to Paris Easter week and I'll meet you there."

He smiled. "I don't know why it is, but, somehow, I have a sort of premonition that something is going to happen to you," he said.

"What for instance?"

"O, something terrible, such as getting married and the like."

I shuddered. "Awful!" I replied.

"You see," he continued, "I had a dream the other night in which you were killed by an automobile accident."

"O, well, that's not so bad."

The conductor called, "All aboard," and I began to mount the steps.

"But don't you know," said Foster, "that to dream of death means marriage?"

"Look out for yourself in that case," I replied. Then we both laughed, and the train started.

I just had time to call "good-bye," when the colored porter, grabbing his stool, swung on board and slammed the doors. In a second we were speeding through the yards on our way to—the vast unknown.

"Deus mecum," I murmured to myself, and entered the car.

At Hayden, Colorado, a young lady and her maid boarded the train. That the stop was a special one was the only reason for my taking any particular notice of them. At Denver we stopped at the same hotel, and departed for Seattle by the same train, in the same car. I began to think that she was agreeable looking, though beyond that she never entered my mind. But when I passed her in the dining-room of the hotel at Seattle, she half smiled in recognition, and I bowed, thinking that, for a woman, she was especially fine to look at, one might almost say, beautiful.

It was three days before the boat left, and during that time I was kept busy attending to the storage of the machine and extra supplies. A few personal affairs likewise occupied my attention, so that the time passed very rapidly.

At four o'clock on the third day the boat cast off, and we steamed out of the harbor. I stayed on deck until almost dinner time, and then went below to my state-room, where Henry, my valet, was busy unpacking suit-cases.

The next morning I was out very early. Nobody was on deck, save a lady, who promenaded near the bow. As I passed her the boat gave a sudden lurch, and we were thrown violently together. When I turned to beg her pardon, I was nearly taken off my feet upon discovering that she was the very person who had boarded the train at Hayden.

"Well," I said, "Fate seems bound to throw us together."

"And has succeeded rather well this time," she replied smiling, and passed on.

At no other time did I meet or see her during the entire voyage, but I thought more about her than I really cared to acknowledge, even to myself.

On the evening of the fifth day out, as I sat at the table in my state-room shortly before retiring, while Henry was folding up some clothes, he suddenly looked up and said, "They call her the 'Countess Matilde'."

"Am I as readable as all that, Henry," I sadly replied.

"Well, sir, I must confess it is a great surprise to me," he answered.

The voyage on the whole was uneventful. Four days out of Hongkong we struck rough weather which lasted until we were almost within sight of land. Late in the afternoon of the sixth day we steamed into Vladivostok harbor and were soon moored at the dock.

According to directions, I proceeded

at once to a hotel. That evening two gentlemen called—Captain Durovich and Lieutenant Rocco, by their cards. They informed me at once that, as friends of Count Obervinski, they were entirely at my service.

"I presume then, gentlemen," I spoke in French, which language they understood very well, "that you are acquainted with the purpose that brings me here."

They bowed, smiling.

"And what sort of a chance do you think I have?"

The Lieutenant shrugged his shoulders, while the Captain gazed out of the window for several seconds, then answered:

"Well, you Americans are a wonderful people."

I laughed outright at this.

"I have an unusually fine machine," I said, "which reminds me that it will take about a week to put it together. This will have to be done under my personal supervision."

"Shall I procure for you the necessary mechanics?" asked Durovich.

"I shall be deeply indebted to you if you will do so," I replied.

The following day the best skill of the city was placed at my service, and in less than five days the auto stood ready for the journey. I made several trial runs about town and found that she worked perfectly.

Day-break of April the tenth, a Thursday, had been set as the starting time, and without the least fear or misgivings, I watched the hour approaching nearer and nearer.

At last it came. By the light of a lamp I ate a very hearty breakfast, while Henry went around to fetch the car. As soon as he returned I went out, and to my great surprise, found the walks thronging with people.

Lieutenant Rocco stepped up to me.

"Everything is ready, Monsieur," he said.

"Gentlemen," Captain Durovich and several other officers surrounded me, "I thank you all for the many kindnesses which you have shown me during my short stay among you. Captain Durovich, I shall cable to you from Paris on the evening of the twenty-third."

Then drawing on my gloves I climbed into the car, while Henry moved about with stoic indifference, carefully examining every part, and applying oil whereever needed.

"Your boat leaves Saturday, Henry," I said to him. He would return direct to New York by way of San Francisco.

"Yes, sir," he replied.

"Very well, I will meet you in New York."

"Yes, sir."

The machine began to chug softly, but furiously. Several mounted troopers rode down the street clearing it of people. I turned to the little group of officers on the sidewalk.

"Au revoir, gentlemen," I said smiling, "I shall remember you all to the Count," and throwing open the throttle I darted down the street at arrow speed between files of curious onlookers, out into the country, across the valley toward the great mountains, in my race against time.

(To be continued.)

"Quo Vadis?"

J. W. Fritsch, '09.

Nations, as well as individuals, are mortal. From the successive rise of nations and empires, from their incipient progressiveness, power and domineering influence, and succeeding state of degeneracy and weakness, it is evident that everything for whose existence man is responsible is of finite duration, and that

"All that in this world is great or gay
Doth, as a vapor, vanish and decay."

It is very interesting to notice how, from the remotest period of history until the present, the centre of civilization and enlightenment has been steadily progressing westward, until, judging from the vitally interesting situations of to-day, it is spreading its fires even beyond Japan, thus completing the last degree of advancement in a course completely girting this old planet. When about thirty years ago Japan adopted the forms of western civilization, the world little thought that in a quarter of a century the most powerful nations would be compelled to reckon with this Oriental people; and as we gaze (from the land of Nippon), upon the Asian mainland, we indulge in great speculation concerning China,—whether in her we may yet perceive a phenomenon more astonishing even than that presented by Japan. She is rapidly freeing herself of the shackles of lethargy, and is effecting marked advancement, especially along social lines.

As one can observe from day to day, the advancing region of distention and swelling in a boa which has just preyed upon some fowl, so Nimrod, had he been immune from death, could have viewed that belt of the earth's surface between the tenth and eightieth parallels, and seen, from century to century, succeeding portions of it swell with unlimited regal pomp and splendor, intumesce with inexhaustible riches and power, but, in turn, collapse, as it were, and sink to the level of impotency and often servility. The Babylonian, Medo-Persian, Grecian and Roman empires have seen their day, have flourished and decayed,—although, in the minds of their subjects indestructible; and we are acquainted with them only by manuscript and relic. After centuries of confusion had given rise to the various nations of Europe,—some of which, in turn, are having their foundations shaken by civic revolt, and are already slowly ceasing to play an important role in the world's progress and history,—the torch of fame and influence was ignited in our own beloved country, into which there immediately flowed a stream of righteous and industrial people. Profiting by the follies of European nations, America has, in a century and a quarter, risen to the pinnacle of power and glory, and now enjoys a more unbounded prosperity and happiness than any nation has ever known. Judging from the past, America has been a specially blessed and God-favored nation. Will she be in the future?

As the nation's life-stream has been widening these years, from that pure stream which took issue from the wounds of Revolutionary heroes, into a vast expanse lined by inviting banks, there has entered, not so far up-stream, a current, muddy and black, which is gradually polluting the whole stream,—a current of corruption, fatal and debasing. A stream is always purer at its source. In fact, this land has, within the last few years, been overrun by a wave of depravity, which, increasing in size and violence, threatens to sap it entirely of its former prosperity, and to render it cankered and rotten. There is no society where wealth will not create an aristocracy. This is fully and lamentably verified by the prevalent greed and cupidity of innumerable individuals, who strive to get all they can, and "to can" all they get. It is but a slippery happiness which fortunes give one who revels in the joys of calculation; and, although mediocrity of fortune, which preserves one from envy, is not attainable by all, everyone can be

"Rich, from the very want of wealth,
In heaven's best treasures, peace and health."

Very lamentable is it that our nation, which claims to enjoy the acme of twentieth century civilization, has been polluted by such a rotten crowd of calumniators, grafters, swindlers, homicides, worthless knaves and malefactors, who can effect for themselves and country, nothing but disgrace and ruin. We stand not in need of men who can unscrupulously swindle the commonwealth of millions of dollars at a time; who can undermine the tranquillity of friendly society by cankering others' reputations; who can rashly extinguish innocent lives through a slight ebullition of passion. When the few sin, the many suffer. Instead of having the welfare of the nation at heart, and acting upon virtuous and altruistic motives, they, in thought, word and deed, yield to an amount of selfish, animal nature, found only in the Borneo tribesman. What America needs more then railway extensions, a low tariff, and a new navy, is a revival of piety. That's what we need now to clear this country of the filth of graft, and of greed, petty and big. When our country is threatened by danger, who are the bulwarks of its defence? The man whose moral conduct is animated by the doctrines of religion. "Happy is that country where patriotism is sustained and sanctified by piety." We are living in a corrupt age, when men in their successes "seek strange gods," and sacrifice religious and moral duties for their own immediate pleasure; in an age remarkable for good, sound precept, but bad conduct and corrupt habits; in an age when the head is full of virtue, but the heart of vice. Even the Sabbath, instituted for human benefit by God himself, is to-day so shamefully desecrated that we truly wonder whether it does not again repent God of having made man.

He Who can exalt can also humble; and if these debasing and fatal evils are not entirely eradicated, America will finally prove a victim of sin's bloody funeral pyre,—her glory gone forever!

"At length corruption, like a general flood,
So long by watchful ministers withstood,
Shall deluge all; and avarice creeping on,
Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the sun."

"Transpythagoria"

(Continued.)

"WACH," '09.

The pang of returning sensibility seemed like the arousing of the conscious powers from a deep sleep. It had become my custom during my sojourn in Abyssinia, when waking in the mornings, to lie perfectly still, my eyes closed, and try to detect minute sounds that might arise within my tent or in the outside world. It was this habit, therefore, that led me, upon returning to consciousness, to retain my composure without giving notice to anybody in the vicinity of the resumption of any mental activity.

The fact that I was lying on a leather couch covered with some rich drapery placed my memory in a state of confusion. Then like a flash it all returned to me—the mob, the garden, the alcove. Ah, yes, the alcove. And there my memory failed me. But the luxuriance of my present position placed my captors in a more lenient light.

Thereupon my thoughts began to revert to the "whys" and "wherefores" of the case; but confusion, hopeless confusion, enshrouded all, and I soon gave it up in despair.

Next, through half-shut eyes, I tried to get a glimpse of my sourroundings. That the room was unusually large was very evident. From the lofty ceiling hung two great chandeliers blazing with light —proof to me that the night had not yet passed. Beyond the couch upon which I lay, there were but few pieces of furniture throughout the room. But upon the walls were hung rich tapestries while here and there, as relief to any general monotony, great paintings had been placed. Between the latticed windows on my left hung several Turkish scimiters crossed beneath round shields of polished brass.

Now I beheld at the farther end, a peculiar sort of individual dressed in what looked to me like a multi-colored bath robe. His back was partially toward me but I could see that he smoked a great German pipe, and was leaning studiously over a low, long table, peering into great beakers which seemed to contain strangely-colored liquids. Every now and then he poured small quantities from one into another, watching the results with the greatest care and facination. All at once he set the beakers down and turned in my direction. I closed my eyes like a flash. A grunt was all that followed and when I opened them several seconds later he was peering, as usual, into the glasses.

Having now become thoroughly ac-

quainted with the general nature of my surroundings, my thoughts turned to plans for escape. The windows were impossible—the lattices were locked. The door—there was only one, a great curtained entrance at the other end of the room—was too near the bath-robed individual. I might gag him before he could give the alarm but the possibilities on the other side were too overwhelming.

Suddenly an idea struck me. Now the couch upon which I was lying had been placed at an angle with the corner of the room leaving on either side a considerable space between the walls. By cautious investigation I discovered that the body of the couch was fully a foot from the floor, the legs and underpart concealed by the overhanging draperies.

Slowly and noiselessly I slid off on the side opposite the bath-robe and, with as great dexterity and caution, slipped underneath. So far so good. But the question now was: would results prove the truth of my hasty calculations?

The test soon came. Somebody entered the room and suddenly paused. Then a low exclamation and hasty strides in my direction. At the couch they ceased and the somebody swore softly. The voice was masculine, English, and full of puzzled wonderment.

"Well, if that isn't the neatest," I heard him say.

I prayed fervently that he wouldn't think of the simplicity of it and look underneath.

"I say, Doctor, what do you know about this?" he queried.

A grunt, a shuffling of feet and, "Himmel!" came a deep German voice. "He iss gone!"

"He certainly is," was the amused answer.

For a while they stood in puzzled meditation, then, at last, both sat down on the couch and began to discuss my strange disappearance. Of course, it was very entertaining to me lying underneath, but it was likewise decidedly trying. Therefore one can well imagine my relief when both arose and left the room.

The coast was clear, the ruse had worked more perfectly than I had dared to hope. With greatest caution I crawled from beneath the couch and gazed about the room. Its general richness, now, impressed itself more vividly upon me but, gliding over to the window, without a moment's hesitation, I unhooked the latch and gently swinging the lattice open, found myself looking down into the moon-flooded court-yard.

The distance to the flagging seemed but short and by hanging from the ledge by my hands I could decrease the distance very appreciably. Quickly I began to unloose my shoes. Then tying them together and slipping them around my neck, I proceeded to evacuate by way of the window, with as little noise as possible. The practice, however, was not as easy as the theory. But after a little effort I hung at full length from the sill and dropped.

The fall was somewhat longer than I had bargained for. My shoes flew in one direction and I in another; but gathering myself together, I was about to make a break for the gate when almost noise-

lessly it swung open and three figures in quick succession darted in and across the yard. Concealed by the shadow of the overhanging window, I shrank back, and leaned against the wall, or what I took for the wall, for suddenly it gave way, precipitating me with a dull thud into an inky darkness. The peculiar part about it was the fact that the floor was perfectly smooth, cold and hard like tiling and I slid for several feet before I could stop.

When I started to pick myself up, my head came into sudden and violent contact with a something that proved to be slightly harder, and swearing softly, I sat down. The jar must have started those theoretical molecules jangling against one another, for, after damning the obstruction, whatever it might be, to the king's taste, I began to cool off, to regain my usual composure, and above all, to use my brains.

"This tumbling about begins to grow monotonous," I muttered, calmly waiting to see what might turn up next. But nothing happened. In vain I peered into the darkness; it was absolutely useless. I couldn't see even my hand before my face.

"Well, well!" I thought, "this is a sad state of affairs."

Encouraged by the sound of my own voice, I made another attempt to regain my feet. Having first ascertained that no obstacles were in the way. I soon stood erect and with a deep breath of relief began to wonder just which way I had come in. The easiest way to find that out would be by following the wall. This I located without difficulty, and immediately discovered that, like the floor, it was also tiled.

"A lavatory," I thought, for even above my head, as far as I could reach, the tiling stretched.

Cautiously feeling my way along the wall I rounded four corners without accident, but found no door.

"Strange," I muttered. "Lets try it again." The results were just the same. On no account would anything like an exit reveal itself—not even a window. I had gotten in somehow and certainly ought to be able to get out at the same place.

Then I discovered that the angles at the corners were considerably greater than ninety degrees. This meant that the room was composed of more than four walls. By laying my shoes, which were still strung about my neck, on the floor at one corner, it took me but a short time to ascertain that the place was actually octagonal in shape, each side being approximately five feet in length.

But the door—not even in the eight walls could I discover the slightest trace of one. Again and again I moved around the room making a careful and minute examination of each side.

At last my efforts were rewarded—after a fashion. I discovered a small tile that seemed to project somewhat more than the others. I drew a deep breath of relief, but when I tried to pull it out nothing happened. Then I pushed it toward the wall. It seemed to give. I pressed harder and—"Heaven and hell!!" I seemed to stand amid the very flames of Pluto's blazing land.

My heart bounded from the toe of my stocking feet to the roof of my mouth, for confronting me on all sides with faces grim-visaged, their huge gigantic forms towering menacingly above me, stood the very devils incarnate—at least that is the way it appeared to me.

I threw up my arms and staggered back, gasping. I stumbled, lost my balance and rolled over on the floor while those sable imps in hellish glee seemed to spring right after and then to disappear. I leaped to my feet. Like magic they reappeared. Weak and trembling, I leaned against the wall and passed my hand across my eyes. By chance, glancing down at my feet, it seemed to me as though I were standing in mid air while directly below, head downward, someone gazed up at me.

The next moment I gave a low nervous laugh of relief for there I stood shrinking in horrow from my own figure a myriad times reflected in the many large mirrors that covered the walls of the entire room. From the ceiling, by a great golden chain, clear as an August sky, hung a huge crystal ball. The ceiling itself seemed to be covered with crystal prisms while from points, almost concealed, electric bulbs shot forth strong rays of light. I began to notice the fact that every ray, direct or reflected, seemed to be focused at the crystal ball and, as I stood there, lost in wonder and amazement, it blazed before my very eyes like a flaming sphere.

Gradualy as the frantic movements of my heart subsided, my coolness and composure began to return. After a time I attempted to make a more minute examination of my strange prison. With some difficulty, I rediscovered that it was octagonal in shape and some fifteen feet in height. Almost within reaching distance of the huge crystal ball stood a couch—one great mass of clear solid crystal—a sight few eyes have ever seen. It was quite by accident that I discovered in one of the corners a long neck faucet—likewise of crystal—and directly beneath the mouth a small crystal glass.

Beyond this the room was perfectly plain—nowhere could I detect the slightest trace of door or window. I seemed to be in the midst of one huge mass of mirrors and crystals.

"What sort of a mystic maze is this?" I muttered to myself. Then my eyes again caught sight of the glass beneath the crystal faucet. My throat felt dry, my mouth was parched.

"At any rate, I'll have a drink," I thought and turned the spigot. At first nothing came at all, but as I turned farther, small white crystalline drops began to gather and fall into the glass. I turned until the handle stopped—the drops fell slow as ever. "Bum plumbing," I commented and, lifting the glass, half full of clear crystal liquid that sparkled beneath the electric rays like a new cut diamond, I emptied it at one swallow. The taste was peculiar, that I remember, though, compared to some water I had been forced to put up with during my travels, it seemed exceptionally fine. A strange part, however, was the fact that the one small taste seemed to have altogether quenched my thirst.

So, setting the glass in its former position, I walked over to the couch.

A drowsy feeling, at first almost unnoticeable, began to steal over me. My knees became weak and my head began to swim; my body grew cold and my face fiery hot while my temples throbbed furiously.

"This thing is getting on my nerves," I said, laughing weakly. "I'll lie down for a few minutes on this transparent affair. Possibly I'll feel better.

The one end of the couch was slightly raised, afer the fashion of the Egyptians. Resting my arm on this elevation, my head in my hand, I stretched myself at full length and lay gazing directly at the great crystal ball.

From the surface sparkling under the electric rays my eyes slowly traveled into the clear cold depths. The longer I gazed upon this huge crystal mass the more fascinating it grew, and gradually my eyes became riveted upon one particular spot. Great circles began to revolve with ever increasing speed. Showers of sparks shot out from the glowing mass, great flaming tongues sprang forth, licking the air like a serpent's tongue, while balls of fire, hurled about by a mystic force, burst into countless fragments that rushed about my head like raging meteors.

The feeling of extreme drowsyness, now quite apparent, completely enveloped me. My entire form became rigid, my eyes, wide open, staring fixedly into the crystal depths. Now, care-free, my spirits seemed to soar, my earthly troubles vanished, and a joy ecstatic seized my very soul.

It seemed as though, fanned by the downy feathers of a balmy breeze, I floated in mid-air. All pain forgotten, pleasures thronged about me. Through rich gardens, sweet-scented groves, and great majestic palaces, I calmly flew. Music divine, lord of all tranquillity, floated about me in angelic form.

But now my ears, grown sensitive, detect a harsh, low rumbling sound. Like magic vanished this land of peace. Angles and palaces, gardens and groves —all were blotted out. Louder and louder sounds the awful rumbling. Nearer and nearer it approaches, growing even greater in intensity and volume. Streaks of roaring fire dart before my eyes with lightning speed. Like the noise of a thousand battles the thunderous storm rolls toward me. A sable darkness seems, at intervals, to blanket all. Great tongues of flames, black hellish night streak the battling shroud. At last, with one stupendous crash it hurtles upon me. Huge masses of rushing flame are cast about, trailed by great showers of blazing sparks. One shudder, long, fierce, intense, rolls over me. I tremble from head to foot and then—then oblivian!

(To be continued.)

Success

D. F. GREENE, '09.

There are four millions of young men in our country who ought to possess a strong desire to win in the great battle of life. On these will our nation build her future stronghold, and the burden of our entire nation will some day, sooner or later, rest upon them. The destiny of the republic will be in their hands. Which shall it be—weal or woe?

The question may arise "When?" There is but one answer and that is "Now." Never was there such an opportunity to compete for the prizes of success as there is to-day. There never was so much room for the best as now. The field of exploits stretches beyond the "Father of Waters" to the shores of the Pacific, from Hudson Bay on the north to the Gulf of Mexico on the south, and Providence invites every young man and woman to this vast area of action extending from sea to sea.

Already the pioneer is found at the utmost verge of this territory, surveying, training, farming, mining; already commerce has appropriated the products of its soil and the minerals of its mountains to swell the nation's wealth; already learning has built her temples where the savage was but recently the only human stranger, and religion reared her altars where the march of enterprise is arrested only by the sea. A fourth of a century hence one hundred millions of people will inhabit this remarkable country, with learning and religion, art and science, wealth and trade enlarged, making this country an example of power, thrift and work. Then the youth of this age will come into the possession of these immense interests of commerce, manufactures, political and civil institutions, schools, colleges and churches.

A golden opportunity, surely! Let golden aims and efforts seize the crisis and the highest prizes will reward the aspirants. The humblest youth may win the highest fame; the obscurest girl may preside over the noblest Christian institution; the poorest boy may become the richest man.

What was it that brought greatness to Lincoln, Garfield, Edison or any other honored American? Each one possessed character, ability to do, a noble purpose, and courage to dare.

One of the most eminent citizens of New York, Hon. Stephen Allen, perished on the steamer "Henry Clay," which was burned on the Hudson River. These are the rules found in his pocket, by which he had been guided: "Good character is above all things. Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Your character cannot be essentially injured, except by your own acts. Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper. Never play at any kind of game of chance. Earn money before you spend it. Live within your income. If anyone speaks evil of you, let your life be such that none will believe him."

These are the qualities which make the successful man what he is. The irresolute young man who expects to find success "marked down" is surely doomed to disappointment.

We often hear the expression a "lucky hit" a "lucky fellow." There is no such thing as becoming great without a plan and a fixed purpose; it must be the result of well-directed and persevering effort.

When the time comes that idleness reaps rich harvests and industry begs bread; that economy goes to the poor-house and prodigality to the palace; that virtue is condemned and imprisoned and vice extolled and crowned—then, and not until then can any man utter to his neighbor the chance of luck.

Luther has well said: "The prosperity of a country depends not on the abundance of the revenues, nor on the strength of its fortifications, nor on the beauty of its public buildings; but it consists in the number of its cultivated citizens its men of education, enlightenment and character."

Moulding Character

N. B. J. YERGER, '10.

The word character is derived from a Greek word signifying that which is engraved on anything to mark it. In life, it is that which is distinctive in every individual; that which experience cuts into life; it is the revelation we make to the world of our inward forces, virtues and principles; it represents the government bonds of spiritual investment; it defines our position in society; affords the means of our success in life; and renders us distinguished or obscure. On his death-bed, Horace Greeley exclaimed, "Fame is a vapor, popularity, an accident, riches take wings; those who are cheerful to-day will curse to-morrow; only one thing endures—character." These dying words teach us that the chief task in life is the formation of a noble character, and our purpose in life should be to live nobly, generously and honestly; to invest, not in the shadows of life, but in the substances; to invest in the safe and enduring, in the noble and inspiring; to invest in character. Some one has said, "Our world is a college, events are teachers, happiness is the graduating point, and character is the diploma God gives man."

There are two classes of forces contributing to the formation of character; viz.: internal and external. One of the most important of the internal agencies is thought, and it will lead to a choice; carry out the choice and it will be the act; repeat the act, and it forms a habit and shapes the character; continue the character and it fixes destiny.

Another important factor in determining our character are the words we utter. Every word we whisper into the air starts vibrations, which will quiver on and on forever. Therefore, we should be exceedingly careful what we say, what

we do, what quality of life we give to the world. The influences will go on forever. Kind words cheer, by their memory, a long, sad life, whereas words of cruelty and carelessness are like swords in the bosom, wounding and leaving scars, which will be borne to the grave. Just as the words we write on a pane of glass with a diamond cannot be erased, so we are daily writing on the minds of our companions that which we cannot erase. If we speak harshly or cruelly to our companions, the words will engrave themselves upon their tender, loving hearts. They will remain and hurt them.

Our deeds also contribute largely to the formation of character. The law that action and reaction are equal applies to morals as well as to mechanics. Good deeds or evil deeds act and react, not only on the doers of them, but, by the influence of example, on those who are the subjects of them. Deeds, alive with moral energy, are the fountains from which the world is continually replenished with a new and nobler life. The noblest deeds and best characters of the most distinguished and most eminent are the sustenance of the soul. Thus the young artist imitates his master; the soldier emulates his general; and the patriot is inspired by his superiors.

Nothing reveals character like the company we keep. Solomon says, "He, that walketh with wise men, shall be wise." We cannot mingle in the society of anyone without having him stamp the impress of his personality upon us.

Thousands of persons live and die, and are heard of no more. Why? Because they did not partake of good in the world. and none are blessed by them; no one was made wiser, better or happier; not a word they wrote; not a good word they spoke, could be recalled; and so they perished—perished without writing their names in kind acts on the hearts of the destitute about them. Let us live for something. Let us do good, and leave behind us a monument of virtue that the storms of time cannot destroy. Let us write our names in kindness, love and mercy, upon the hearts of all with whom we come in contact, and then we shall never be forgotten. Let us so live that our works will follow us with inspiring power; that they will speak from the grave to comfort, to kindle and to redeem.

EDITORIAL

In the bleak month of October, two great events of secular and religious history are brought to our recollection. The twenty-first of this month is a day worthy of rememberance to the people of all lands, and the thirty-first is a day not to be forgotten by the whole Christian world.

Every American school-boy and the youth of foreign lands as well, can tell of Columbus; how on the twenty-first of October, 1492, he first saw a light moving on this glorious continent. It is well for us to remember, how this "pioneer of progress and achievement," after many discouragements, finally set sail; how, with an expectant heart, he urged his companions to sail on and on; and how, on that glorious morn, all his hopes were realized.

We all praise Columbus for his perseverance. Then let us also profit by his example so that, when we meet discouragements, we may overcome them and not suffer defeat. Our life is a voyage, far more strange than that which Columbus experienced in 1492. We are all voyagers and beyond is an unknown country. There is only one ship that will bear us safely to the "promised land"—the ship of faith. There is but one banner under which we can sail—the banner of Christ. The discoverer of America had a faith like unto Abraham's, for he, too, went out not knowing whither he went. Only such as have faith can have power—power to dare and to succeed.

It was on the thirty-first of October, 1517, that Luther nailed his ninety-five Theses against the door of the church in Wittenberg. The action of the great reformer came as a thunder-bolt to the whole of Christendom. The thirty-first of this month is celebrated by our Lutheran Church and should be remembered by all who profess faith in Christ. The Roman Church does not forget, how a single man of great faith aroused it to a sense of its back-sliding. Here was a man of strong faith, of great will power, one who saw visions of a glorious church.

Luther was a truly great man for he recognized the tendencies of his age and looked forward to things which were then invisible. Only he who can see the invisible can accomplish the impossible. Luther saw and accomplished. The whole catholic world was revolutionized and the pure word of God given back to His people. The movement which Luther started was received with favor everywhere, and men rejoiced at his boldness. There is no one in this wide world who does not admire the man who, standing before the assembled diet at Worms, uttered the famous confession of faith: "Here I stand, I cannot do otherwise, God help me. Amen!"

Columbus and Luther are two examples of men who had great faith. What either accomplished was not done by their own strength or talents, but the discovery of America and the Reformation of the Church was fulfilled through their great faith in their Creator.

Let us think over the lives of these two renowned men during this month, and we shall be more assured of a successful end to our hopes and aspirations; for where there is faith, mountains of dispair, distress, and discouragement can be removed.

It is a very deplorable fact that so few of the students attend the lectures delivered in our chapel during the present term. A year or so ago the fellows severely criticised the lecture course. Some argued that the lectures were not satisfactory; that the speakers were too tiresome; while others complained about the time, stating that evening lectures interfered with their study periods. Now, since the lectures are delivered on an afternoon when everyone is free and the speakers are selected from the best in the land, there is no reason for staying away.

The faculty is to be congratulated upon the splendid lecture course that has been arranged for the present term. Those thus far delivered are of a very high standard, and everyone who attended was glad that he had not missed hearing them.

We, as students, need these lectures, because a lecture generally deals with practical and live issues. It brings one into touch with the highest life and richest thought of the age. A good lecture helps to broaden and give depth to the mind more than our lessons alone can. We are liable to become bookish through constant application to our lessons; therefore we need to listen to an occasional lecture in order that our minds may be refreshed with new thoughts and filled with higher ideals.

OUR ALUMNI

'69. Rev. Revere F. Weidner, D. D., LL.D., president of the Lutheran Theological of Chicago, spent his summer vacation in Europe. We are very glad to report that his health is greatly improved.

'70. At the recent meeting of the General Council of the Lutheran Church of North America, held in the city of Buffalo, Rev. William K. Frick, D. D., of Milwaukee, Wis., was re-elected English Secretary.

'74. Hon. Marcus C. L. Kline, former member of Congress from the Berks-Lehigh District, is the president of the newly-established Allentown Trust Company, with commodious quarters in the Commonwealth Building, Allentown, Pa.

'74. Hon. James L. Schaadt, ex-Mayor of Allentown, together with Mrs. Schaadt, spent the summer in Europe. They have returned and Mr. Schaadt is again attending to his extensive legal practice.

'75. Edwin H. Stine, Esq., and wife are visiting their son, Warren, in New Mexico. Mr. Stine is one of the leading spirits in the Allentown Trust Co.

'78. Much of the success of the Summer School for Sunday School Workers, held at Muhlenberg College, was due to the untiring energy of Rev. Charles L. Fry, of Philadelphia.

'78. We rejoice to learn that Rev. James D. Woodring, D. D., president of Albright College, Myerstown, Pa., after several very serious operations, is considerably improved in health.

'80. Dean George T. Ettinger, of the Faculty, was one of the lay delegates of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania to the General Council, held at Buffalo. On account of the unavoidable absence of President Haas, he also presented the greetings of Muhlenberg College at the centennial celebration of the Moravian College and Theological Seminary, recently held at Bethlehem. At the Summer School for Sunday School Workers, held at Muhlenberg, Dr. Ettinger delivered a course of six lectures on "Psychology and Teaching," which were very well received.

'80. We greatly regret to chronicle the sudden death of Benjamin Saddler, B. S., son of a former president of Muhlenberg College, which occurred in Colorado. After graduation Mr. Saddler spent a year abroad in studying mining engineering, and later became a professor at the School of Mines, at Golden, Colorado, after which he devoted all his time, as an expert, to the examining and developing of mining properties. He was prominent in the mining circles of the West and his untimely death is mourned by a large circle of friends.

'81. We were pleased to greet Rev. Luther M. McCreery, of Bridgewater, Nova Scotia. He is the father of C. Harold McCreery, a student in our Scientific Course.

'84. Rev. Oscar E. Pflueger, of Womelsdorf, Pa., was re-elected English Secretary of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, held in Reading.

'86. Rev. Edwin F. Keever, of Catasauqua, Pa., has accepted the call extended to him by the First Lutheran Church of Utica, N. Y.

'87. Rev. John W. Richards, of Lan-

caster, Pa., President of the Alumni Association of the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Mount Airy, was one of the speakers at the annual "Seminary Day."

'91. From the *Daily Reporter* of Galt, Ontario, of September 30, 1907, we clip the following:

At the close of the service in St. Paul's Church last night, a pleasing ceremony was witnessed.

The organizer and pastor pro tem. of the new church formally took leave of his flock. Rev. Mr. Bieber was presented with a purse of gold, accompanying which was the following address:

Galt, Ont., Sept. 26th, 1907.

Rev. M. J. Bieber, M. A.,

Missionary of the English Lutheran Church:—

REV. AND DEAR SIR:—The undersigned, representing the congregation of the English Lutheran Church of Galt, desire, on the eve of your departure for a new field of labor, to express to you our deep sense of the service you have rendered in the successful organization and establishment of St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran Church.

You came into this community an entire stranger. You worked with pious zeal and devotion, and your efforts, under Providence, have been crowned signally and grandly. God's blessing has assuredly been vouchsafed to you in your earnest and constant labor in our midst.

The newly formed church will live as a monument to your Christian consecration and indefatigable industry.

To your amiable and estimable wife, is due also recognition of devoted labors as your coadjutor. She, too, may feel with you

"The consciousness of work well done,
And afterwards the peace of victory won."

While we keenly regret your departure from among us, yet we feel at the same time that you are but answering the call to go forth once again as a pioneer in ministerial service, to open up new territory, and promote the growth of the great church for which you are a minister. May God's blessing go with you wherever the call may direct you, and may you and your dear helpmate enjoy health and prosperity while you live, and finally be admitted into the presence of Him who stands ready to pronounce that inestimable benediction "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou in the joy of thy Lord."

We beg your acceptance of the accompanying gifts which are tendered in heartfelt sincerity, and may serve to remind you of the period during which you labored in Galt and which will ever be to us a blessed and refreshing memory.

Auf Wiedersehen!

Signed on behalf of the congregation,

W. G. SEYFFERT,
Secretary.

Rev. Mr. Bieber leaves to-day on one month's tour of the eastern and western States, in the interest of the missionary work, after which he will be located in

Hartford, Conn., till the new year, when he will return to Guelph to develop the congregation already started.

'91. At the last commencement of Franklin and Marshall College, Rev. George S. Butz, of Paxinos, Pa., received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy for work done in History. In the preparation for his thesis on "The Art of the Renaissance," Dr. Butz spent considerable time in study and research in Europe. We congratulate him on his well-deserved honor.

'91. Prof. Martin S. Harting has been re-elected to a position in the Allentown High School with a substantial increase in salary.

'92. Oscar F. Bernheim is now the very efficient Treasurer and Secretary to the President of Muhlenberg College.

'92. Rev. Adam L. Rainer, Ph.D., is living in Beszterczebanya, Austria, where he is fitting himself for the important work among the Slovak Lutherans of this country.

'94. Max S. Erdman, Esq., Allentown, Pa., is making a strong fight for the office of District Attorney of Lehigh county.

'94. Prof. William H. T. Miller has been elected Principal of the Allentown High School.

'95. Rev. Luther D. Lazarus, of Pen Argyl, Pa., has been re-elected Secretary of the Allentown Conference.

'96. Marcus S. Hottenstein, Esq., is one of the directors of the new Allentown Trust Co.

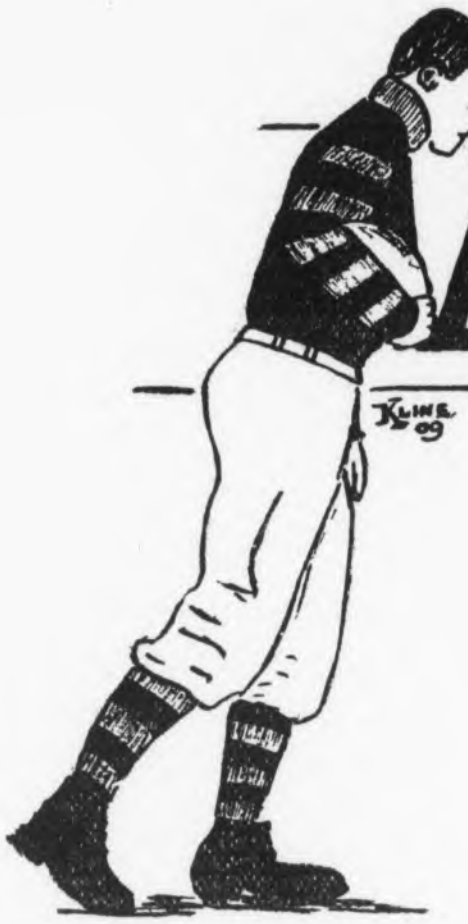
'99. Harry R. McCullough has been elected to a position in the Allentown High School.

'00. Prof. Robert C. Horn, Mosser-Keck, Professor of Greek at Muhlenberg, has been granted a year's leave of absence, and is now studying at Harvard. His place is filled very satisfactorily by his classmate, Prof. Robert C. Fritsch, formerly of the Allentown High School.

'02. Quincy A. Kuehner is now teaching in the Allentown High School.

'02. Dr. Russell B. Lynn is now practicing medicine at Sayre, Pa.

'03. Rev. Alvin E. Youse has returned from Winnipeg, Manitoba, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Rev. F. J. F. Schantz, D. D., of Myerstown, Pa.



ATHLETICS.

Lehigh, 29; Muhlenberg, 0.

After a few weeks' practice, the foot ball season was opened on September 28, with Lehigh University. This was the first try-out for the Cardinal and Gray, but was not very satisfactory. The inclement weather made things very miserable for both teams. Our men seemed to have stage-fright, and did not play up to usual form. To make matters worse, Ruloff and Albert were both injured, the team thereby being weakened. Lehigh, with its heavy line and experienced men, made gains at will. We had the ball but little, being forced to play a defensive game.

The second half was played by Lehigh's scrub team, but no scoring was done, the men having found their second wind. The final score was 29 to 0. The defeat was mainly due to poor playing, lack of confidence and want of aggressiveness.

The line-up was as follows:

Lehigh.		*Muhlenberg.*
Troutman.....	left end	.....Hauser (Nonnemacker)
Burlingame.....	left tackel	.....Reisner (Beidler)
Street.....	left guard	.....Schumaker
Westerbecke.....	centre	.....Bossard
Sheridan.....	right guard	.....Stump (Miller)
Olcott.....	right tackle	.....Coleman
Bakewell.....	right end	.....Butz (Reisner)
Wigton.....	quarterback	.....Albert (Smith)
Aman.....	left halfback	.....Shelly (Capt.)
Spiers.....	right halfback	.....Aberly (Zuch)
Brumbaugh.....	fullback	.....Ruloff (Smith) (Stump)

Touchdowns—Spiers, Aman, Wigton, Brumbaugh, Mandall. Goals from touchdowns—Spiers, Sheridan. Safety—Shelly. Substitutes—Lehigh, Shaffer, Shannon, F. C. Smith, Treat, Downs, Grunball, Jones, Lawson, Mandall, Cannon, Black. Referee—Johnson, Lehigh. Umpire—Strauss, Lehigh. Head linesman—Barnard, Lehigh. Time of halves—30 and 15 minutes.

Muhlenberg, 4; Jefferson, 0.

On October 5 we opened the foot ball season on Muhlenberg Field auspiciously by defeating Jefferson Medical College, 4 to 0. Jefferson Medical won the toss, and chose the east goal, with a strong wind in their favor. Muhlenberg kicked off, but Medical was forced to kick. Then began a series of plays, which Jeff. could not stop. Many times we tried the forward pass, but were unsuccessful. The first half ended in a 0 to 0 score.

After ten minutes rest, and a talk-over with the coaches, the men were ready for the second half. The wind being in our favor, Ruloff booted the ball, thereby gaining on the Jeff. team. Again getting the ball, Muhlenberg gradually forced Jeff. to their own goal-line. Shelly was called upon to kick a field goal, which was successful, and we had turned the trick upon Jefferson Medical. The rest of the half was waged in a zig-zag fashion, neither team scoring.

The backfield played a fine game, although fumbling was apparent. The two ends will need to be strengthened, as the forward pass was barely successful. The rush line was in fine form, and made big openings in the Jeff. line.

The line-up was as follows:

Muhlenberg.		*Jefferson Medical.*
Reisner	right end	Forcey
Coleman	right tackle	Gilmore (Rice)
Stump	right guard	Reynold (Zuke)
Bossard	centre	Hinkle
Miller	left guard	Rakin Frankenberg)
Reed	left tackle	Tryon
Nonnemacker	left end	Fielding
Albert	quarterback	Roberts
Shelly (Capt)	left halfback	Miller
Putra	right halfback	Rengler
Ruloff	fullback	McMurty

Goal from field—Shelly. Referee—Smith. Umpire—Ely. Linesman—Aberly, Muhlenberg; Snyder, Jefferson. Timekeeper—Bachman. Time of halves—20 and 15 minutes.

Gettysburg, 26; Muhlenberg, 0.

Our team journeyed to Gettysburg, Wednesday, October 9, to play the team of that place. In spite of a tedious ride of six hours, the team was ready for the conflict. Muhlenberg kicked off, Weimer returning the kick; Putra getting the ball. A few minutes of play found our team nearing Gettysburg's goal. A forward pass being unsuccessful, Gettysburg soon obtained the ball. Then began line plunging, but being unable to do much, Gettysburg made an end run which netted forty yards. Here Gettysburg's beef began to tell, and, in a few minutes, the first touchdown was made. Muhlenberg received the kick, and by a series of end runs, cross bucks and line plunges, great gains were made. Shelly kicked out of bounds, Gettysburg getting the ball. An end run being unsuccessful, the teams lined up on the north side of the field. A delayed pass, and Gettysburg made a run of 28 yards for touchdown. Gettysburg received kick, and advanced ball to 25-yard line, Lantz kicking a field-goal.

In the second half Gettysburg made two more touchdowns, both being hard

earned. After this the teams battled for ten minutes, neither side scoring. The half ended with the ball in Muhlenberg's possession in the center of the field.

We can feel justly proud of our work, as we managed to keep in check a team far heavier than our own team. So cheer up, boys, there is still hope. The remaining games are on our own field; work hard. We want a big scrub. We need it. Make the regulars hustle.

The line-up was as follows:

Muhlenberg.		*Gettysburg.*
Nonnemaker	left end	McClure (Stock)
Reed	left tackle	Snyder
Miller	left guard	Blume
Bossard	centre	Chamberlain
Stump	right guard	Jenkins (Comfort.
Coleman	right tackle	Swartz (Michall)
Reisner	right end	Topper (Hauser)
Albert	quarterback	Lantz (Lammert)
Shelly (Capt.)	left halfback	McCarrell (Stumf)
Putra	right halfback	Himes
Smith	fullback	Weimer

Touchdowns—McCarrell, Himes, Weimer 2. Goals from touchdowns—Weimer 2. Field goal—Lantz. Referee—Denniston, U. of P. Umpire—Dornberger, Gettysburg. Linesman—Robb. Time of halves—20 minutes.

PERSONALS

Lookout, gentlemen! There is formidable John with his sling. He uses the law of tangents.

"Have a little exercise?"

"No, to-morrow we have French, Greek, Physics, French, Pedagogy and Latin."

S. P. C. A. get busy!

Weaver, '08, on retiring, always says: "Oh, love be moderate; her name is Maud."

Ziegenfus, '08, expects to practice at the bar. Is that the reason he is tending bar at the "Gast Haus"?

Eichner, '09, (before Psychology)—"Fellows, all get on your knees and pray for me."

If Miller, '11, could only sprout like Keiter, '08.

Prof. F.—"You should do more reading, Mr. Reed, '10."

Hauser, '09, at 8.40 A. M.)—"When will we have German?"

Dr. W.—"At one o'clock."

Hauser—"Well, then, I can go back to bed again."

Krause, '08 (in Latin recitation)—"Sepultis is derived from 'Sapolio.'"

Marsh, '08, while speeding his auto through town, a day or two ago, was "nearly" arrested for exceeding the speed limit.

Anthony, '08, (reading Hamlet)—"Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked 'beans'
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables."

LOST—On October 11th, in the college chapel during the Senior vs. Junior debate, a shoe belonging to the right foot of Schatz, '08. Finder will be rewarded and no questions asked.

Schmoyer, '10, (translating "Habebat ducentos")—"He had kings. No, he had a dozen."

Dr. E.—"You must think."

Schmoyer—"I was thinking, but of something else." (Probably of his own dozen?) (edit).

Grossman, '09, has no liking for Hamm,'11.

Krause, '08 (in English recitation)—"Doctor, did Noah have two mothers?"

LITERARY

"The Traitor," a new story by Thomas Dixon, Jr., has just made its apparance.

It is the third of a series which discusses the Southern Reconstruction period. Its predecessors are "The Leopard's Spots" and "The Clansman." It deals with the negro problem and defends the existence of the Ku Klux Klan during the Reconstruction period. It is a story of the fall of the Invisible Empire, following closely the usual lines of the melodramatic novel. It is full of impossible characters, doing impossible things.

John Graham, the hero, is the Grand Dragon of the Invisible Empire. He is a manly, noble minded young lawyer. The heroine is a certain Stella, daughter of a judge, who is the hero's bitter enemy. The villian of the story is Steve Hoyle, also a member of the Invisible Empire. When he is expelled from the Klan by the Grand Dragon, he forms a new Klan of his own. Stella invites the new Klan to her house, and while the festive occasion is still in progress, the Judge, her father, is found murdered in his chair. Graham and Hoyle are bitter rivals for the hand of Stella, but unfortunately for the suit of the former, Stella, for some reason, becomes convinced that Graham is the murderer. She dedicates herself to the task of getting him under her control. She is an amazingly beautiful and fascinating girl, like the heroine of a melodrama always is, and she accomplishes her task with apparent ease. Poor John accordingly is tried for his life. Just as she is about to spring the trap, she realizes two things, which of course the reader has all along been satisfied of. First, that she loves the man whose life she has endangered. Secondly, that he is innocent of the crime for which he is to be tried. While in prison, although many indignities are heaped upon him, Graham refuses to divulge his comrades of the secret empire. Steve Hoyle, like the villian in a melodrama should be, is not so loyal to the oath of his klan and betrays his comrades to the government, thus becoming the traitor from which the story takes its name. This ends the Ku Klux Klan, and law and order are again restored. At the trial, a carpet-bagger is discovered to be the murderer. After a very brief term of imprisonment, the hero regains his freedom and the hand of his "affinity." The story contains many dramatic scenes, but as a defense of government, which purpose the author had in mind, it is an utter failure.

EXCHANGES

The exchange department of THE MUHLENBERG, for the month of October, reminds one of the posada, or, perhaps, more truly, a Venta, in Spain. In it there were always many stalls for the accommodation of mules; but rooms, for the muleteers, were "conspicuous by their absence." The poor fellows had to sleep under the clear vault of heaven. In like manner, must the editor stand silently on the side lines this month, and watch the parade go by. There is practically nothing to criticise. Very few exchanges, up to this time, have made their appearance. It is a case of having the department, but no room for the editor.

We wish to gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: *College Chips, The F. & M. Weekly, The College Student, The Ursinus Weekly, The Mercersburg News, The Forum.*

The material in the September issue of the *College Chips* was up to its usual high standard. "The Great Adventurer" is a nicely constructed poem, and develops a good idea.

The Forum is a neatly bound paper. It is composed of a great amount of material, but is not sufficiently literary in its make-up. One story, for instance, would enhance the value of the book very much. The two cuts contained in this number increase the beauty of the manual.

" 'Twas twelve, and after—still they sat
Upon the sofa, unawares;
When suddenly a voice thereat
Came through the hallway, down the stairs.

" 'Say, daughter, do you know the time?'
(A hint to have the tableau done);
'Yes, papa'—said the maid sublime—
'It's after twelve—we're almost one!' "

—*Ex.*

A Puzzled Frenchman

Count De Cognac (traveling in America and incidentally wrestling with our language)—Ze Anglish tongue, it was zimplee incomprehensible! I go to ze brokare's office and ask for my friend, Mistaire Smeeth, and one man he tell me Mistaire Smeeth was "fired," and when I ask what zat mean another man say that he was "frozen out."

"Our ingress into the world
Was naked and bare;
Our progress thru the world
Is trouble and care;
Our egress from the world
Will be nobody knows where;
But if we do well here
We shall do well there;
And I could tell you no more,
Should I preach a whole year!"

—*Longfellow.*

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A STUDENT'S THANKSGIVING

CHARLES KEITER, '08.

For all God's gifts in college life,
For health and strength to do in strife,
For opportunities to learn,
For knowledge to succeed, to earn,
For inspiration strong, and zeal
To make life earnest, true, and real,
The student now gives thanks.

For happy days and joyful hours,
For manly sports and bod'ly powers,
For victories o'er each rival clan,
For virtues that round out the man,
For lasting friends and classmates true,
For study hours men never rue,
The student now gives thanks.

For teachers good and fair and kind,
For influence that ennobles mind,
For wisdom garnered in the past,
For stirring hopes to win at last,
For these, and many gifts beside,
To thee O Lord, whate'er betide,
The student now gives thanks.

The Fate of Reo

CHARLES T. JACKS, '08.

"I'm up against it, Jim, can't you pull me out?" said Reginald Bradley, a typical Yale student as he hailed his friend, James Elliott, on the college green.

"What's the rub, playing the races: didn't I tell you not to risk much on that mare? I'd like to help you out, but you know I'm bagged pretty hard myself. Come up to my perch and we'll smoke it over."

The two seniors meandered past the library and the Hall of Science to Elliott's room which was a counsel chamber where many perplexing questions in both their lives had been solved. Both these men had lived in the "upper bunch" while at Yale. Regie, who was James's junior by several years, had a substantial annuity from his father's estate which, to his great discomfiture at this time, he had risked on a losing horse several days before.

Jim had always maintained his appearance and social standing regardless of the fact that he was limited in his expenditures; his finances being derived through his own ingenuity.

On arriving at the room, Regie, in company with his pipe, flung himself despairingly among a mass of cushions in the cozy-corner, while his more hopeful companion seated himself meditatively by the fireside.

After a brief pause, Jim broke the silence. "Let's look over our assets and see what we have on our credit sheet. There's that auto of yours, strikes me we could turn that into money somehow."

"By Jove," broke in Regie, "that's a clever idea. She's in good running condition, but I couldn't part with her. I've had some rare old times with Reo, and I couldn't bear to lose her."

"There's more ways than one of killing a goose," said Jim. I've got it. Perhaps old Prof. Hargels would take us along on his geological survey. We made good in geology and I think we stand in with the old codger. You could run the machine and I'd work on the specimens with "Prof." There'd be a nice slice in that for us; lets go look him up.'

"You're a Jay, and it'll be loads of sport. You're little cerebellum must run by electricity."

"I always told you two heads are better than one, even if they are cabbage-heads."

The plans were culminated, and a fortnight later Reo with Regie at the wheel was steered up to Professor Hargel's office. James, who had gone on before to assist the professor in packing his paraphernalia, was standing by his side at the doorway, waiting the arrival of Reo.

It was one of those rare days in June.

"Then, if ever, come perfect days,
When Heaven tries the earth, if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays."

The tall patriarchal trees, which are the heritage of all New England towns, welded their branches into a veritable

arch through which Reo glided like a fairy clad in her gala attire of blue and gold.

Professor Hargels, a dignified, middle aged person of stately bearing, smilingly followed James into the rear of the machine as if pleased with the prospects of the expedition.

After settling themselves comfortably for their journey, Reo gave three short toots, as if to wish them good luck, and with Regie's "we're off" they sped away.

After a successful trip through a number of states, we find our travelers at a wayside inn in Colorado. The inn is one of the unconventional type frequently seen at Western health resorts. Their delay here was necessitated by an accident to Reo; which was occasioned by a slight displacement of a gear in the transmission. Reo had behaved charmingly throughout the journey up to this time.

The men at first were exceedingly annoyed at this untimely delay and Regie was more vexed than the others, because he had taken great pride in the speed and endurance of Reo. Nevertheless, to their surprise, they found a few congenial companions sunning on the veranda of the hostelry.

There was, among others, an elderly gentleman who seemed to attract everyone about him by the magnetism of his yarns. At first the three held themselves somewhat aloof, but soon, seeing the expression of interest on the faces of those in the circle, they decided to join it.

The old gentleman was pleased by this mark of interest on the part of the strangers and took advantage of it by telling a most extraordinary yarn.

"Several days ago, while at the Hot Springs, in Colorado," he began, "my daughter, Reo, and I took a little fishing trip. In addition to the cress-sandwiches for our luncheon, we had with us a small alcohol stove on which to prepare our haul. A haul it was. But the most remarkable incident occurred when pulling it out with a tremendous swish it accidentally dropped in the boiling pond behind us, and, after a short tussle, I landed the fish, cooked and garnished, and all ready to serve."

"That is a fish story," ejaculated several of his audience. "How was it served, on a silver tray with colored service?"

"Ha, ha, I see you think it incredulous, but here comes my daughter, she'll vouch for it."

Reo having approached, had overheard the latter part of the story, and smiling bewitchingly, tapped her father on the shoulder. "It is all true enough," she said, looking at the audience about her father's chair, "But father has garnished it a trifle with his spicy imagination and a pinch of jest."

The bell for dinner rang its welcome note to the ears of the hungry guests and they began to saunter to the dining room.

The old gentleman, Van Hope by name, followed by his daughter, left the company on the porch and entered the inn. As they passed the three new comers. Reo cast a side-glance in their direction, and, singularly enough, her eyes met Regie's. Both of them, at that instant, as they gazed into the depths of

each others eyes, were aware that they had seen each other before. A strange feeling crept over them both as they tried, with their searching glances, to read each others thoughts.

Anyone would have been fascinated by the attractiveness of Reo's personality,—a tall, graceful blonde, with searching eyes that reminded one of blue-bells; hair of goldn hue, and a haughty mien which, had it not been for a dimpled smile reflected through her eyes, would almost have seemed cold. Added to this was that strange power of recognition which acts as a force in human souls who have met before, to attract or repel them.

Regie was all too sorry that the auto's injuries were not more serious, for this other Reo with her natural trimmings of blue and gold had reawakened an interest in him, which he felt had existed at some previous time in his life. Where or when he knew not.

The next morning Regie reluctantly took his departure with his two companions. He wore a somewhat sombre expression, having learned that the young lady who had attracted him the day before and who he was desirous of seeing again, was detained at her father's bedside on account of a sudden illness.

The three men sped on their journey which was to terminate in California. New sights of interest constantly presented themselves, but Regie's thoughts often returned to those piercing eyes at the Inn.

They entered the "Golden Gate of the West," filled with awe and wonder at the beauties of nature on all sides. The air was redolent with perfumes of flowers and the songs of birds.

The plains and valley surrounding Los Angeles, the first city of importance to which they came, were one mass of vineyards, orange groves and orchards. This being a very beautiful city, Professor Hargels decided to make it their headquarters from which they could make short trips through the surrounding country in Reo.

Events passed on very pleasantly until unfortunately interrupted by the illness of Regie, without whose services the party was handicapped. Being in a strange city, the hospital was a convenient refuge for one afflicted with malarial fever. His condition was quite precarious at times and a dark cloud hung over his two companions.

With the unfailing efforts of physicians and attendants he was safely brought to the stage of a convalescent.

Throughout his delirium his fancy pictured two blue eyes, and he muttered incoherent sentences about Reo and school days. Jim and the Professor who frequently visited him thought his remarks were about the auto and his life at Yale.

At last one day there came a time when his unconcious mind reinstated itself into the light of consciousness.

As he opened his eyes to the true light about him he saw the counterpart of his delirious dream in reality, for at the foot of the bed in a nurse's garb stood the owner of the two blue eyes. A band of black crepe on her sleeve and a somewhat sad look in the blue eyes explained her being here. Her father's illness had proved fatal and she had been thrown

on her own resources. She had become so accustomed to the sick room during his latter years that she thought of no work which was better suited to her inclination and which at the same time might help some of her fellow beings, as that of a trained nurse.

Such a period of convalescence! Could Regie help but recuperate quickly? A short time recalled many reminiscences and the cognizance of these obviously threw a new light on their past and future. They had known each other on that strange planet called AFFINITY and by its magnetic power their souls were drawn together.

"I've had some rare old times with Reo and I could'nt part with her," repeated Regie, as the three friends with the two Reo's tooted the farewell horn to California.

"Diplomatic Usury"

H. D. WHITTEKER, '09.

(Concluded.)

As the car rushed from the confines of the city out into the open, the chilly blast of the morning breeze from the bay swooped down upon me. Opening the clutch several notches I drove the car, like a huge javelin, through the biting atmosphere; drowning the sound of the chugging engines with the whistling wind.

At the beginning of the foot-hills I threw back on low gear and we took the first series like a bird on wing. I sped straight over the Kinko mountains but skirted Siherta as far as Turmi, reaching that point shortly before dusk. Here I spent the night. I was out again before daybreak; made a thorough inspection of the car; tested the gasoline, and by six o'clock had left Turmi several miles to the rear. At the Amur river I stopped to bind the tires. Thus far the snow and ice had given me very little trouble, but with the highlands close at hand and the Kin-gan range not far distant, I decided to put on the chains while the opportunity was favorable.

Noon of the second day found me rolling rapidly over Kin-gan some six hundred and fifty miles from the coast. The road had been cut into the side of a steep overhanging cliff, and turned and twisted through the gorge like a huge snake. Down the narrow cliffs the wind rushed, howling dismally and the piercing cold bit through even my warm attire. At a forty-mile clip I bounded along the mountain side and, swinging around one curve with unabated speed, almost ran down another automobile standing directly in the middle of the road. As it was, despite the emergency brake, I gave it a bump that almost smashed my lamps and shoved the stranger several feet up the hill.

The effect was remarkable. Like a rabbit out of a bush, a man sprang from the side of the car with surprising agility considering the great fur coat that engulfed him.

"Sacre!" he exclaimed, and when he saw me, stopped in utter astonishment.

"Ma Foi! Monsieur," I replied, smiling. "That certainly was a close one," I spoke in French.

He drew a deep breath of evident relief.

"Well," he exclaimed, "Where the deuce did you drop from?"

"From Turmi," I replied, "and I was dropping pretty fast, too. But jump into your car and I'll shove you up around the bend out of this wind. It's fairly biting a hole in me. Explanations can be made afterwards."

This was done quickly and without difficulty. As we rounded the corner the flapping of a veil caught my attention. I stifled the half-uttered exclamation, but observed the presence of two ladies sitting beneath a great rock trying to warm their hands over a small fire. They were, of course, members of this party. Both wore heavy veils and great fur coats. As I stopped the car the taller of the two looked quickly up with an exclamation of relief that changed at once to surprise when she caught sight of me. Hastily rising to her feet she walked over to her car. I sprang to the ground and, walking around, stood on the opposite side of the automobile. I raised my hat to acknowledge her presence and began at once to try to locate the difficulty. Examination of the gasoline tank revealed the fact that it was empty. I tried the valve and it was open.

"Pardon me," I said, "here is your trouble."

"Where?" he asked, coming around the car.

"Here," pointing to the tank. "No gasoline."

His look was one of incredulity. "Impossible," he exclaimed. I just filled up at Freno".

"You forgot to close the valve," I replied. "How far is it to the village ahead?" I asked, while he swore softly under his breath.

"Ust Zeysk? About two hundred miles."

Whistling softly, I went back and tested my own supply of fuel. There was a little more than sufficient to last me to that point. Returning, I said: "I believe that I can give you enough to run you back to Freno." That was forty miles to the rear.

He brightened at once. "Monsieur, Monsieur! It is too much," he exclaimed. "Are you sure that you can spare it?"

"Certainly," I replied. "I will reach Ust Zeysk this evening and can replenish my supply there."

He looked up in surprise. "How far do you go Monsieur, if I may ask?"

I smiled rather foolishly as I replied: "To Paris."

"To Paris?" he exclaimed.

I nodded laughingly. "That was my intention when I left Vladivistok yesterday morning."

More exclamations. "Mirabile! Monsieur. Why we left the coast four days ago."

"I arrived in Turmi last evening about five o'clock and left this morning about six. I am running on a time wager between Vladivostok and Paris. The at-

tache of the Russian Embassy in America, Count Obervinski——."

"Count Obervinski!" cried the lady in surprise.

"Ah," I said, "You evidently know him."

"Indeed I do," she replied, and she spoke to me in English. Then she ran back to her companion, who had stayed by the fire, and began talking earnestly to her.

Taking one of their buckets I walked over to my car and drew the requisite amount of gasoline from the tank. While I was thus occupied, I heard one of the ladies call "Victor!" and the gentleman who had been standing nearby responded. When I approached I saw him shake his head. She stamped her foot. "Yes," she exclaimed and he threw up his hands. The cause developed afterwards.

I handed him the gasoline and we all stood around the machine while he poured it into the tank. Suddenly the lady who had spoken so vehemently turned to me.

"Monsieur," she said, "I am going to ask a favor of you."

I bowed. "It is granted, Madame."

"No, no! Wait until you hear it. I believe you said that you expect to reach Ust Zeysk by evening?"

I nodded.

"Then with your permission I will accompany you that far while Victor and Mademoiselle return to Freno."

For a moment I hesitated, Victor shrugged his shoulder and Mademoiselle seemed utterly indifferent. I had mentally concluded that Victor was Madame's husband but Mademoiselle's identity was an utter mystery. But why she desired to leave her husband at this juncture was beyond me, and as her husband did not object,—well, what business was it of mine.

"It is asking too much," she said.

"No," I replied. "I shall be honored, Madame," I said this with a great show of gallantry but there was possibly a greater proportion of hypocrisy than earnestness.

Eventually it came about that she would accompany me. We waited until the others had started and then sped swiftly northward. At five o'clock we entered the outskirts of the town and by five-thirty I stopped before the residence of the commandant. Here she passed the night—I at the hotel.

The following morning I left bright and early and dawn was just breaking over the eastern hills as I drew up before the commandant's residence. I was about to spring from the car when the door opened and my companion, veiled as before, came out. She calmly assured me that she had decided to go as far as Irkoutsk. I was somewhat taken aback at this statement, but simply replied: "You honor me, Madame." The commandant's wife, who stood near by, smiled, and my companion laughed outright.

At high speed we fled from Ust Zeysk, but as I drove the car at a terrific rate over the rough roads some of the bounds that we took were too much even for her, and with a half uttered shriek she grasped my arm. I smiled grimly but never slackened.

At noon we entered Abazin in the foot-hills of the Stanoval mountains. At one o'clock we left and the way we hurled ourselves over those ridges was a positive marvel. By five o'clock Gorbiza was reached and the following morning by six we were on the way again.

Polsolskoi near Lake Baikal sprang into view at three o'clock and by seven we drove into Irkoutsk.

Thus far I had come without accident. The fates certainly had been propitious. Accordingly my spirits should have been high, but contrary to all reason they were at a mighty low ebb that evening. The real trouble I knew well enough, but I swore whenever I thought of it.

It began when I left her at the residence of Count Dreka. As I assisted her from the car she tripped and would have fallen had I not caught her in my arms and lifted her to the ground.

For several minutes we stood beside the softly chugging car in total silence. Finally she said:

"You have been very good to me."

"It has been a pleasure to me," I replied. "More, perhaps, than you think."

"I fear that I have proved to be a good deal of a bother," she said. "Now don't commit yourself to the depths of polite prevarication," she added as I was about to protest.

"Well," I replied smiling, "I'll simply quote statistics. Before I overtook you in the Kin-gan pass I had been averaging only three hundred and fifty to four hundred miles per day. Since then we have made from four hundred and fifty to four hundred and seventy-five."

"Which merely goes to show how anxious you were to be rid of me," she returned.

I gave up. "At any rate you cannot deny me the honor," I said. "But you must not be kept standing here," I added. "Possibly some time we may meet again. This world is but a small place after all."

"Oh, I expect to see you in the morning before you go," she said.

"No," I replied. "I shall leave very early.

"No, no!" she cried impulsively, extending her hands. "You must not go before I see you."

"No," I replied. "I must be off as early as possible."

Without another word she turned and ran up the steps to the veranda.

"Good-bye," I called, but she did not reply. Then, jumping into the car, I sped away. Glancing back I saw her standing near one of the pillars and a half sob escaped me as I was whirled out of her sight.

That night I walked the floor of my rooms in mental agony. A certain thought persisted in holding itself before my mind. Bah! I snorted with rage every time it came. Love! What is love? A foolish lot of nonsense. But "Mon Dieu!" I muttered, "all men are fools, and even nonsensical at times. At last, in sheer exhaustion, I dropped on the couch and fell fast asleep. When I awoke the sun was way up in the heavens. With an exclamation I bounded to my feet. By my watch it was almost nine o'clock.

Hastily beginning to dress, I called for breakfast in my room and when just about ready to leave there came a knock

at the door. I opened it and a servant in blue livery stood before the threshold.

"His excellency, Count Dreka," he announced, and as he did so an elderly gentleman entered the room. Bowing deeply, he said in French:

"Have I the honor of addressing M. Douglass?"

I bowed.

"I come on a peculiar mission, monsieur," he began.

"At your service, votre excellence," I replied. "If I can be of any help to you, command me."

"You have the formula, at least," he said smiling.

"And the practice as well," I answered.

"Well, well, to come to the point, I am the unwilling ambassador of the Countess Matilde."

I elevated my eyebrows interrogatively. "Yes?" I replied dubiously.

"Assuredly you know of whom I speak," he said.

"Intuitively, yes; practically, no," I replied.

"Ah, well, then I will address your intuitive self and inform you that I am here at the request of the Countess Matlide to explain her peculiar action of the past few days."

"Do they need explanation?" I inquired.

"Do you not understand the delicacy of the situation?" he returned.

I bowed. "Etiquette," I said, "is the law of society. Laws are enacted, not for the lawful man, but the lawless."

"However, should the well-intending lawful man break the law he is as liable to implication as the lawless."

"Nevertheless, why should Madame La Comtesse even desire to explain." The Count smiled. "She accompanied me with the consent of her husband. Such action rather reflects on me."

"No, Monsieur, you are mistaken. It is for her peace of mind only. And as her diplomatic appointee, I must do my duty. Well, to begin, possibly you have noticed how self-willed a child she is."

I bowed, smiling when I remembered how she had obtained her husband's consent to accompany me.

"That is her father's and brother's fault," he continued. "There are but the three. They have spoiled her to perfection. The latter as military attache at Washington in America—he is now situated at Paris—fell in love with your institutions and the education of his sister was finished largely in that country. Consequently she has imbibed a great amount of your American freedom of action."

I bowed smiling. These foreigners generally condemn the principle but fall in love with the results.

"About a week ago," he continued, "she returned from your shores. It was her intention to proceed by rail to St. Petersburg where her father is located, but, as you probably know, the road between Vladivostok and Irkoutsk has been out of commission for the past month. Well, explanations are tiresome, so I might conclude by saying that she decided to come as far as this point by automobile. It was her eagerness to get here and the discovery that you are acquainted with the Count Obervinski—a kinsman of mine by the way—that—

Just then there came a knock at the door and the Count's servant opened it. In rushed a swish of skirts and furs and precipitated itself into the arms of the venerable gentleman.

"Le diable!" he exclaimed, evidently recognizing it.

"Now, Uncle, don't swear," came a voice from the furry depths that made my heart play tag with itself.

"What are you doing here?" he brusquely demanded.

"If you talk that way I shall leave at once," came the reply in an injured tone.

The Count looked at me in despair. Then his eyes began to twinkle. "Well, Madame La Comtesse, at least permit me to introduce you to M. Douglass whose rooms you have so suddenly invaded."

She released herself from the Count's arms and turned to me a face demurely grave but eyes that sparkled mischievously. My heart gave a bound for before me stood the very person who had boarded the train at Hayden, Colorado. Fate, relentless fate loomed up before me and I thought of Foster's dream.

Courtesying deeply she said—and I knew she was laughing: "Monseigneur, I am honored. I trust you will forgive my unlady-like intrusion."

Quickly recovering my composure, I bowed, and in a mock tragic tone replied:

"Madame La Comtesse, my life is yours." ——— there was a little more truth than fiction in that—"Command as you will."

"Do you mean that, Monsieur?" Her voice suddenly took on an earnestness that startled me. I glanced at her sharply. There was challenge in her eyes.

"I have said it," I replied.

"Then I command you,"—she drew the words out deliciously, speaking with the appropriate severeness of a queen to her subject—"to take me to the capitol!"

I drew myself up and saluted. "Her Majesty's commands shall be obeyed," I gravely replied, but added mentally, "With the consent of her uncle.

Meantime the Count who had been watching this tableau in a nonplussed manner now burst out with decided vehemence.

"Well, I'll be ——!" but he was prevented by his niece.

"Now, Uncle, Uncle," she softly cried, "How often have I told you that you should not swear especially in the presence of ladies. Oh, M. Douglass—she turned to me appealingly—he will simply be the death of me ——."

"Gads life!" exclaimed the Count, bursting, to my surprise, into English. "Gads life, young lady, I like your impudence. This is what comes of your bloomin' American educa—."

"Now, Uncle," she interrupted, "if you had not gone to Oxford you would never have learned all those beautiful English 'cuss-words.' But I may go, may I not, Uncle. Say yes. O, do say yes—now, now, don't swear. You know I am going and there is no necessity for you to deny it." She stamped her foot.

"Yes, confound it! I suppose you are," growled the Count.

"Monsieur, (turning to me) you will call for me," and she left the room.

For a space there was a complete

silence. First the Count looked at me, then I at the Count.

"Votre Excellence," I finally said, "I ask as a favor that she may go."

He laughed. "The case seems hardly to run that way. The young lady has a will of her own."

"But she may go, though?"

"Certainly, certainly. I suppose she is very anxious to see her father. She always was very impatient of delay. But come, I must be going. I am a poor diplomat, monsieur, when that child is my opponent. You will stop at the residence, monsieur. She knows only too well that she can wrap her poor old uncle around her little finger. But, by Jove! she's the only one," he growled and left the room followed by his servant.

I heard him drive away as I was packing my cases. In less than five minutes I was following in my car. Before the residence I stopped. Half an hour later she appeared with meek and penitent look and I assisted her into the car. The Count stood at the entrance with his wife.

"Monsieur," he said, "Your kindness shall never be forgotten. I only ask that you place her safely in the hands of her father."

I bowed. "Votre Excellence," I said, "it shall be done." Then climbing into the car we drove at high speed toward the city on the Neva.

At seven o'clock on the evening of the eighth day we ran into Ekaterinburg swallowed among the foot-hills of the Urals. Before us, in the dimness of fast gathering night, loomed that lofty, massive dividing line of two great continents.

I would rather we could have reached Perm that day but several unavoidable delays made this impossible.

About three o'clock the next morning I was suddenly awakened by a loud and continuous knocking at my door.

"Hello!" I called jumping to my feet and hastily throwing on a few clothes. "What is it?"

"A message for Monsieur Douglass," came the reply in French. When I opened the door the French clerk handed me a letter. Quickly tearing it open I read:

"The snow on Mt. Taglisk is loosening. Would like to see you at once.

BARDO."

"I will come immediately," I replied. "I suppose one of the Bardo lackeys brought the message."

The clerk nodded.

"Very well," I replied. "You may tell him that."

Colonel Bardo was commandant of that district, and with his daughter, the Countess Matilde, was spending the night. I had met Bardo in his official capacity when I handed to him my papers for examination. He, his wife, and daughter were gathered in the reception room when I arrived. But Madame La Comtesse had not appeared.

A hasty introduction followed my entrance. "I was a little doubtful about disturbing you," said the Colonel, "but upon the urgent request of the Countess, I decided to do so."

"Sir," I replied, "you have done me an inestimable service."

"I? No, no. It was the Countess" he replied.

At that moment she entered the room, her furs on and hat in hand.

"Oh!" she exclaimed when she caught sight of me. "I am so glad you are here! Come, we must go at once."

I turned to the Colonel. "Is it as urgent as that?" I asked.

He nodded. "Mademoiselle has explained your peculiar mission, and delay would mean a great deal to you."

"But the Countess,—Is there not great risk?"

Bardo shrugged his shoulders. "Mademoiselle has a will of her own. Still there is really no danger if you get through the pass by sun rise."

"Then we had better start at once," I said, turning to the Countess. "Are you ready?"

For answer she bade a hasty goodbye to her friends and, running out, climbed into the car. We all laughed, and followed her.

"I shall telegraph to you from Perm," I said to the Colonel as I started the engine going. Then, springing into the car, I drove at full speed down the driveway, out into the street.

Down the deserted road we swept at a marvelous pace. Outside of the city we hurled ourselves upon the foothills with an unmistakable fury. From ridge to ridge we seemed to leap in frenzied flight; then, dragon-like, rushed from the yawning chasm of the climbing crags out upon the level highlands.

There, and most fortunately there, on a straight stretch that led us into the very heart of the Ural Mountains, fate overtook us. As we sped through a great, dense forest, a quick, sharp sound like the crack of a pistol pierced my ear. The car lurched to a side and would have hurled us among the trees had I not almost instinctively thrown on the emergency brake with such a force that we were almost pitched into the road.

With a startled cry the Countess sprang to the ground and I bounded to her side. I knew at once what had happened—a tire bursted. Under my breath I groaned.

"Well, Madame," I said, taking the cushions out of the car and throwing them on the ground a little to one side, "you may as well make yourself as comfortable as possible."

"Is it so very serious?" she asked, with great concern.

"No," I replied; "it is not so very serious"—I walked over to the car and began to unstrap a new tire,—"but it will take time." I looked down at her, for she had seated herself on the cushions, and smiled reassuringly. She now threw back her veil and glanced up at me, her face grave, her eyes speaking volumes of the trust in my ability. There, under the silvery rays of the moon, she watched me as I swiftly removed the remnants of the bursted tire. Every time I looked at her she grew more beautiful, until at length I dared look no more. Under my breath I cursed myself and savagely resolved to cease such foolishness.

At times when close inspection was required she would hold the lamp.

"These tires were put on to stay," I

said when I was ready to adjust the new one.

But time was speeding by, and with growing anxiety I saw the first faint streaks of fast-approaching day gathering above the eastern horizon. By the time I had the tire fastened to the rim and inflated, the first rays of the sun, now high above the hills, glanced on the polished brass of the lamps.

I hesitated. First I looked at her, then at the sun, and then back at her again. Everything had been replaced in the car and she stood beside me adjusting her veil.

"Well," she said in an impatient tone, "why don't we start?"

I shook my head and laughed, shortly. "I don't dare to," I sadly replied.

"Don't dare to!" she echoed.

I pointed to the sun. "You remember what the Colonel said? If it hadn't been for that confounded tire we would have made it with ease. Now it is too late."

"Are you afraid?" she suddenly asked, her voice full of contempt. "No, no," she cried impetuously, seizing my arm. "You are not afraid; I know you are not —except for me. If you were alone you would attempt it. Now wouldn't you?" she pleaded. "Every moment that we stand here is probably invaluable."

I could not reply, but gazed gloomily ahead. "If you don't start at once," she coldly said, "I'll take the car through by myself." She started to climb into the automobile, when I caught her.

"Stop," I explained. "Are you mad?" But just then I thought of Foster's emergency patent, and, lifting her bodily into the car, I sprang in beside her.

"We'll try it," I muttered between my teeth. "Now hold on for your life," I called as we darted ahead on the high speed only. It was not time for the final test. That would come later. Far in the distance I could see the gorge like the mouth of some huge monster ready to engulf us in its mortal jaws.

As we shot in between its rocky sides I threw on the emergency speed. The effect was instantaneous. With a wild impetuosity we bounded forward, hurling in meteoric flight toward the snow-crowned heights. Beyond stood Taglisk, massive, immovable, rearing her mighty head to the celestial blue with impassive indifference to the storming elements.

All at once a sight met my eyes that almost checked the beating of my heart. Taglisk, Mon Dieu! Taglisk, like a Mars in disguise, was shedding her robe of peace! At first I thought that the excessive jaring of the car might have caused an hallucination; but this notion was quickly dispelled by the Countess herself.

"Look! look!" she suddenly cried, and seized my arm. But I could see now only too well that the snow was beginning to slide. And we were riding in the very midst. It was too late now to stop. So, glancing neither to right nor left, I shoved the emergency forward another notch. Earth and sky became an indistinguishable streak. As we entered the main gorge a sound like rolling thunder, at first low and faint, but growing louder and louder in intensity, greeted my ears. On, on, we sped. Louder and louder grew the awful rumbling.

And now some distance ahead—too much by far—the perpendicular walls of

the gorge began to retreat in a most positive manner. There it was that the greatest danger lay. Once past that, and safety was comparatively certain. The roar had now become deafening, echoing in tumultuous rolls down through the rocky clefts. A filmy mass of snow fell from the heights and enveloped us in a whirling cloak. During all this time I had never swerved from my course, for my hands seemed to be glued to the wheel and my eyes on the road ahead.

Finally, I shoved the clutch up to the last notch. It was the last call; my trump was played; the rest I left to fate. But the car responded bravely and tore down the intervening space with a frenzied fury. The density of the falling snow now blinded all sight beyond the car. Unconsciously, I braced myself for the unexpected.

Suddenly, with a roar we burst upon the slope and crashed into a flying mass of snow, and pierced it as though it were a bunch of scattered feathers. Then the trunk of a tree flew past as one would toss a toothpick. A huge boulder, with death in its path, just escaped us, and a branch struck the front of the car and was hurled into space. Another mass of snow almost sent us to eternity, and then we bounded into safety.

But, as though pursued by fiends, we fled, and I never checked the car until Taglisk lay several miles to the rear. At length I released the lever, notch by notch, until we were skimming over the ground on medium gear only. Finally, I threw all off and stopped the car. For a moment I sat half dazed, my brain whirling with the intensity of the excitement I had just passed through. I was brought to a realization of my surroundings in a rather jarring manner; for all at once my companion burst into a storm of tears. This was more than I had bargained for.

"Oh, it was awful! awful!" she sobbed. "You—you—might have—been killed."

"Yes," I replied; "we both came embarrassingly near it. I would have been greatly mortified, too, for I scarcely know how I could have explained it to your father.

Brushing away the tears, she looked at me, but I was as sober as a judge. Then she tossed her head.

"Don't you see?" she exclaimed rather crossly, "that it was all my fault? How senselessly I ran you into danger!"

I laughed. "Reckon I'm the culprit in that case," I said as I jumped from the car to look for damages.

After a close examination, nothing more serious was revealed than a pair of smashed lamps. So, climbing back, we started for Perm and reached that city by eight o'clock.

About noon of the following day the great Russian capital, the city of the swamps, stole into view. Early in the afternoon from the northeast we entered the suburbs, and drove past the Artillery Laboratory. Half an hour later we ran up along the war department building and stopped. Springing from the car, I turned to assist her, only to find her standing beside me.

"Wait here," she said. "I will return in a few minutes," and disappeared through the gates. Half an hour later

she came down the path, her face grave, but her eyes sparkling.

"He has gone to Paris," she said, looking ruefully at the buildings.

It was my turn to look rueful, but I couldn't do it—not to save my life. A fierce rush of exultation swept over me and all I could do was whistle.

Then when she said, "Well, you'll simply have to take me to Paris with you," I became extremely preoccupied with the car.

At length I looked up. "I wonder just what your uncle would say."

Her eyes suddenly brightened. "Why, don't you remember? Uncle told you to place me in my father's hands. You will have to take me to Paris to do that."

"That's so!" I joyfully exclaimed, and it certainly was a "clincher."

"Come!" she said; and I assisted her into the car. "We'll start at once for Paris."

"We will not," I returned. "We'll get something to eat before we go, if I lose the race for it."

The run between St. Petersburg and Paris was practically without incident. The first day we skirted Lake Peipus, passed through Pakor and Lida, and reached Warsaw by evening. The following day saw us as far as Berlin, by way of Thorm and Soldin; and the third day, by four P. M., we were entering Paris. At five o'clock we drew up by the curb before L'Hotel de la Touleries, and in a few minutes she was clasped in the arms of her father.

At the earnest request of both, I dined with them that evening. After dinner the Count was called away to attend to certain matters of state. Incidentally, we arose from the table at the same time and wandered into the library.

"Mademoiselle," I said, as she seated herself in a great leather arm-chair, "who is Victor?"

In surprise she looked up at me. Then she laughed. "Oui Monsieur," she said. "There are many explanations to make. Would you be surprised if I should tell you that it was all design—a foolish schoolgirl's prank?"

I smiled. "No," I replied; "I only know that you are Mademoiselle La Comtesse, not Madame, and also that I——"

"Hush! Hush!" she exclaimed, for the look in my eyes had betrayed me. "Not that."

"Oh, so you know that, too."

She smiled, blushing furiously. "Oh, do let me explain," she cried. "My brother told me all about your intended trip," she began swiftly and nervously. "I wrote to him; said in jest that I was going along, knowing that we would reach Vladivostok by the same boat. Save a few details, the rest is known to you. How we left Vladivostok four days ahead of you and how you overtook us in Kin-gan because our gasoline supply had run out."

"Poor Victor, poor Victor," she said, laughing softly. "He never for a moment suspected me of having opened that valve at Freno."

I started in surprise. "You!" I exclaimed. "And it was all design?"

She nodded and buried her face in the chair. Isn't it terrible?" came the reply in muffled tones.

"No," I said, speaking slowly. "It was fate. "But who is Victor?" I added.

She looked up. "Victor is my cousin," she replied.

I drew a long deep breath. "Laus Deo!" I murmured.

"And my brother, it may interest you, is Count Obervinski," she added.

I whistled softly.

"This is a sample of your bloomin' American education. What must you think of me?"

I bent eagerly over her, looking down into her sparkling blue eyes. At length the intensity of my gaze overpowered her and she closed them. Already my brain was in a whirl, my whole soul reeling under the intoxicating influence of her presence.

"Matilde," I whispered. Two bright blue eyes for a flashing second looked up into mine, then closed. A faint smile hovered about the corners of her mouth. One hand resting on the arm of the chair, the other on the back, I gradually drew closer and closer to her lips. Nearer and nearer I approached, until her cool breath softly fanned my burning face. Then, in one great rush of blinding love, our lips met. Two snow-white arms stole up around my neck and bound themselves there, while with one wild impulse I swung her into my arms and crushed her to me. From head to foot she trembled, as again and again, mad with joy, I kissed her feverish lips—each kiss longer, fiercer than before.

"Do you want to know what I think of you, Matilde;" I murmured. "Oh, how I love you, love you!"

She opened her eyes, drew a long, deep breath and smiled. "Isn't it awful?" she whispered.

"What?" I asked.

"This love; this overpowering love."

"You really love me, Matilde?"

"Well, sire—suddenly freeing herself from my embraces—it begins to look that way, doesn't it?"

"Yes, yes," I replied laughing. "But I want you to tell me."

At that point I heard footsteps in the reception room.

"Listen!" she whispered.

But I refused. "Tell me! Quick!"

"No, no," she murmured; "not now; presently."

"No, now!" I whispered, suddenly swinging her into my arms and kissing her.

"Well, then you foolish boy, I love you! Now let me go."

I did—just in time, for a form darkened the entrance, hesitating on the threshold. I looked up sharply. It was Obervinski.

"Hello," he said, smiling. "I see you have won."

"Yes," I replied, "I have," and glanced at Matilde.

His glance followed mine. "You!" he cried, when he saw her.

She laughed. "And he is entitled to all he wins, isn't he, brother?"

"Yes," he slowly replied. "But I wonder——"

"You need not," she said, as I drew her without a struggle into my arms.

"Yes, Alex, he won," she murmured. "He won—he won."

But Alex had left the room.

THE END.

Uncle Joe's Thanksgiving

PAUL P. HUYETT, '10.

I stood at the window surveying the scene. The sun setting in the golden west, cast rays of mellow light with that pleasing combination of yellow and red over the entire landscape. In the near-by grove the lofty giants of the forest were swaying to the tune of a northern wind, moaning and sighing piteously. Far across the country came the sound of lowing cattle slowly coming to their rest; and the sharp, snappy bark of the shepherd dog close by in the path. On each side of the lane were fields of corn and pumpkins slightly nipped by the frost. Across a field of frost-bitten grass a flock of turkeys were slowly straggling to their perching-place for the night. And close by a silent but determined squad of foot ball men were slowly "lining up" on the gridiron, conscious of a hard struggle the next day. It was an autumn twilight, an ideal scene for meditation.

And I meditated thus: Another school year begun! Oh, the end of school days will come all too soon! Long before I am ready to go I must say adieu to my school days! Suddenly I was awakened from my reverie by a knock on the door. With that easy manner characteristic to school life I called out, "Come in." The door opened and revealed a messenger boy with a telegram in his hand. I took it, and with nervous fingers, tore it open.

"Uncle Joe is very sick. Come at once. AUNT MARY."

it read. Again I fell into a reverie.

"Any answer," the sharp tones of the messenger boy awakened me. "Yes, just a minute," and I hastily penned a few words in reply.

Somewhere in the '70's my uncle had purchased a number of acres of woodland in the western part of the State, with the intention of making a new home there. Together with his wife, he took his few possessions to his new home—no other than a log cabin and barn in a small clearing,—and began life anew. Yet life was not so monotonous in this new home as one might expect. The timber land was beautifully situated between two tall peaks, making a charming valley. Through this valley and near the house itself flowed a pretty mountain rivulet, giving a continuous supply of fresh water from a mountain spring. Together with this, my uncle had plenty of work to occupy his time. There were trees to be cut down and there was corn to be hoed; there were a few head of cattle, a horse and some poultry to look after; and, finally, there was plenty of game. Wild turkeys, deer, and even bears were numerous, and even to this day a wild turkey, a buck or a bear is no uncommon thing. Then, after the sawmill came, my uncle was employed there during the winter, so that it was rumored that he had a neat sum tucked away somewhere as the result of his saving and a few timber land transactions with the lumbermen.

My uncle was a strange person. I almost said he was superstitious, but that would scarcely be proper, for ignorance and superstition go hand in hand, and my uncle was by no means an ignorant person. Nevertheless, he was one of those men who, although they respect the medical profession highly, have the most implicit faith in the household remedies handed down through endless generations. It was with reference to this that he had called me to his bedside.

"My doctor says I am incurable," began my uncle as I stood at his bedside, "but I say I am not. Sit down," he continued, pointing to a chair near the bed, "and let me tell you something. When I was a boy my father had the same ailing as I have now. Our old family physician solemnly pronounced him incurable. An old Indian, who happened to be a friend of my father's, chanced to come our way one day. Having heard the nature of my father's case, he promised to help him. Accordingly, a few days later the Indian came again, this time with a mixture of certain herbs which he gave to my father. In a short time he was well again. Now, all the herbs were very common ones with the exception on one, and this one was so rarely met with that even the Indian did not know its name. However, he gave it such a minute description that my father immediately committed it to writing." Producing a paper, colored brown by age, my uncle read: "The plant has long, oblong-shaped leaves of a very thin texture. The stalk is small. The roots are very long and thin, branching off into numerous small roots, forming a thick network.' This description," continued he, "answers exactly to that of a very common weed; but the following tradition, the Indian said, marks the true ingredient from the common weed." Producing another aged-colored paper from the file of family documents, he read: "'There was once an old chief who possessed a beautiful daughter and an ailing body. A young brave fell in love with his daughter and asked to wed her. The chief consented on the condition that the young brave go in search of a certain herb which would cure him, and after finding the same could claim his daughter. The young man searched diligently, but after many months of labor and hardship, overcome with grief, he killed himself. As a punishment to the herb which concealed itself, the Great Spirit took a few drops of the young brave's life-blood and sprinkled it on the leaves of the plant. Now every year at this time, namely, autumn, the leaves turn red, being no longer able to hide from men.'"

I listened attentively to the strange legend and was soon convinced that there was nothing that I would rather do than find this herb. In spite of it being an Indian tradition, I set to work to find it. For nearly a month I searched, but still the herb was not found, and my uncle became more feverish day by day.

The great national holiday of America was approaching, namely, Thanksgiving. I mentioned the same to my uncle, together with the absence of the Thanksgiving turkey. For once I detested these surroundings and scolded myself roundly for being there. But John, the hired

man, merely smiled at my grumbling. "In the city," he declared, "you people take what you can get; here we take what we want," and I went away, wondering what he meant. But other thoughts occurred to me. In a few days our boys played their great foot ball game? No, it wasn't that. This was the time the Indian said the leaves of the precious herb turned red. I sat down and thought over my uncle's description again. "Thin, long, oblong-shaped leaves, a small stalk, thin, long, snaky roots." Something in the description seemed familiar. What was it? And suddenly it all came back to me. "Snaky root,"—there, I have it; Aristolochia Serpentaria. Yes, that is the name of the common weed. Why had I studied botany, anyway? And I scolded myself roundly for being so dense. Now for the rare one! But just then the hired man came with some work for me, and I again forgot my discovery.

"You go down to the place where the path crosses the creek and take down a part of that rail fence and put the rails on a heap," commanded John, and the mystery deepened. Before I had entirely finished my work he came there, too. Immediately he began to construct a tight pen of rails in rectangular shape, with a very small opening at the one end. He entirely covered the sides with brush, but left the top uncovered to emit light through the space between the rails. Then he took some corn, and, beginning at different places near the creek, he scattered it up to the small opening of the pen, until he had three or four corn paths making bee-lines for the enclosure. Next he covered the entire interior.

Together, the next morning, we went to our trap, for such I found it to be. John peeped in and drew his face away with the smile of success. "Now, boy, pick your Thanksgiving turkey," he said, and the mystery was solved. A flock of wild turkeys had followed the corn paths and, eating the corn as they went along, were gradually drawn into the pen. After they were in and the corn was all eaten, noticing that light came in from the top, they tried to get out that way, and the small entrance entirely escaped their notice. Thus night and exhaustion came on, and they quietly roosted on a rail laid over the corner, where we found them just about to stir abroad at the peep of day. I stooped down to look in at the opening, but something else than turkey attracted my attention. There, before my very eyes, was a small plant with thin, long, oblong-shaped, blood-red leaves. It was the precious weed. I hastily plucked it up by the roots, and there were the snaky roots, too. The next thing I knew I was off at a gallop for the house, and, rushing rather unceremoniously into my uncle's room, I held out the coveted herb, too excited to speak. The old man grasped it eagerly and examined it. "Well, my boy, you've found it," he declared, and his old face lit up with pleasure. The turkeys had entirely escaped my memory, and I was somewhat startled to hear John yell, "Mary, where shall I put these turkeys?" and Mary answered, "Bring them in," and I detested the wilderness less and ceased to scold myself for being there.

"Transpythagoria"

(Continued)

"Wach," '09.

To enter at once into an account of the situation in which I found myself after the episode in the crystal-room, would only lead you into a realm of obscurity and make it practically impossible for you to detect the relationship between this and the foregoing chapters.

To begin my explanation with a series of arguments on psychic truths, not strictly in an animistic sense and hardly from a metempsychosic point of view, though this more nearly approaches the general idea which I wish to convey, and by omitting the mortal concept usually demanded by theorists and devotees of metempsychosis as found among the Oriental philosophers, we may arrive at a clearer exposition of the subject in question, at the same time directing your attention toward that particular—let me see, where am I? Well, Well! That is my customary manner of proving how difficult it is to begin explanations along a certain line. As you see, it has already led me into a quandary which, if we desired to extricate ourselves therefrom, would require such an enormity of discussion that at the very thought it simply overwhelms me—and then possibly we couldn't do it.

I had started to say and—before I go further I'll stop right where I started, for to do otherwise would mean an endless array of inexplicable complications. But this I might say, and if you don't understand it as I continue my course of elucidation, you may investigate the subject for yourself, that the theory of metempsychosis, omitting the mortal element which has heretofore accompanied it, that is, as a necessary element, is about the nearest we can come to a clear interpretation of the theory involved. The mortal element may exist;—I am not in a position to dispute that—but I myself am the living exponent of metempsychosis with the abstraction of that hitherto generally accounted necessary phase. To speak plainly, one might sum it up as a physical force with a resultant psychical effect.

The theory promulgated by this modern cult of theosophists lacks that general nature of past and future possibilities as well as a duo-psychic condition in the somatic form. They would make temporal phenomenon existent psychically as well as physically, whereas the theory under discussion holds that this same temporal phenomenon is physical only, taken in the same sense as auditory and visual. To make it plain I dare to say that the transition of centuries consumes a temporal space infinitely small. Remem-

ber, I speak from a psychic view point only. Physically we would revile such a statement. But after a thorough excogitation of the subject, may not this temporal phenomenon reveal itself as a state of comparison only? Note well the temporal difference between the homo genus and the Ephemeridae. And when released from the somatic bonds may not our psychic selves pass into a state altogether temporal lacking?

But, enough, enough! This is meant to be, not an exposition of a new philosophy, but an account of a most peculiar incident which in the telling may tax my ability and your credulity.

Let us proceed, and lest the burden imposed be too great, count this, if you will, a pleasant myth, a fairy tale. Imagine, if you please, Alladin, without his lamp, transferred from one state to another, changed physically and—I was almost going to say psychically, but it is really a phrase of the duo-psychic theory.

As I slowly recovered from the unconscious state strangely induced by the crystal-room, a confusion of sounds greeted my ears, people running hither and thither, low cries of alarm and in the distance a faint rumbling growl.

I opened my eyes. Two of the staff physicians were bending over me, and with my first movement gave a low exclamation of relief. I attempted to rise on my elbow, but sank back again among the cushions upon which I lay.

"Krel," I said, speaking to the older physician.

"Sire," he replied.

"What has happened? This confusion annoys me."

"I do not know, Sire. We found you here but a few minutes ago."

For several minutes I lay perfectly quiet, endeavoring to summon my latent faculties to their duties.

"My memory returns by degrees," I said. "But it is all so strange. I recall walking up and down before the fireplace, and suddenly—I cannot tell why—everything went black before my eyes. Where did you find me?"

"Lying near the fender, mylor," Krel replied. "Regin came rushing to us with a great clamor. It was some time before we could ascertain the difficulty."

"Where is Regin?" I asked.

"Under guard, mylor. Placed there impending further investigation. He seems to have been the only one with you when this strange accident occurred."

"Release him at once. He was standing near the marble fenestral when it happened."

By this time the rumbling and growling outside had grown so plain that it attracted my attention.

"What is that?" I demanded, speaking sharply.

Krel shrugged his shoulders. "Only the rabble, mylor," he replied in an indifferent tone.

"The rabble? What do they want?"

"That is hard to say. The scourge would be the best for them, I believe."

A peculiar feeling, a feeling of compassion began to steal over me. A feeling of pity crept into my heart. I sat up

and shook myself. Why should I stoop to contaminate my mind with thoughts of them? Bah! The scum! What had I to do with them? The servile dogs!

"Why do they howl," I questioned suddenly and bruskly.

"I would not venture to state, mylor," replied Krel.

Fisc, the younger physician, looked up. "Sire, pardon," he said in a timid voice, "I believe they cry for bread."

"What!" I roared, thrown into a sudden fury by that declaration. The faces of the servants gathered in the room blanched, and Fisc, in a paroxysm of fear, crouched down before me.

"The dogs! The ungrateful dogs! Bread, bread, they cry for bread! The voracious hounds! Have I not provided sufficiently for them? Where in all Transpythagoria will you find subjects —the vile slaves!—better cared for? They dare to contaminate this sacred air with their foul breath; to ring their gluttonous clamors in my ears; yes, even to defy me, me, Dol, the generous, Dol, the noble. Ho, slaves! I'll teach them a lesson. Ho, knaves! Call the whips. Drive the wretches from the gates!"

Then I sank back among the cushions, exhausted by the outburst. As I lay there in a fretful silence my blood began to cool, and my blind rage to subside. The peculiar and strange sense of injustice, a kind of pity for the howling rascals, stirred my heart. Such inflowing sentiments began slowly but surely to permeate my entire mind. I vainly endeavored to shake them off. It was useless. So when Roe, the captain of the guard, stood before me I simply said, "I have changed my mind. Send for Blanco." Blanco was my chief steward. At the command of Krel several of the servants darted from the room, and as they disappeared, the tall ebony form of Regin, my body-servant, darkened the entrance.

"Well, slave," I said.

The black went down on his knees and came crawling toward me.

"Up knave!" I commanded. "You, Roe, open the gates. Regin, go to the store-house. See that you take therefrom sufficient to silence the craving bellies of those howling vagabonds."

The utter astonishment on the faces of all was only too evident. Slave and servant looked at me in mute wonderment.

"Yes, Krel," I said, speaking slowly and thoughtfully, "it is quite unusual. I cannot account for it. Yesterday I would have scourged them. To-day I feed them. It is strange, strange." (I shook my head, greatly puzzled by my own action, and lapsed into a deep silence.

Presently my mental soliloquies were interrupted by the faint clang of the great iron gates. Arising to my feet I walked over to the balcony window, from whence I could command a view of the entire ground leading to the entrance.

A countless throng was gathered before the gates, but instead of rushing in pell mell, they rather shrank from the opening and stood as though hesitating between fear and desire. Suddenly my attention was attracted to the figure of a man clad in a scarlet cloak. He strode hastily through the silent mob, passed the guards and came running toward the castle. (To be concluded.)

EDITORIAL

A nation's Thanksgiving! Oh, most beautiful sentiment! The thought of seventy millions of people, at the call of their country's chief officer, forsaking their usual secular pursuits and crowding the temples to sing their gratitude to God, makes one overflow with the spirit of thanksgiving. Still, it is only a sentiment, an empty sentiment, so empty that the temples of God on that day are not more than half full of his children, who with thankful hearts have come to express their gratefulness for the many bounties which He has showered upon them during the year. The holy day of prayer has developed into a mere holiday. The foot ball game, the matinee, and the great feast—"these are our Thanksgiving liturgy."

We desire only to suggest that it is wise for us to take hold of the idea of this holiday, not in the light of romance or feeling, but of plain common sense. The chief idea of Thanksgiving is that all the people set apart one day of the blessings the nation has enjoyed. Let us year to especially thank God for the give thanks to God upon Thanksgiving Day, for it is not only our privilege, but also our duty. Cicero has truthfully and beautifully said, "A thankful heart is not only the greatest virtue, but the parent of all other virtues." Our lives should be a continual thanksgiving offering; but still it is well that we have a day for special prayers of thankfulness, for as Luther says, "Thanksgiving makes our prayers bold, and strong, and sweet; feeds and enkindles them as with coals of fire."

The Bible and Missionary Society, on the evening of November 6th, were treated to a very instructive presentation of the conditions in our mission field in Rajahmundry, India. Rev. Calvin F. Kuder, who has decided to return to India and again resume work among our flock there, spoke for an hour and a half to a very appreciative audience. The members asked many questions concerning the various conditions of Hindu life, which the missionary answered from his own personal knowledge and experience.

As the meeting was about to close the fellows were surprised to learn that Dr. Nickum, of Rochester, N. Y., was present. This representative of Home Mission work kindly consented to speak to the members. All present were impressed with the great demand for men to work in both the foreign and the home mission fields. The cry of the whole universe is "Give us men." Every line of church activity is calling for men. What is the reason that their cries are not heeded? Is the world becoming so materialistic that it forgets that there is

a Creator who can destroy as well as build?

College journalism occupies a peculiar and separate place in the world of journalistics. The circulation of a college paper is not usually numbered by the thousands, and yet it comes before the eyes of more critical subscribers than any other species of newspaper. Every reader becomes a critic. Each one has his own unique idea of how it ought to be published. One likes to make the manual a spectacular display of literary gems, while a second proposes to make it a compilation of the latest jokes; a third desires a paper that would tend to raise the moral standard of its readers by laying down certain rules and dogmas of order and refinement; a fourth certainly prefers only locals; and so each individual reader discovers the best plan of conducting a college publication. It becomes the duty of the editors to combine all these explosive elements, called sentiments, of the students into one grand whole, in which the good qualities of one particular idea are blended with the best that is in the whole. Then a college paper comes under the careful and discerning eyes of a judicious faculty. Further, the whole management is intrusted to inexperienced men, who, without any previous intimations of editorial or business leanings, are unexpectedly thrust into the cold, cruel clutches of the critic. Finally, college journalism is not engaged in as a vocation, but rather as an avocation, hence those engaged in that work must use their spare moments, and often encroach on their regular pursuits, in looking for material with which to fill the columns. Fellows, stop criticising and cease finding fault with the management; but get to work and write something for our monthly. It is your paper, and you can make it better by helping us.

LOVE PHILOSOPHY

I do not care what Plato thought
  About the things above,
And less care I for what he taught
  About Platonic love.

I do not wish to analyze
  This love which none can see;
Its treasured sweetness satisfies,
  And that's enough for me.

— —, '06.

"The Helpmate," a novel, by May Sinclair, has just made its appearance. It will be remembered that Miss Sinclair aroused great expectations on the part of the readers of her previous novel, the "Divine Fire." She writes in a clear, just and warm manner that is both interesting and delightful. She analyzes her characters very searchingly and minutely, yet with the tolerance of one who has thoroughly fathomed the depth of the human soul. Her judgment is most philosophical. Her vision of the characters is often too absorbed and comprehensive. The minutely-detailed description is not necessary for the understanding of them. Her dialogues are perfectly natural and very vivid. In this work she has taken a sordid story and made it intensely interesting. The heroine, Anne Majendie, is one of those persons who are proud in their own perfection. Through an overheard conversation, four days after her marriage to the hero, she learns that he had been rather shamefully embroiled with a woman of a questionable reputation several years before their marriage. Her husband does not deny the fact. In truth, he married her, believing that his sister Edith had confided it to her. In fact, she had promised her brother to do it, but failing to realize the importance of the matter, she did not more than broach the subject.

Anne agrees to live with her husband, promising to be a good wife, but meanwhile casting him into utter darkness. One is almost incensed at her satisfaction in thus immolating herself. This state of affairs continues for seven years, when she learns the lesson that the self-righteous must learn. Taken as a whole, the novel is very artistic and admirably distinguished in expression.

Robert W. Chambers, who satirized New York society so cleverly in his novel, the "Fighting Chance," has continued his satire in his latest story, "The Younger Set." One meets the same characters, exhibiting the same shallowness, the same vulgar refinement. It shows how widespread the artificiality and depravity of the best society of the metropolis really is. But it seems quite impossible that any person could be as perfect as the hero, Captain Selwyn, or as inane as Gerald. Mr. Chambers is best in his heroines. The Eileen of his present novel is quite as lovable as the Sylvia

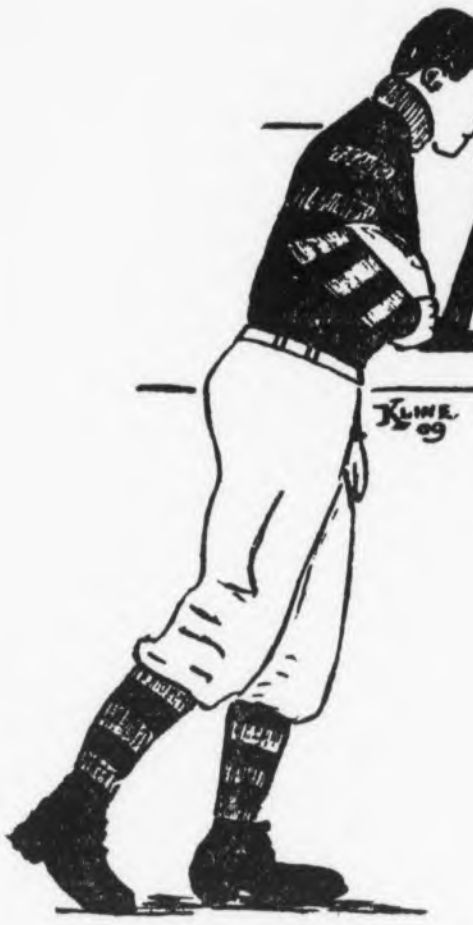
Landis of his former production. The pure passion of love which is developed in her for the melancholy hero is decidedly poetic; and one is very pleasantly impressed with the naturalness and tenderness of the conversations between heroine and hero.

The duty of a divorced man and wife is the question which is discussed in the novel. Captain Selwyn has been divorced from Alixe, a very beautiful and brilliant woman. She has, however, an inherited trait of insanity in her blood, and through the working out of this inherited insanity she drifts away from Selwyn and marries a gambler, who abandons her when the insanity begins to develop. Her love for Selwyn remains, and he, though divorced from her, cares for and protects her, believing that "what God has joined, no man can put asunder," and although the court has dissolved him from that duty, the "higher court" still holds him to it. In thus choosing, he relinquishes the love of Eileen and renounces all he holds most dear. But it is here that the unerring pistol shot of the novelist puts an end to the distressing situation and permits the story to reach a happy conclusion.

Out of the two themes, marriage and divorce, Mr. Chambers has constructed a very interesting story. The purpose of the novel is a discussion as to whether or no, divorce terminates all the obligations of the marriage tie. In "The Younger Set," Mr. Chambers, in a very clear and interesting manner shows that it does not.

"A History of the Inquisition of Spain," by Dr. Lea, should be interesting to all students of history. Dr. Lea has won comment and recognition from the most eminent and well informed historical writers.

It is interesting to note the writer's conclusions as to the career of the Inquisition from its birth to its final suppression. He believes that the work was not altogether evil, and that in a way the persecutor suffered along with the persecuted. Dr. Lea further questions the justice of blaming the originators and maintainers of this "disastrous instrument of wrong," since for centuries the church had taught implicit acceptance of its doctrines and blind obedience to its commands. The great lesson Dr. Lea sees in the Inquisition is that "the attempt of man to control the consciences of his fellows reacts upon himself. Never," says Dr. Lea, "has the attempt been made as thoroughly as in Spain, and never has the subsequent retribution been so severe, the sins of the fathers being visited on the children, and 'the end is not yet.'"



ATHLETICS.

MUHLENBERG, 44; COLLEGE OF CITY OF NEW YORK, 0.

On Oct. 12th Muhlenberg captured an easy victory over the College of City of New York, by rolling up the largest score made by the home team this season, viz.: 44 to 0. It was almost a point for each minute of play. The game was an easy one, even though our opponents outweighed our team fifteen pounds to the man.

A feature of the game was the manner in which Cardinal and Gray worked the forward pass, gaining on every attempt. The visitors also tried this play, but were unsuccessful. Shelly, Putra, and Albert were in their usual good form. Albert got the ball on a number of fumbles, and made many long runs, scoring on three of them. Shelly tore the interference of the visitors to pieces and foiled several trick plays. To Putra belongs some of the credit for this victory. Coleman was as steady, cool, and determined as ever. No gains were made through him. By taking him back five yards, he made several gains by hitting the New Yorker's line with the force of a cannon-ball. At one time he dragged three of them five yards, while they were trying to down him.

The line-up was as follows:

Muhlenberg.		*New York.*
Nonamaker	left end	Linton (Capt.)
Reed	left tackle	Solomon
Miller	left guard	Kohn
Bossard	centre	Gordon
Stump	right guard	Schultz (Schumaker)
Coleman	right tackle	Markaen (Katz)
Reisner	right end	Larkin (Hauser)
Albert	quarterback	Glick
Putra	right halfback	Mullen
Shelly (Capt)	left halfback	Winderman (Zuck)
Smith	fullback	Thompson

Time, 25 and 20 minute halves; referee, German, U. of P.; umpire, Smith, Y. M. C. A.; touchdowns, Shelly 3, Albert 3, Putra, Smith; goals from touchdown, Smith 4.

MEDICO-CHI, 12; MUHLENBERG, 10.

It is certainly very heard to swallow a defeat which should have been a victory. Outplayed in every point, Medico-Chi merely received the game as a gift from the referee; the ball being two or possibly three inches from the goal line. The game was characteristic of two things which would not have been possible if the officials would have stood by their decisions—namely, length of game, and wrangling. The game was not ended until darkness enveloped the field, and the spectators being disgusted with such dilatoriness, left before it was over.

Game started at 3.20 P. M., Muhlenberg receiving kick, but being a touchback, Medico received the ball. With a few exchanges, due to the forward pass being unsuccessful, and after a hard struggle, Chi went over the line for a touchdown. Faringer kicked goal. Muhlenberg received the kick, and after a few plays, Shelly was called upon to kick a field goal, which being made, the score stood, Medico-Chi, 6; Muhlenberg, 4. Muhlenberg slowly took the ball up the field, but a forward pass being tried, Hacha got the ball. The half ended with Muhlenberg in possession of ball in middle of field.

The second half was noted for the great amount of wrangling, and Putra, getting the ball on a short kick, and by good interference, ran seventy yards for a touchdown. Shelly kicked goal. Score, Muhlenberg, 10; Chi, 6. The next touchdown, which won the game for Chi, was virtually a gift by the referee. Medicho-Chi time and time again hurdled the line, but only on one occasion were penalized. It was a heart-broken crowd that left the field that evening.

Line-up was as follows:

Muhlenberg.		*Chi.*
Nonamaker	left end	Bouier
(Miller)	left tackle	Wick
Reed		(Lowry)
(Reisner)		
Miller C.	left guard	Snyder
		(Kirshner)
Bossard	centre	Saulie
Stump	right guard	Haggerty
Coleman	right tackle.	O'Toole (Capt.)
Butz	right end	Golden
Albert	quarterback	Hacha
Shelly (Capt.)	left halfback	Bowman
		(Boyer)
Putra	right halfback	Faringer
		(Guensay)
Smith	fullback	Stocker

Referee, German, U. of P.; umpire, Smith, Y. M. C. A.; timekeepers, Marsh, Muhlenberg, and Schneider, Chi.; head linesman, Ruloff; linesmen, Hauser, Deckert and Moyer; time of halves, two 25 minutes; touchdowns, Putra, Stocker 2; goals from touchdowns, Shelly, Faringer 2; goal from field, Shelly.

MUHLENBERG, 11; URSINUS, 5.

Bound to repeat their victory of last year, Ursinus came to Allentown on Nov. 2, but before they went home they learned they had struck a snag. The game was considered to be the hardest on the schedule, and hopes of victory were very slight.

Game was called at 3.00 P. M., by Referee Dickson, and Muhlenberg received the kick. Here Muhlenberg tore up things with a rush, and after ten minutes of play Putra was sent over the line for a touchdown. Captain Shelly failed to kick the goal. After this play the

Muhlenberg warriors kept up their work, and by successive line plunges and trick plays, soon threatened Ursinus' goal, but lost the ball. Ursinus was compelled to kick, behind their goal-line, and the pass from their center being poor, Putra fell on it for a touchdown. Shelly kicked goal, making score 11-0. With a few near the enemy's goal. Paiste kicked, minutes to play, Muhlenberg lost the ball and Abel ran the length of the field for a touchdown, unmolested. The reason being that one of the officials blew his whistle, and a violation of the rules having been made, no attempt was made by either Smith or Albert to get the man, a glaring mistake by the locals.

The second half was mainly a kicking game, as the continual rain made it dangerous to try many plays. Neither side scored, as there was continual booting of the ball; the goal of neither side was in danger. This is the greatest victory won by Cardinal and Gray in many years, and we hope that Muhlenberg will keep up the good work, which Coach Barclay has endeavored to bring forth. This game was also free from the wrangling of the previous Saturday, due to the effective work of the officials.

Line-up of teams was as follows:

Muhlenberg.		*Ursinus.*
Nonamaker (Reisner)	left end	Abel
Miller	left tackle	Quay
Miller	left guard	Brehm
Bossard	centre	Gerges
Stump	right guard	Hoover
Coleman	right tackle	Gay
Butz	right end	Miller
Albert	quarterback	Paist
Shelly	left halfback	Keyser
Putra	right halfback	Hain
Smith	fullback	Maeden

Touchdowns, Putra 2, Abel; goal from touchdown, Shelly; referee, Dickson, U. of P.; umpire, Sigmund, Lafayette; linesman, Smith, Y. M. C. A.; time of halves, 25 and 20 minutes.

MUHLENBERG SCRUBS, 0; A.P.S., 11

The Muhlenberg Scrubs were defeated 11-0 by the Allen Preparatory School. Considering this their first game, the scrubs did exceptionally well. Pott had his nose broken during the contest, but still kept on playing.

Line-up:

Scrubs.		*A. P. S.*
Fasig	left end	Griesemer (Holben)
Pott	left tackle	Frederick
Zane	left guard	Kerstetter
Schumaker	centre	G. Jacobs
Kuder	right guard	Coleman
Weber (Kline)	right tackle	Flexer (Zinazer)
Erb, K.	right end	Fink
Eberts	quarterback	Butz
A. Shupp	right halfback	Williams
R. Shupp	left halfback	Boerner
Aberly	fullback	M. Jacobs

Touchdowns, Williams, M. Jacobs; goal from touchdown, Butz; referee, Ely; umpire, Shalter; timekeepers, Morning and Marsh; linesman, Nickum; time of halves, 20 minutes.

MUHLENRERG SOPHOMORES, 11; FRESHMEN, 6.

The annual Sophomore vs. Freshman game occurred on Wednesday, Oct. 16th. The Freshmen put up a plucky battle, but the superior skill of the Soph's outwitted them.

Line-up:

Sophs.		*Freshmen.*
Morning	centre	Emanuel
Miller	left guard	Lawall
Hassler	right guard	Butz
Landis	right tackle	Kuder
Zane	left tackle	Haas
McCreary	left end	Wonder (Dampman)
Horn	right end	Hardy
Aberly (Capt.)	fullback	Beringer
Reisner	left halfback	Boyer (R. Shuff)
Putra	right halfback	Ely (Capt.) (A. Shuff)
Zuck	quarterback	Eberts

Touchdowns, Aberly, Putra, Beringer; goals from touchdowns, Putra, Eberts; referee, Shelly, '09; umpire, Stump, '08; timekeepers, Rudh, '08, and Fritsch, '09; linesmen, Sayler, '08, and Rupp, '09; time of halves, 15 minutes.

PERSONALS

Dr. B. to Seniors—"Gentlemen, please report at 9.00 P. M., for astronomical observation."

Keiter, '08—"Doctor, I'm going star-gazing myself, to-night."

Dr. W. to Wohlsen, '09—"You smell like a smoke-house."

Dr. E.—"Translate into Latin 'many wars.'"

Hardy, '11—"Multa bella."

Dr. E.—"How would you say 'very many wars'?"

Hardy—"Sehr multa bella."

Someone said to the Seniors: "Hitch your wagons to the stars, for you have a good driver."

Little Gap

WIND GAP

WOHLSEN'S GAP.

We missed Henry's smiling physiognomy in the Freshman-Soph foot ball game. No doubt he thought the "pot" would break if he would participate.

Schuger, thou the height of fashion rated,
Tell us, art thou A or granulated?

One day our friend "Socrates" journeyed to Allentown without any cephalo-covering, so that after purchasing a cap he wouldn't need to take his old one back. A resident seeing him board an Emaus "Pullman" exclaimed: "Geht der Marcks now blotkeppich noch der Schul!"

Dr. W.—"Viele Koerner machen einen Haufen."

Kern, '09——"I can tell you that best about ten years from now."

The students at Kistler's get more to eat since Schoeneberger left.

Whitteker's father came to see his son's mustache recently.

Grossman lately bought a pair of pig skin shoes. He has had music in his soul (sole) ever since.

Rupp, '09——"Why are the Israelites so small?"

Beidler, '09—"They are cut off a piece way."

Krause, '08—"Are not my teeth pretty?"

Keiter, '08—"Yes. If you would lie out in a field with your mouth open, and some one happened along, he would think he discovered a gold mine."

Dr. O.—"What does Chaucer mean by 'not-heed'?"

Rudolph, '09—"A block head."

On October 30th, Coleman, as the representative of the Senior class, presented Dr. Haas with a beautiful and valuable box of chalk.

Kuhl, '08, maintains it is harder to enter the "pearly gates," than for a camel to pass thru the eye of a needle.

Dr. H.—"Mr. Pott, how many kinds of animals entered the ark?"

Pott, '10—"Two."

Dr. H.—"Of which kind were there the more?"

Pott—"Of the domestic animals."

Junior—"What does Bachman do around here, anyhow?"

Senior—"Aw, shut up! He rings the bells."

Hurrah for the seething scrimmage
Of the tangled twenty-two!
Hurrah for the writhing legs and arms
Of the struggling, fighting crew!
Hurrah for the blood of battle
There is pure delight in the very sight
Of the glorious foot ball game.

1908—This being the rabbit season, Haas is liable to turn up unawares.

Dr. W.—"What do you want, Reisner?"

Reisner, '10 (rising as Kleckner reads French)—"I want to hear that French graphophone."

Raup, '10—"Huyett and Kleckner are our 'Gold-dust Twins.'"

Zuch, '10—"Yes, but Kleckner has the greater amount of dust."

Dr. H.—"What smells like tobacco;"

Bossard, '09—"A cigarette."

Dr. W.—"Kuder, what are you doing?"

Kuder, '11, (looking at map with microscope)—"Doctor, I am tracing your footsteps in the Holy Land."

Lewis, '11, is requested to eat his canned fish in the room provided for the purpose.

EXCHANGES

It affords us great pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges, and we hope that many more may make their appearance in the near future: *The Sorosis, The Comenian, The Albright Bulletin, The College Breezes, The Mercury, The Hall Boy, Red and Black* (Bethlehem), *Blue and Gray, The Mercersburg News, Ursinus Weekly, The Purple and White, Normal Vidette, The Buff and Blue, The Penn Charter Magazine, The Perkiomenite, Red and Black* (Reading), *The Echo, The College Chips, The Narrator.*

The October issue of *The Sorosis* has many interesting articles. The paper shows good management, and is an example of what the fair sex can do when they mean business.

The Comenian might be improved if it contained more literary articles from the students. Of course the first number is a Centennial Number; and, consequently, devotes the majority of its pages to the matter in hand.

The new cover of *The Albright Bulletin* is a decided improvement.

The *College Breezes* has blown into its October garner a nice variety of material. The prose article, entitled "The Hero of the Reformation," is a very appropriate subject for the month in question. The poem "To the Old Lovers," contains a pathetic note and poetical idea which is well developed.

The Mercury has a neat appearance, and is filled with articles showing literary ability.

The Hall Boy would be improved by more literary articles.

The *Blue and Gray* is worthy of praise. The drawings at the head of the various departments add value to the manual.

The Purple and White is a very creditable paper. "The Dead Letter," by I. B. Schoch shows the germs of talent as a story writer.

The *Normal Vidette* gives excellent reports of school affairs. It resembles a text book too much. As a literary paper it needs improvement.

The Penn Charter Magazine is a very enjoyable paper, and is heartily welcomed in our midst.

The Red and Black, published by the students of the Reading High School, attracts the attention of all its readers. Its cover is attractive, and its cuts are numerous, beautiful, and suggestive. Its material is also of a high standard.

The exchange editor of the *College Chips* seems to be a painstaking and critical individual. His work shows him to be worthy of great commendation.

Why is an American lady, seeking a title, like an actress?

Because she makes up to appear (a peer).

Why is Muhlenberg College like heaven?

Because it is beyond the cemetery.

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Christmas

RAYMOND R. AMMERELL, '11.

Of all the holidays, both national and church, there is none which is awaited more anxiously than Christmas.

The origin of celebrating the nativity of Christ may be traced back to Telesphorus, who lived during the reign of Pius (136-161 A. D.) But these traces are so vague that we may say that the first true traces come during the time of Commodus (180-192 A. D.) This celebration of the Nativity did not meet with the approval of all the rulers, for during the reign of Diocletian, while holding Court at Nicomedia, he heard that a party of Christians had assembled in the city to celebrate the birthday of Jesus. This angered Diocletian so much that he ordered his friends to set fire to the building wherein they were worshipping, in order that all might perish.

In the early churches it appears that there was no uniformity in celebrating Christmas; some held their festivals in May or April, others in January in connection with Epiphany. It is almost certain that the exact date of the birth of Christ is not known. It is not likely that Christ was born on the 25th day of December because this is during the height of the rainy season in Judea and shepherds could hardly be watching their flocks at this time. But the question arises, why was the 25th day of

December chosen to celebrate the Nativity? We may answer this by saying that "almost all the heathen nations regarded the winter solstice as the turning point of the year—the beginning of the renewed life and activity of the powers of nature, and of the gods, who were originally merely the symbolical personification of these." The Norsemen believed that during the twelve nights from December 25th to January 6th they could trace all the movements of their great deities. Many of the beliefs of the early days were mingled with heathenism, and the Church has been highly successful in banishing most of these and putting in their stead liturgies, representations of the birth of Christ and the first events of His life. While the Church was busily engaged in this work, the first Christmas carols were written.

Irving says, "Of all the festivals, however, that of Christmas awakens the strongest and most heartfelt associations." At other times of the year we get a great deal of pleasure by enjoying the beauties of nature. We let our minds wander and, in fact, we "live abroad and everywhere." The singing of the birds, the flowing of the brook, and the beautiful flowers give us a sense of pleasure. But by the time that Christmas comes, everything is different, as we can no longer enjoy the pleasures of nature, for the earth is covered with snow and ice. The long evenings lead us to indulge in social meetings and ere long these must cease and preparations be made for Christmas.

Let us turn our minds to the celebration of Christmas. In the United States, everybody is joyful when Christmastide arrives, and all seem to follow the words of Thomas Tusser, when he says:

"At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year."

The children examine their stockings, see their presents, and think of the babe Jesus as He lay in the manger and of the gifts of "gold, frankincense and myrrh." Many a poor heart is gladdened on this day as the message of Christ, the Saviour, is brought into its home. The church festival also receives a great deal of attention, and, with its impressive services makes us think of the manger and its message to the whole world. Let us see how some churches celebrate the Nativity. The Roman Catholic Church celebrates three masses: one at midnight, another at daybreak, and the last in the morning. The Anglo-Catholic Church celebrates by singing special psalms, and our own Lutheran Church has special liturgies for this day. Christmas was formerly celebrated a great deal longer than it is at the present time, but as times have changed, "pleasure has expanded into a broader, but a shallower stream, and has forsaken many of those deep and quiet channels where it flowed sweetly through the calm bosom of domestic life."

The fact that Christmas is not celebrated the way it was years ago, makes us think that "the world has become

more worldly. There is more of dissipation and less of enjoyment." We may now truly believe that in our country worldly pleasures take precedence to spiritual pleasures; people no longer can conform to those famous words in the temple of Milan, which say, "Pleasures last for a moment," but they make pleasure a continuation. All of us ought to have a sense of pleasure when Christmas arrives, but we ought at the same time know the importance of this celebration, and not blot out that most important pleasure—spiritual pleasure which should take precedence to worldly pleasure. Therefore, let us try to remember the real cause of celebrating Christmas and hallow the day according to these lines:

"Some say that ever 'gainst that session comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome—then no planets stride,
No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time."

Transpythagoria

(Continued).

"WACH," '09.

Scarcely had the stranger taken a dozen steps when suddenly from points concealed, two guards sprang out upon him and bore him to the ground. As they disappeared, dragging him in the direction of the palace Regin, followed by a score of servants bearing huge trays laden with great quantities of food, came marching down the terrace toward the great gate. Ordering one of those standing near me to have the intruder brought before me, I turned to the window just in time to see the mob come surging through the gates, hurl aside the guards and fall upon the provisions like a pack of wolves.

Roe and his men were, at first, too thoroughly scattered to offer any resistance, but hastily reforming they charged the mob with a fury that soon cleared the park of all intruders.

At that point the two guards bearing the prisoner between them, entered and saluted. I waved them aside, and sitting down, began to take a general survey of the stranger.

He was quite young, of an unusual height and fair of face, and he returned my gaze with an impudence that rather amused than angered me.

"Well," I finally said, "who are you and what do you want?"

"If you are Dol, the oligark," he replied, "command these servants to leave the room. I must speak with you alone."

Strange to say, that peculiar spirit within me moved me to obey. With the exception of Krel and Fisc, all left and then I ordered him to proceed.

"I am Royal, son of Blond, Governor of Savah," he began. "But before I go further I would advise you not to parade that food before the eyes of those ravenous dogs out yonder."

"Quiet your fears," I replied. "The food is to be given to them, not paraded," and I showed to him the great crowd now peacefully filing into the park between the long rows of guards, receiving food from Regin and leaving without the least disturbance.

His look of relief was as genuine as his exclamation of surprise. "Oh, that is different," he said. "Then to come to the point at once, Ker, the oligark of the South Eastern district, was murdered yesterday in his own palace by a——"

"What!" I roared, springing to my feet.

Without noticing my interuption he proceeded to unfold a tale that for the moment almost stunned me, describing with a forced cruelty every detail of the damnable affair.

"The entire district is in a turmoil," he said. "Every town, inland and coast, save Savah and Lipi, is in the hands of rebels. After trying again and again to reach other points, I finally succeeded in getting an answer from your main station here at Erud; and after communicating with my father in Savah, at his direction I came as fast as the oligark's aeroplane could carry me to you, hoping here to find aid to crush the rebellion. I have every reason to believe that all the other districts have been overtaken by a similar fate. The affair seems to be widespread and backed by a craftiness not to be despised. All the troops, save those in Savah and Lipi, have mutinied and are concentrating upon the two loyal points. You can scarcely imagine my anxiety when I saw that great mob raging before your gates."

By this time, however, I had recovered my senses and springing to the table, seized a telephone and called up Lipi. There was no response. Then I tried Savah and back came the reply that they were preparing for a siege, having received word of the advance of the rebel army.

"How long can you hold out?" I asked.

"Two months at least," came the reply.

"Good!" I answered, then called up the barracks; commanded every staff officer to appear before me at once, and at the same time gave orders for the immediate mobilization of the entire regular force.

As I was setting the instrument down, a messenger rushed in with the startling information that the head steward had disappeared, and all the towns along the eastern border were in a state of rebellion. All the Gover-

nors had been either seized or were now being beseiged in their castles, while another report said that troops from the North Eastern district were pouring across the frontier to the aid of the rebels.

By this time all of the staff had gathered in the room, but before turning to them I picked up the telephone and called up the Aero-navigation department and ordered them to be prepared in six hours to carry a force of fifty thousand men with all accoutrements and commissarial supplies, direct to Diffol.

"Gentlemen," I said, setting down the instrument, "we will proceed at once against Diffol. Prepare yourselves for a three months' campaign." Then as each man received his instructions, he left to carry them out.

When the last one had departed, I turned to Krel and the others. "Come," I said. "There is a faint suspicion in my mind," I began, as we walked down the hall, "that an investigation in the ——" Just then there was a sharp crack of a pistol and a bullet sang uncomfortably close to my head. As I whirled in the direction from which it had come, another one rang out close by, followed by a shriek of agony, and the next moment a limp form came tumbling down a flight of steps that led to the upper balcony. Krel, a smoking revolver clutched in his hand, sprang forward and bent over the prostrate form of a man.

"Is he dead?" I asked, stepping up.

"I am rather inclined to believe that he is," was the indifferent response.

Bidding several servants who had been attracted to the scene by the shots to bear the carrion out, I proceeded at once to the telephone and telegraphic department. As I expected, the floor was covered with the wreckage of the broken instruments. Everyone had been smashed, and the signs of the hasty flight of the occupants were only too evident.

"I thought it rather peculiar," I said as I turned to go, "that no knowledge of these uprisings should reach me before this morning. "Was it a Panonian that murdered Ker," I suddenly asked, speaking to Royal, the son of Blond."

"It was," he replied, looking up in surprise.

"I thought so," I said. "Come, we must prepare. You will act as my special aid-de-camp," I added, speaking to Royal. "See to his accoutrements, Krel," and I strode down the hall.

"The fellow I just settled was a Panonian," I overheard Krel tell Royal as they followed after me.

Five hours later, with a great whir, we sped over the city, and in our wake a huge concourse of aeroplanes bearing against Diffol an army of forty thousand veterans, tried and hardy men.

Darkness already covered the land and incidently our movements as we approached the city. Dismounting about a mile from the outskirts, we marched up to the very walls without a challenge and poured in upon the terrified citizens as they were indulg-

ing in feasts and revelings. Not the least resistance was met with and executing a few of the chief ring-leaders off hand, I, having left behind about a thousand men, proceeded to the next town.

These men prepared to resist, but without a moment's hesitation I gave the order for an assault and took the town by storm. The next place opened its gates at once and for the next two weeks I was kept busy storming and receiving the submission of all the disaffected places.

In the South Eastern district, however, affairs were progressing rapidly for the rebels. Savah was closely invested and Lipi was expected to fall any day. To make matters worse, a message came from Lars, reporting the sudden departure of the Panonian Ambassadors. Knowing how strained our relations had been made with that country at the last meeting of the council, this fact scarcely surprised me. The following day a host of telegrams poured in upon me, telling of an attack in force by Panonian troops. Two days later I received the formal declaration of war.

"You can make a lion out of a lamb, Royal," I said to my aid, as I looked up from the document," if you only know how to go about it." And I soon proved the statement.

Aroused to a cold fury by the troubles and dangers that encompassed me, and realizing that the burden of the entire affair rested upon my shoulders since but lately I had received reports of the assassinations of the oligarks of the other districts, I prepared to crush the rebellion with the greatest speed.

Simultaneously launching two armies into the North Eastern and South Western districts respectively, in less than two weeks I had driven the rebels into a corner, won a great victory and had brought both places into a most abject submission.

Then with a force of five hundred thousand men, including all three divisions—infantry, cavalry, artillery—I marched into the South East.

Appeals for help reached me almost daily from both Savah and Lipi, and when the news finally came that the latter place had fallen, giving details of the awful carnage that had ensued, I swore aloud that they would rue it.

The knowledge, however, that the colonies had been captured and that the Panonians, with a huge force, were sailing direct for Transpythagoria, rather aroused than depressed me, and with firm set jaw and clenched teeth I hastened on to Lipi.

About five miles outside of the city we met the rebel army, and hurling ourselves upon them like bolts of lightning, scattered and slaughtered them until the entire plain was dyed a crimson hue, and the Roche river ran thick with gore.

The blow was a terrible and final one and the following days for the next two weeks were spent in the receiving of submission. The seige of Savah had been raised at once, and all the rebel chieftains, in a general panic, were

tumbling over one another in their eagerness to surrender.

Meantime news arrived that the Panonians had landed on the southern coast of my own district, and city after city was falling before their rapid and terrible assaults.

Vaad, Governor of Ida, with a force of one hundred thousand irregulars, had met the invaders near Rheto, had been totally defeated, his army almost annihilated, and he himself slain in the early part of the battle. At Mund, twenty miles southwest of Erud, Roe, the captain of my guards, confronted them with a force hastily gathered from the surounding country, and had likewise met defeat and almost annihilation, but with a miserable and broken few had escaped to Erud and was placing the city in a state of defense. The next telegram brought the heart breaking news, that Erud, my own capitol city, had fallen, and that the enemy were now marching toward Lars.

Without a moment's hesitation I ordered a general advance toward the capitol of Transpythagoria. A force, one hundred thousand strong, I sent ahead in the aeroplanes to occupy the heights about the city, but these were already in the possession of the enemy when they arrived. They proved useful, however, in the repelling of an assault delivered upon the city about noon; and when I arrived with the main body, the enemy fell back to their fortified position on the heights.

Taking up my position on the hills back of the town, I fortified myself there, and mounting a number of exceptionally heavy pieces of metal, threw my shells over the city itself into the Panonian camp.

At dusk their guns became silent and I at once gave orders to cease firing. About midnight several members of a scouting party ran in reporting a great commotion in the enemies' camp, while a messenger from the captain of the out-posts announced that they were under arms in full force.

Believing that they were about to make a night assault upon the city, I quickly conceived of a plan that would teach them a wholesome lesson. The nature of the ground facing the heights occupied by the enemy was decidedly favorable for my scheme, being unbroken by hills and sloping gently toward the foot of the range, while about five hundred yards from the walls the river Locre intervened between the town and the mountains.

Calling out a force of seven thousand men, I ordered dry corn-husks, straw, rushes, in fact any easily combustible material, provided it be dry, to be strewn thickly over the plain up to the river bank, in a semi-circle about the city. Over this small pieces of wood were thrown and the whole soaked with oil. Then I directed a body of cavalry, under Roe, who had escaped from Erud, to make a wide circuit, outflank the enemy and fall upon their camp from the rear.

About three o'clock everything was

reported to be in perfect readiness for the grand reception, and the head of the assaulting column was said to be issuing from the camp.

Not a light in the heavens disturbed the massive blackness of that April night, and over all the earth brooded an ominous silence broken only by the faint but steady tramp, tramp, tramp, of the Panonian infantry. All at once the sounds ceased, and directly small lights, just outside of the city, sprang into view.

Suddenly, from a hundred different points, great tongues of flame broke out, and in less than a minute the entire plain burst into one mass of leaping fire, whose lurid light lit up the country for miles around.

A roar of astonishment, echoed by our own men, went up from the Panonian host, gathered upon the opposite bank of the Locre.

Turning to the artillery chief I gave the order to open fire. A few sharp commands, a flash, a tremendous roar, and hell broke loose. From two hundred bristling mouths swift death belched forth, and swept the river banks with its iron hail. Under the terrible blast the head of the assaulting column literally melted away and for a space, a hopeless pandemonium reigned. The bridge that was being hastily thrown across the stream was hit by a lyddite shell and blown into splinters. At length, despite the withering fire, the enemy, with a coolness that I could not but admire, began to reform and beat a hasty but orderly retreat. In vengeful fury we pursued them with the awful scourge, sending shell after shell screaming over the town on its destructive errand.

As dawn was breaking over the eastern hills a cavalry officer dashed up and handed me a dispatch. It was a telegram from Roe. The enemies' guns had been disabled and he begged me to attack at once before they could recover. With a half-uttered cry of exultation I wheeled and ordered the infantry to the attack. In less than five minutes a force, two hundred thousand strong, at double quick time poured down the hill.

In reserve I held a division of cavalry of twenty thousand veteran dragoons. As the head of our assaulting column reached the town, three guns, almost simultaneously, roared out from the heights beyond; but their aim was hasty and the shells flew wide, falling several hundred yards outside the walls. By the time the column had reached the river, fully six of their heaviest guns were in action. Two bridges were hastily thrown across the Locre, and with a tremendous cheer, echoed by the cavalry on the hills, the infantry poured swiftly over.

(To be continued).

A CHRISTMAS ODE

I

With sword of gold, the morn
From out the darkness borne
Effulgent and unbound at last, doth pierce the night,
And o'er the restless motion
Of life's uncharted ocean,
Upon the shoals and round the rocks, flashes its light,
Driving the huge, dim, fearful things, the shades
Misformed and indistinct, into a shapeless rout,
Which passes like a breath
Into the air. E'en so, before this brightness fades
The Night of Centuries grown old, till round about
Is left a mist, its death.

II

Ye souls who dream within the o'erspent night
Of ages, wake! The dawn hath come at last!
Resplendent from the East bursts forth its light;
Shadows and midnight now alike are past,
And into day re-cast.

III

Wake! All ye nations, wake! In joy awaken!
Shout ye in triumph-voicing joy replying
Unto the welcome herald come to waken,
With tidings of a King new born, a dying
World deep in sleep immersed, in darkness dying.

IV

Wake! All ye nations, wake! In joy awaken!
Arise, ye souls, and hearken to the morn
Proclaim the Saviour's birth,
Glad Tidings to the earth.
Arise! Repeat the song that Christ is born.
Rise ye! The darkness is asunder torn
The night has fled away;
'Tis day! '06.

Othello, the Moor

WILLIAM KISTLER HUFF, '09.

Misplaced confidence, villainy and slandered innocence, these make up the warp and woof of the sweetest, saddest tragedy ever conceived by the mind of man.

It is May, 1570. The Mediterranean is dotted with the fleets of the Turks, headed for Cyprus. Down the Adriatic comes the proud array of Venice, under Othello, the Moor. He escapes

the storm which swallows up the Turkish hosts and again the Viennese flag flies over the island, unchallenged.

Othello brings with him his bride, Desdemona, and in his retinue are Cassio, his lieutenant, and Iago, his ancient. In the eyes of the world both are brave, honorable men. Cassio is what he seems, but deep down in his heart, hidden from the sight of men, Iago hides villainy unsurpassed in the history of crime. Back, in Venice, on the night of the Moor's elopement he stalked the streets searching his cunning brain for new incentives to crime. Then it was that he promised Roderigo, the disappointed suitor, to bring Desdemona back to him; and all this, not out of love for his foolish dupe, but because of an innate vilainy, a something in his make-up that gave him no peace and allowed him to give others none. He tells Roderigo that he hates the Moor, and even tries to persuade himself that he does, yet all his actions are only the revels of a demon.

He knows the art of villainy perfectly, how to "Look like the innocent flower, but be the serpent under it." He spares neither friend nor foe—the more a man trusts him, the more completely can he deceive him. He says of Othello,

"He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on
    him.
Cassio's a proper man . . . Let's
    see:—
After some time t'abuse Othello's ear
That he is too familiar with his wife."

As Iago sees Othello and Desdemona together he sees in their perfect happiness something to be destroyed, the flower to him is somthing to be crushed and torn; he takes a diabolical delight in gloating over the ruin he is about to make of these two lives as he says,

"O you are well tuned now!
But I'll set down the pegs that make
    this music,
As honest as I am."

Iago is a genius, he is no bungler. He is made of the stuff that makes or ruins empires. All he does is planned with the foresight of a master. He makes Cassio drunk, then draws him into a brawl with Roderigo. When Othello discharges the lieutenant the fiend urges him to ask Desdemona to plead with her husband for his reinstatement. She does, and her desire to have him forgiven is made to count against her.

With consummate skill Iago tempts Othello, urges upon him his great love, his anxiety for his happiness, and then in a pause more eloquent than words, rouses Othello's suspicions. He hints something, a vague something, about Desdemona's relations with Cassio, but seems to shrink from telling the whole truth. He acts as though he were speaking in spite of himself; the more he protests that he means nothing, the more anxious Othello becomes. It seems to him that he has forced,

wrenched and driven out of the "honest, honest Iago" the terrible secret. Had he boldly accused Desdemona of unfaithfulness Othello would have killed him, but the subtle demon knew how to play his cards and he did it well.

Othelo is not convinced but becomes the more suspicious the more Iago urges him to

"Beware, my lord, of jealousy!
It is the green-eyed monster that doth make
The meat it feeds on; that husband lives in bliss
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves."

Othello is not naturally jealous. His frank, open, noble nature rebels against it, but when the storm breaks its fury is all the more intense in the face of the former calm.

And so day after day Iago leads Othello on to where death and gloom are waiting for their prey. Lies and seeming proofs accumulate. Othello is convinced against his will and better judgment, and he says of Cassio:

"O, that the slave had forty thousand lives!
One is too poor, too weak, for my revenge,
Now that I see 'tis true."

Othello's trouble is terrible, racking heart and brain.

And all this goes on while Desdemona is unconscious of the storm soon to break about her, but gradually she hears the rumbling of distant thunder and marvels as the sky darkens. She knows that Othello is changed towards her, but she can find no reason for it. How different are the assurances of faithfulness given by the angelic Desdemona and those of the false Clytacmnestra.

On that last night she seems to have a premonition of the end, for she talks of dying and then sings the lament of a girl who, disappointed in love, had died singing it:

"That song to-night will not go from my mind."

Iago fears that the net will close about him—he kills Roderigo, but Cassio escapes.

Othello enters Desdemona's bedchamber and accuses her of unfaithfulness. He is unmoved by her protestations of innocense and strangles her in her bed. He has not ceased to love her, he doubtless loves her better now than he ever did before, and he kills her, "Not in hate, but all in love." Well might he add:

"I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not honor more."

When Emilia has entered the room, with her last breath Desdemona maintains that she killed herself. After her husband has mortally wounded her she

tries to shield and save him from the consequences of his deed. She has been wronged, yet she loves him still. Of all the women of Shakespeare, she is the noblest and the grandest. She knows that something has driven Othello mad, and with this dying untruth she tries to turn aside the retribution that is coming.

Iago has planned well, yet he is being driven to the wall. Emilia, his wife, and Cassio, prove his villany and Othello's remorse and self-condemnation are pitiable. He bids the others:

> "Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
> Nor set down aught in malice; then must you speak.
> If one that loved not wisely but too well."

and then kills himself by the side of the dead Desdemona.

Iago has killed Emilia, but his attempt to escape was foiled and he is brought back, a prisoner. Emilia Desdemona and Othello meet terrible deaths. Nobody is left alive except the arch-fiend, who has caused it all. It seems a violation of poetic justice that Iago should not share in the ruin he has produced,—yet Shakespeare's art is too great to let Iago die the death of his victims; horrible as it is such an end is too good for him. He must be handed over to the state to meet the death of a criminal.

The tragedy ends in gloom. The demon receives what is due him, but with him perish the innocent. The tiny brooklet of Iago's dastardly rising back in Venice on that first night has grown until it has become a mighty torrent and has swept to their doom all before it.

EDITORIAL

The season of good cheer is at hand. The examinations are over, and all of us are merry and happy over the thought that we shall now enjoy a few days of rest. Let us make our holidays days of good cheer, so that when we return we shall be eager and ready to pursue our regular routine work. The Freshmen already feel the "greenness" wearing off and the Sophomores are beginning to feel the soft touches of sentiment creeping into their boasting nature. The Junior knows he will soon have to don the sable robes of sedateness, while the Senior,—ah! the Senior! What are his thoughts? He is filled with the desire to enter the surging mass of humanity, so that he can show what he can do for the advancement and uplifting of the world; but still there is a sense of great sorrow at the

thought that the time is fast approaching when he must leave his fond mother,—Muhlenberg.

To all our readers, faculty and stuents alike, THE MUHLENBERG extends its best wishes for a most happy vacation and a pleasant Christmas. In wishing you a very merry Christmas, we want to remind you that this old, sobbing world is one year older than it was when you joined in chanting the last Christmas carol. Our old, cold world has had another year of trials and tribulations, of experiments and experiences, of advancement along many lines of human activity, scientific discovery and acquisition. Still it has not outgrown the Spirit of Christmas. What a cruel, cringing, comfortless world this would be without the influence of the Savior, whose birth we celebrate at this happy season. We should all have a proper sense of the meaning of Christmas, and should observe the day in a fitting manner.

Again we say a Merry Christmas to you and a Happy New Year is our earnest wish.

The Dramatic Association is to be congratulated in having secured Mr. John A. MacCollum, Jr., as trainer. Everyone at college knows his ability and he is recognized by the dramatic artists in Allentown and vicinity as an expert in his line. Through his able efforts the Association will be able to produce a very credible performance early in January.

The title of the play is "Don Caesar De Bazan." This drama is based on the original Parisian production at the Porte St. Martin. The English version was produced in Princess Theatre, London, on the 8th of October, 1884. It has been staged very successfully upon some of the best American stages.

The men for the different parts have been well selected. Each one is working hard. It is now up to the fellows to do their part. The management in charge of Mr. Peter N. Wolzen, 3d, '09, is very anxious that this play should be a great financial success. The literary and dramatic side of the play will undoubtedly be superb, so fellows, "get busy" and sell tickets. We want a crowded house. Remember that the profits of this play are going to the Athletic Association. We had a successful foot ball team this year. It is in your power to make a winning team possible for next year.

"The Weavers" by Sir Gilbert Parker is worthy of our attention. It is a very strong novel, dealing with political problems of a half century ago. By reason of his parliamentary career, the author is well acquainted with the subject, that of discussing the attitude of the British government in the affairs of Egypt. Dull, indeed, would be the reader who would not be impressed with his vivid scenes of the Orient. The hero, David Claridge, is a typical characterization of Western aggressiveness and civilization. He is shown to brilliant effect by being surrounded and contrasted with the weak type of individuals naturally found in the court of an Oriental prince. By his keen intellect, consistent character and simple sincerity, he has won the heart of Prince Kaid, who places the reigns of the government into his hands. Such an action quite naturally arouses the most passionate and intense hatred in the hearts of Prince Kaid's former favorites. Nahoun Pasha, the man whom David has displaced in the prince's regard, hates him most bitterly, not for this fact alone, but because David had accidentally killed his brother in an encounter while rescuing the heroine, an American girl, named Hylda Maryon. True to his Quaker instincts, David attempts to re-organize and build up the sordid and dissolute administration at whose head he has been placed. Through an error in judgment, David has taken this Nahoun Pasha into his confidence, who with the treachery and sublety characteristic of the Oriental, is able by secret work to thwart David's plans of reform.

David's parentage is in doubt through the entire novel. Finally it is discovered that he is of noble birth, the real Lord Eglington, which title has hithertofore been borne by his wicked half-brother, who has used his utmost influence with the foreign office in England, so as to hinder David in his work for the betterment of Egypt. This necessitates a frequent change of scene from England to Egypt, which detracts very much in the course of the narrative. Hylda is united in a loveless marriage with David's half-brother. The author very opportunely lets him die, leaving her free to marry her "affinity."

To call this production a political novel would not be doing justice to the author. It is all that, but much more. It contains very little of the romantic which unfortunately the majority of people deem essential to the construction of the modern romance. The difference between Oriental subtlety and Quaker straightforwardness is productive of many well-presented dramatic scenes.

"The Weavers" is a good strong novel, but fails to attain the standard reached by the author in "The Right of Way." In the writer's estimation that is the author's masterpiece, as well as one of the best novels which the last half century has produced.

OUR ALUMNI

The Executive Committee of the Muhlenberg Alumni Association, of Philadelphia and vicinity, has decided to hold a banquet at the Manufacturers' Club, 1409 Walnut street, Philadelphia, on the evening of January 7th or 8th, the time of the special session of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, in the above-mentioned city. The business session will be held at half-past six o'clock, and the dinner will begin at seven.

The authorities of the college and the Philadelphia Alumni are especially anxious that there shall be a good attendance. It is hoped that as many as can possibly attend will help to make a good showing for Muhlenberg in Philadelphia at the time of the meeting of Synod.

Further information will most cheerfully be given by Evan B. Lewis, Esq., President Executive Committee, Land Title Building, Philadelphia.

'69. Rev. Prof. R. F. Weidner, D. D., LL. D., President of the Chicago Theological Seminary, after spending his vacation in Switzerland, has returned greatly refreshed in mind and body, and again is hard at work.

'71. The Rev. J. F. Ohl, Mus. D., of Philadelphia, has been confined to his house for the past three weeks, but is happily much improved, and hopes soon to be able to take up his important work among the poor and the outcast.

'73. Prof. G. H. Gerbering, D. D., of the Chicago Lutheran Theological Seminary, has removed from Grand Junction, Michigan, to 1315 Waveland avenue, Chicago.

'73. Rev. George G. Kunkle is now located at Tuscarawas, Ohio.

'74. Hon. Marcus C. L. Kline is president of the newly organized Allentown Trust and Deposit Co.

'75. Edwin H. Stine, Esq., is one of the prominent organizers and officers of the Allentown Trust and Deposit Co.

'76. Prof. S. E. Ochsenford, D. D., of our Faculty, was one of the prominent clerical delegates of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania to the recent meeting of the General Council of the Lutheran Church, held in the city of Buffalo.

'78. Luther Memorial Church, of Erie, Pa., had the pleasure of listening to the Rev. W. K. Frick, D. D., '70, English Secretary of the General Council, Sunday morning, September 15th, and on the following Sunday the Rev. C. L. Fry, with his usual enthusiasm, set forth the importance and possibilities of the "Church Extension Fund."—*The Lutheran.*

'82. The members of the First Lutheran Church, of Butler, Pa., on August 15th, commemorated the tenth anniversary of the laying of the cornerstone of its present church building, by paying off its remaining debt of $6800. The Rev. R. D. Roeder is pastor.

'82. In addition to conducting his Department of Biology, at the West Chester Normal School, at West Chester, Pa., Prof. Samuel C. Schmucker, Ph. D., is constantly delivering lectures in various sections of the country.

'86. Rev. Edwin F. Keever has returned from a two months' trip to Europe, which he enjoyed through the kindness of one of his former members in Catasauqua, Pa. His present address is 405 Varick street, Utica, N. Y.

'87. Christ Church, Lancaster, Pa., Rev. John W. Richards, pastor, celebrated the Fortieth Anniversary of its organization by laying the cornerstone of a new stone mission chapel. Rev. John W. Richards, the present pastor, took charge of the congregation in 1892.

'88. Negotiations for the purchase of a new and larger site for Holy Trinity Church, Scranton, Pa., Rev. E. F. Ritter, pastor, were finally consummated on August 16.

'89. The new pastor of St. Luke's Church, Philadelphia, Rev. John W. Horine, preached his introductory sermon, Sunday, September 1st. A strong parish welcomes the Rev. John W. Horine back to Philadelphia, after a decade of labor in the Southern Church. A large and important field gives Pastor Horine great opportunities for large usefulness. His address now is 1609 North Sixth street, Philadelphia.

'92. St. Stephen's Church, of Wilmington, Delaware, the Rev. F. Doerr, pastor, was repainted, redecorated and otherwise improved during the month of August. The church was reopened with appropriate services, Sunday, September 1st. The choir of St. Stephen's, with the pastor, spent fifteen days in August, camping at North Wildwood, N. J.

'92. Rev. Isaac H., Stetler has to Monaca, Pa.

'92. St. James' Church, of Lebanon, Pa., the Rev. H. Branson Richards, pastor, has divided its church debt into shares of $100 each. These are being

assumed by the members and friends of the congregation, who will pay the interest.

'94. St. John's congregation, of Nazareth, Pa., Rev. G. D. Druckenmiller, pastor, has resolved to improve its church at a cost of $18,000. A front of stone, a new roof and interior repairs will be among the improvements.

'94. St. Mark's Church, of Pennsburg, Pa., the Rev. W. U. Kistler, pastor, was reopened with special services Sunday, September 15th. A number of changes and improvements, including a new Primary Sunday School room, have been made. The Rev. Warren Nickel, '94, and the Rev. W. O. Fegley, '90, assisted the pastor.

'94. Sunday, September 29th, was a festival day for Bethlehem congregation, Philadelphia, Pa., Rev. G. C. Loos, pastor. At the morning service the fine new pipe organ, secured through the initiative of the young people of the Luther League, was consecrated, the sermon being preached by the Rev. W. L. Hunton, Ph. D.

'95. The Rev. P. A. Lentz, of Elwood City, Pa., has regained his former vigor since his illness over a year ago, and is busily looking after his growing parish in and about Elwood City. The Shelby Steel Tube Company, of Pittsburg, is erecting a monster plant in the town which will materially increase its working population. Of the Siebenbergers, there are many in Elwood, and Brother Lentz has gathered several hundred of these into a congregation. On the site of the English church, a parsonage has been erected during the past year. A flourishing Luther League, recently organized, is aiding the various interests of the parish.—*Lutheran.*

'95. During the past summer Rev. E. E. Snyder, pastor of Christ Lutheran Church, Easton, Pa., enjoyed an extended trip in Europe.

'96. Grace Church, of Royersford, Pa., Rev. J. F. Kramlich, pastor, although organized but a few years, has developed into an exceedingly strong and prosperous congregation.

'96. The Rev. William H. Stinebicker, of Brooklyn, has for several years had charge of the religious instruction at the Brooklyn Disciplinary Training School for Boys. We have learned that the authorities are very much gratified with the thorough character of his instruction.

'96. After declining several calls to different charges, Rev. L. A. B. Stopp has accepted the call extended by the Lutheran Church, of Atlantic City, N. J. His address now is Hotel Elberon, Pacific and Tennessee avenues, Atlantic City.

'96. The Revs. C. M. Jacobs and P. Z. Strodach are the editors of a very churchly Christmas program, entitled "Carols of the Nativity," which is published by the General Council Publication House, and which has had quite an extensive sale.

'96. During his summer vacation Rev. Samuel G. Trexler, of Brooklyn, N. Y., took a summer course at Harvard University.

'97. Rev. Franklin K. Fretz, Ph. D., is assistant to Rev. Samuel Laird, D. D., pastor of St. Mark's Lutheran Church, Philadelphia.

'97. The growing needs of Salem Church, Frankford, Philadelphia, Rev. Francis Miller, pastor, necessitate the congregation looking forward to enlarging or else erecting a new and larger church. The congregation is one of the missions established through the work of the Father Heyer Missionary Society, under the direction of Rev. Dr. Ashmead Schaeffer, and was organized in 1890.—*The Lutheran.*

'97. Rev. Ira O. Nothstein has removed from Summit Hill, Pa., to 627 44th street, Rock Island, Ill.

'98. The address of Rev. E. J. Kenling is 514 13th street, College Point, N. Y.

'98. The Rev. G. Irving Lenker, of Pittsburg, Pa., is at present the welcome guest of his Pittsburg and Allegheny friends, having returned after a nine months' absence, remarkably restored in physical strength and health. Remembering how broken and frail he was when he went away to Southern Pines, N. C., in search of rest and medical treatment, his return to us at this time, weighing more than he ever did, seems nothing short of miraculous. His presence at the services in Grace Church, Allegheny, was the occasion of much rejoicing. Mr. Keck, the pastor in charge, will continue for a few months longer, in order that Brother Lenker may fully regain himself.—The Lutheran.

'99. Rev. Frank N. D. Buchman has resigned as the head of the Philadelphia Lutheran Hospice and will soon sail for Europe and the Orient. While abroad he will visit the various Inner Missions of the Lutheran Church in Germany.

'99. Rev. D. E. Fetherolf has changed his address from Freeburg to Pillow, Pa.

'99. We wish to congratulate Dr. and Mrs. Wm. A. Hausman, Jr., of Allentown, Pa., upon the advent into the family of a little daughter.

'99. Rev. J. A. Klick has changed his address from Easton, Pa., to Nazareth, Pa.

'99. September 8th the new Sunday School building connected with Zion Church, of Marietta, Pa., was consecrated. The act of consecration was performed by the pastor, the Rev. W. F. Rex. Rev. A. M. Mehrkam, of Columbia, followed with an interesting address. Rev. P. George Sieger, of Lancaster, also delivered a short address. —*The Lutheran.*

'00. Frederick R. Bousch, M. D., has "hung out his shingle" in Allentown.

'00. On August 27th, ground was broken for the chapel of the Church of the Holy Communion, of Harrisburg, Pa., the Rev. C. K. Fegley, pastor. A neat brick chapel, seating about 250 people, is hoped to be in use by Christmastide. The members are much encouraged by this forward move.

'00. Rev. William M. Horn has been chosen successor to the late Dr. Krotel, in New York City. His engagement to a daughter of Rev. H E. Jacobs, D. D., of the Mt. Airy Seminary, has also been announced. We heartily congratulate him upon both elections.

'01. The Rev. J. Howard Worth, until recently pastor of St. Andrew's, Atlantic City, with his sister, sailed October 4th for Europe, where they will spend a year in travel and study.

'02. Frieden's Lutheran congregation, at Friedensburg, Pa., planned and executed a very pleasant surprise on the occasion of the 33d anniversary of the birth of their pastor, Rev. A. W. Lindenmuth. A delightful social time was spent and a revolving bookcase remains in the study as a reminder, while a well-filled pantry and other substantial evidences of appreciations still remain in the parsonage.

'02. Rev. Joseph L. Weisley is pastor of a Presbyterian congregation at Forty Fort, Pa.

'03. On Thursday, September 26th, 1907, Miss Sarah Jaxheimer, of Bethlehem, and the Rev. Orlando S. Yerger, of St. Paul, Minn., were married, the Rev. E. R. Jaxheimer, a brother of the bride, officiating. Rev. Yerger, a graduate of Muhlenberg College and the Chicago Seminary, is the pastor of Trinity Church, St. Paul, Minn.

'03. The address of Rev. A. W. Rohrig is 52 Greenwood street, New Britain, Conn.

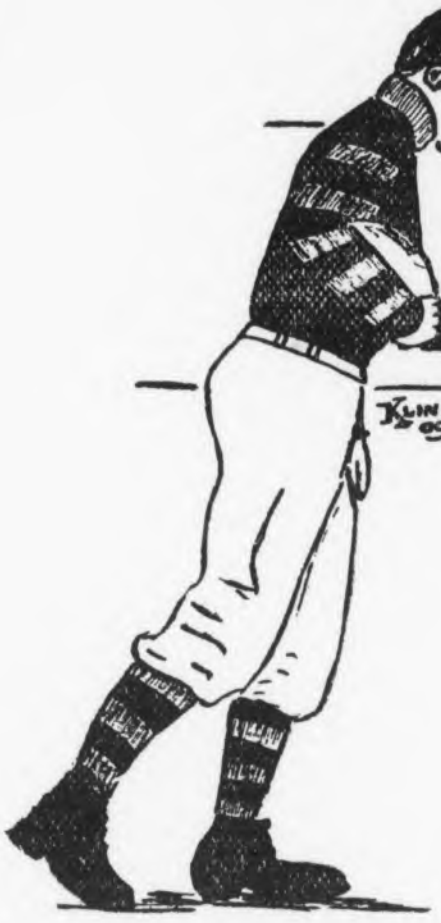
'04. Frank B. Dennis is teaching at Nazareth, Pa.

'04. The address of Rev. John C. Fisher is 901 East Chelten avenue, Philadelphia.

'04. The Rev. Walker J. Huntzinger, of Manoa, Pa., and Miss Anna Marie Roeder, of Allentown, were recently married by Rev. A. Steimle, of St. John's Church, Allentown.

'04. Rev. Francis E. Reichard has changed his address from Macungie to Packerton, Carbon Co., Pa.

'07. The congregations of the Sumneytown, Pa., parish have granted their pastor, Rev. Charles F. Dapp, leave of absence for a year. Rev. and Mrs. Dapp will spend the year in Europe, where Rev. Dapp expects to pursue special studies in Berlin and Leipsic. Dr. C. C. Boyer and Rev. N. F. Schmidt will look after the pastoral work ad interim. On his last Sunday prior to his departure Pastor Dapp confirmed 29 and baptized two adults in his St. John's Church, Sumneytown. — The Lutheran.



ATHLETICS.

Muhlenberg, 17; Williamson Trade School 9.

Muhlenberg did not play their usual strong game, and had hard work in holding down the score. Had the men shown up better, Williamson would never have gotten their touchdown. But due credit must be given the Trade School, as they displayed craft and cunning, besides keeping the locals guessing.

The game started with Muhlenberg receiving the kick, but lost the ball when near the enemy's goal. Trade was compelled to kick, and Muhlenberg soon pushed Smith over for first touchdown. Shelly missed goal. Logan kicked a field goal for visitors, making score 5-4. The second touchdown was made by Putra, and Shelly kicked goal. Score, 11-4.

In the second half Captain Shelly was barred from the game, accused of foul tacking, and the locals had hard work to get a score. Finally Smith punted and Albert raced forty-five yards for last touchdown for Muhlenberg. Smith kicked goal. Wasser made last touchdown of game for Williamson by continually smashing the line. Logan and Clark played a great game for the visitors.

The line-up was as follows:

Muhlenberg.		*Williamson.*
Nonemaker (Hauser)	l. e.	Beans
C. Miller (Reisner)	l. t.	Eisenberg
Miller	l. g.	Ellis
Bossard	c.	Hendricks (Reagen)
Stump	r. g.	Leinbach
Coleman	r. t.	Windell
Butz	r. e.	Clark (Shupp)
Albert	q. b.	(Capt.) Logan
Shelly (Capt.)	l. h. b.	Murfit (C. Miller)
Putra	r. h. b.	Serfoss (Wesser)
Smith	f. b.	Drolet

Touchdowns, Smith, Putra, Albert, Wasser; goals from touchdown, Shelly, Smith; field goal, Logan; referee, Dickson, U. of P; umpire, Smith, Lehigh; linesman, Bachman; time of halves, 25 minutes.

Muhlenberg, 21; Stevens, 5.

In a most thrilling and interesting game of foot ball, Muhlenberg overwhelmed Stevens' Institute, of Hoboken, N. J., to the tune of 21-5.

Stevens expected an easy victory, but were taken off their feet the first few minutes, but with a fierce attack and by hard line plunging by Ridgway and Fonder, Stevens turned the tables and in less than ten minutes of play both sides had made a touchdown, but missed the goal. Captain Shelly, Muhlenberg's sterling halfback, was so badly injured that he had to leave the game, "Carby" taking his place. In the middle of the first half Muhlenberg shoved C. Miller over for a touchdown.

The second half was fiercer than the first, Muhlenberg endeavoring to score more points, while Stevens tried hard to withstand the attack. By Smith's clever punting, the ball was soon near Stevens' goal. Here Stevens tried a forward pass, which "Jimmy" Bossard grabbed and started for a touchdown, but was tackled nine yards away. Smith plunged through for four yards, then Putra was sent over for a touchdown. Carby kicked goal. Hauser was substituted for "Nonny," who was hurt, and played a fine game.

The last touchdown was made by Smith.

This game was the best the locals played this year. The whole team played together as one man for the honor of Muhlenberg.

Stevens was strong in every particular, especially their line.

The line-up was as follows:

Muhlenberg.		*Stevens.*
Nonemaker (Hauser)	l. e.	Sheldon
C. Miller (Reisner)	l. t.	Dunbar
Miller	l. g.	Wersey
Bossard	c.	Vaigtlander
Stump	r. g.	Hallen
Coleman	r. t.	Hendricks
Butz	r. e.	Skinner
Albert	q. b.	Roberts Capt.)
Shelly (Capt.)	l. h. b.	Ridgway (C. Miller)
Putra	r. h. b.	Utz (Buttfield)
Smith	f. b.	Fonder

Touchdowns, Smith (2), C. Miller, Putra, Ridgway; goals from touchdown, C. Miller; referee, Crowell, Swarthmore; umpire, Palmer, Colby; head linesman, Smith, Lehigh; time of halves, 30 minutes.

Muhlenberg, 28; Susquehanna, 10.

Muhlenberg kept up its winning streak by defeating Susquehanna University 28-10.

The first half ended with the score 10 to 5, in favor of the visitors. In the first half Muhlenberg played like wooden men. Albert was unable to catch punts, and the team lacked spirit. The touchdown of the visitors was due to fumbling.

But in the second half the Cardinal and Gray marched bravely to victory, piling up twenty-three points. Shupp and Hauser played a fine game. Putra was everywhere and was given the opportunity to make a touchdown four

times, at which he did not fail to respond. Pifer, Hautz and Harris excelled for Susquehanna.

The line-up was as follows:

Muhlenberg.		*Susquehanna.*
Nonamaker (Hauser)	l. e.	Harris (Capt)
Reed (Reisner)	l. t.	McCracken
Miller	l. g.	Gavinski
Bossard	c.	Christman
Stump	r. g.	Garner
Coleman	r. t.	Schock
Butz	r. e.	Vetter
Albert	q. b.	Hantz
C. Miller (Shupp)	l. h. b.	Myers (Incrote)
Putra	r. h. b.	Pifer (Lesher)
Smith	f. b.	Hartman

Touchdowns, Putra (4), Shupp, Harris; goal from placement, Hantz; referee, Dickson, U. of P.; umpire, Smith, Lehigh; linesman, Bachman; time of halves, 30 and 25 minutes.

Muhlenberg, 6; Lehigh Reserves, 0.

Muhlenberg finished its season in grand style on Thanksgiving day. The day was ideal. The crowd was the largest and most enthusiastic of the season; more than a thousand people witnessed the game, which was "a corker."

As the Carlisle Indians cancelled, the Lehigh Reserves were booked for the day, and they made the locals hustle, although Muhlenberg did not play with the dash and vim which they displayed in former games.

Captain Billheimer's team started things with a rush and kept the ball in Muhlenburg's territory most of the time. But after twenty minutes the ball was safely perched by Putra back of the visitors' goal line, making the only touchdown of the game. Smith kicked the goal.

In the second half Muhlenberg had the ball near the opponents' goal, but penalties kept back the touchdown. Muhlenberg's goal was never in danger due to the fine punting of Smith.

Smith was badly hurt in the second half, but nobly played out the game.

The line-up was as follows:

Muhlenberg.		*Lehigh Reserves.*
Nonamaker (Hauser)	l. e.	Krause (Cannon)
Reisner	l. t.	Hoffman
Miller	l. g.	Carry
Bossard	c.	Ritter
Stump	r. g.	Coleman
Coleman	r. t.	Shuman
Butz	r. e.	Desh
Albert	q. b.	Billheimer
Shupp	l. h. b.	Tremlett
Putra	r. h. b.	Burrell
Smith	f. b.	Kitchell

Referee, Dickson, U. of P.; Umpire, Smith, Lehigh; touchdown, Putra; goal, Smith; linesman, Bachman; time of halves, 25 minutes.

Thus another foot ball season has ended, but with what success! The team was the best Muhlenberg ever had. With the excellent coaching of Dr. George Barclay, the team won seven games and lost three, playing teams which were from five to twenty-five pounds heavier on the average.

We have every reason to rejoice. First, we have the assistance of the Alumni; second, we only lose two of

this season's warriors—Coleman and Stump—whose places will be hard to fill, but we have high hopes; third, the faculty have assured us of their assistance; and, finally, the student body has found the right college spirit.

The Foot Ball Banquet

The crowning point of the season was when the Alumni tendered a complimentary banquet to the team, coach and officials, at the Antlers' Home, on South Eighth street, on the night of December 4.

The committee in charge consisted of Messrs. Malcolm W. Gross, Prof. W. H. Reese, of the faculty; Oscar F. Bernheim, Treasurer of the college, Max S. Erdman and Dr. Howard S. Seip, all of this city. They concluded that Muhlenberg's debut into the athletic domain under such brilliant auspices should be properly celebrated. It was so celebrated last evening. Long will those present remember the delights of the occasion.

Steward George E. Hoeborn fairly outdid himself in seconding the plans of the committee. He prepared and served a most delicious banquet in the large hall on the second floor of Antlers' Home. The bill of fare was as follows:

Canape, Sarah Bernhard.
Celery.
Green Sea Turtle — Amontillado
Planked Oysters — Bordure
Croquettes of Sweetbreads
Petit Pois
Filet of Beef — Sauce Champignons
Pommes Rossole
Sherbert, au Kirsch
Roast Young Turkey
Candied Sweet Potatoes
Cranberry Jelly
Water Cress Salad
Neapolitan Ice Cream — Assorted Cakes
Cheese — Crakers
Coffee

The table was studded with potted plants. They were arranged in three long rows with a cross table at the head for the speakers and guests of honor. The menu cards were shaped like miniature foot balls, the cover of leather, tied with ribbons of the college colors, cardinal and gray. The room was elaborately decorated with the Elks' colors, purple and white, and with streamers of the Muhlenberg colors and streamers of U. P. Lehigh and Lafayette. The effect was very pretty.

The Elite Trio of flute, mandolin and guitar added to the pleasure with their delightful music of popular airs, to which the diners added their tuneful voices. The College Glee Club also sang two selections very nicely under Charles Jacks' direction.

It was 9.30 when the banquet started, 11.30 when the speechmaking began, and 2.30 A. M. when the party dispersed, after the students heard the welcome announcements that recitations were suspended for this morning.

Judge Trexler opened the toast list. He spoke for a broad college, one that is not simply a training school for Mt. Airy. He rejoiced in the success of the college in athletics and predicted that in years to come time may be reckoned by athletic achievements.

President Haas responded to "College Spirit." He referred to the change in spirit in the college, especially in the student body. He touched upon the changes in ideals and said that every one who is working for the college in the true, advanced spirit is working not in the twentieth, but in the twenty-first century. This spirit brings community of interest. Team work wins. Every man, not for himself, but for all and all for Muhlenberg. That's college spirit.

Reuben J. Butz was introduced as the man to whom, with Dr. Howard S. Seip, is due the honor for the present admirable location of Muhlenberg College. He spoke on "Trustees and Athletics." It came with good grace from Mr. Butz, who is not a Lutheran, when he declared that the school is not a "priest factory", but that moreover not a bit of religion or religious ethics learned there had ever done him any harm. Mr. Butz severely scored those city officials for trying to acquire the old Muhlenberg property at only $36,000, when it is worth fully $53,000. He said the city has never appreciated the college. This community is about to spend $150,000 for a jail, but who would suppose such a sum could be diverted for an educational institution?

Prof. Reese, who spoke on "The Team—Its Future," called the foot ball team a remarkable one. There are six honor men on the team and only one man with a single condition. Anly three men have the tobacco habit and none the liquor habit. Mr. Reese introduced all the members of the team to the gathering, and delivered such praises as must have caused the blood of the men to tingle. He announced that the college M. had been awarded to Captain W. B. Shelly, Assistant Captain, John S. Albert, F. L. Coleman, A. M. Stump, A. W. Butz, J. A. Bossard, F. H. Smith, Curtis and Carbin Miller, E. V. Nonnemaker, K. L. Reisner, P. M. Reed, Paul Putra and W. A. Hauser. He read a letter from A. C. Karkau, of Mt. Airy Seminary, enclosing $13 contributed by students there to the athletic fund. Prof. Reese made a strong plea for a larger attendance at the games. It is discouraging, when the expenses are $114 at a game, to take in only $36. It is planned to have 200 men contribute each $10 to $25 annually for five years to put athletics at Muhlenberg on a sound financial plane.

Rev. Jacobs spoke for the "Scrubs," and gave them high praise for making possible the success of the regular team. The scrubs are the very backbone of the team, but rarely get the credit due.

Dean Ettinger made a very witty response for "The Faculty," and told of their unanimous support of the movement to foster an athletic spirit at the college.

County Solicitor Lewis was spokesman for "The Alumni," and told many truths about conditions, and suggested betterments.

Lawrence H. Rupp made a magnificent address on behalf of "The Undergraduates," and made a powerful plea

for purity among the undergraduates. His address was a gem.

So was Claude T. Reno's on "The Non-Graduates," who spoke eloquently and pointedly.

Coach Barclay was then called upon, but Right Tackle Coleman plunged into the line and in an excellent speech presented Dr. Barclay, on behalf of the student body, with a magnificent loving cup, one big enough to put any but an experienced trencherman under the table. It was a deserved and appropriate tribute to the doctor's worth as a coach. Dr. Barclay in accepting the token, gave the college, its faculty and students, high praise for carrying out his plans, and he bespoke for Muhlenberg greater things in the future. "If I continue as coach," he concluded, "I don't know of any place I'd rather go than to Muhlenberg."

Manager Stump and Captain Shelly spoke for their departments, and O. S. Henninger brought the banquet to a close by making everybody laugh with one of his witty off-hand talks that covered nearly as much ground as President Roosevelt's message, without, however, putting any one to sleep.

In the merry party were Judge Frank M. Trexler, George O. Barclay, "By" Dickson, C. W. Smith, Dr. Luther J. Saeger, Claude T. Reno, Rev. Victor J. Bauer, of Bethlehem; Nathan D. Fritch, of Bethlehem; Francis Kleckner, Arthur E. Keller, Marvin Kleppinger, Prof. A. A. Kunkle, Principal of the Allentown Preparatory School; Ralph R. Metzer, Mal. W. Gross, Max S. Erdman, Oscar F. Bernheim, Treasurer of the College; Reuben J. Butz, Prof. G. T. Ettinger, Ph. D., Dean of the Faculty; Oscar J. Stine and Lucius H. McHose, of Catasauqua; Earle T. Henninger, Rev. Dr. S. E. Ochsenford, Harry R. McCullough, Prof. C. A. Marks, Charles F. Mosser, Elmer O. Reyer, of Alliance; Wm. L. Hartman, Prof. Willis B. Bachman, Physical Director; Rev. Dr. J. A. W. Haas, President of the College; Rev. Prof. C. M. Jacobs, Dr. H. S. Seip, Prof. Wm. H. Reese, Lawrence H. Rupp, County Solicitor F. G. Lewis, Alderman F. T. L. Keiter, Alderman Joseph C. Slough, J. Fred Kutz, Charles O. Hunsicker, District Attorney-elect Fred B. Gernerd, R. Lorentz Miller, Peter S. Trumbower and Dr. Wm. Cope, of Nazareth; A. S. Dampman, Reading; Luther W. Fritch, and Mr. Ritter, of Macungie; Rev. E. O. Leopold, Dr. Fred B. Bausch, Claude Hoffman, Warren Bittner, Charles W. Webb, N. Guiley Finch, N. D. Martin, Peter J. Laubach, of Alliance; W. M. G. Lewis, Rev. Charles A. Kerschner, H. C. Bastian, Leo Wise, Rec. J. Chas. Rausch, O. S. Henninger, B. G. Roth, Percy B. Ruhe, the members of the 'Varsity team, the Scrubs, the Senior Class and the Glee Club, altogether 118 men.—*Daily City Item.*

The following we clipped from the *Morning Call.*

The great Muhlenberg foot ball team, for the season of 1907, met for the last time yesterday afternoon at Hunsicker's studio, where a picture was taken of the men who earned

their "M" during the past season. The captain for the next year's team was elected and John Alberts, the star quarterback, secured the coveted position unanimously.

Alberts learned the greater part of his football knowledge while at Muhlenberg. He graduated from A. P. S. in 1905, and played right end on its team during the 1904 season. Entering the Freshman class at Muhlenberg he was one of the best men on the 1905 team—the first that Muhlenberg had for years and the beginning of the present team. During the 1906 season he alternated at right end and quarter, and greatly distinguished himself when given the latter position in the Indian game. This season he was seen at quarter and his work during the season stampel him as a star. He ran the team in great style and his individual playing helped greatly to the success of the season. His only fault was to be too quick and endeavor to do too much work.

PERSONALS

The tricycle has been resurrected.

Schoeneberger, '09, taking his coat off at the Williamson game, says—"Gee, this is a hot game!"

Dr. W.—"Schoeneberger, leave the room!"

Schoeneberger, '09 (at the door)—"Just a minute; there's someone in the hall I don't care to meet."

Dr. O.—"How is counterfeiting punished?"

Krause, '08—"By death."

Prof. R.—"Mr. Grossman, do you believe every 'homo sapiens' has a tail?"

Grossman, '09 (unaware of rag pinned to coat)—"According to the law of evolution, he has."

Prof. R.—"Well then, remove your tail."

Bossard, '09—"Fellows, out of which book can I get my English essay?"

Dr. W.—"Bossard, give your attention to German."

Bossard—"That's becoming too personal."

Ziegenfus, '08,, has left college for one month, to recuperate.

Zane, '10—"Now it's to-morrow morning."

Why are the English authors before Chaucer like George Washington? Because they couldn't tell a story.

Schatz, '08—"To be at her side is Heaven for me."

Marcks, '09, has been very drowsy of late. He lost too much sleep attending indignation meetings at Emaus.

"Squire" Williamson has had electricity installed in his residence. The "path" is also illuminated; so his patrons need no longer be fearful of spooks.

Dr. W. to Wohlsen, '09—"You're surely not sane, Peter."

Kline, '09—"He's not Saint Peter; he's Maud's Peter."

Senior—"Dr. B. must have had his tricycle hitched to the stars, for he went like fury."

Seyler, '08—"I'm going to get a baby carriage to be in style."

Dr. W.—"That will be all right; you may need it in a few years."

Kern, '09 (reading Chaucer)—"She had five husbands waiting at the church door."

"Mike" says his feet are baggy around the knees.

Keiter, '08—"I don't care whether he comes or not."

Schatz—"That's what Bessie said."

Dr. W.—"Kline, put that plaything away, and make an experiment in French!"

Dr. H.—"What is the opposite of action?"

Pott, '10—"Reaction."

Coleman, '08—"Is there any difference between our sinning and Satan's?"

Dr. E.—"Why certainly; we are not all Satans."

Dr. B.—"Mr. Kuder, did you work your problem by "vx" methods?"

Kuder, '11 (loudly and quickly)—"No, sir, Doctor; I worked it by straight algebra."

Dr. B.—"Hee! Haw! I didn't know there was any crooked algebra."

Dr. O.—"Where was Ben Jonson educated?"

Reed, '10—"At Westminster Abbey."

Dr. W.—"Stump, stop speaking stump speeches!"

A very successful smoker was held on the evening of November 27th, in the basement of the college. Speeches by our efficient coach, Dr. Barclay, members of the Faculty and prominent Alumni were interspersed with various athletic exhibitions. We handed Lehigh Reserves a goose-egg next day, of course!

Grant, '11, wants to sell a package of "Duke's Mixture" for a stamp.

Zuch, '10, was operated upon for appendicitis.

Schuger, '09—"Shall we buy some kisses?"

Marcks, '09—"No; I like only the kind that smack."

Prof. J.—"What is the Augsburg Confession?"

Grant, '11—"A peculiar perusal."

Kuder, '11—"It is found in the front part of the Church Book."

Prof. J.—"Yes; most Lutherans are satisfied to let it remain there."

EXCHANGES

The material in the *College Student,* for November, is exceptionally good. "Life's Tragedy" is an excellent poetical composition. It is a beautiful picture of an individual's brief existence in this world. The editorial contains some very interesting thoughts, and will repay a perusal of them by the students of all colleges. The exchange editor also gives a well-written account of the sonnet.

The first issue of the *Sketch Book,* published by the Class of 1908 of Irving College, is a neat manual; and the composition, entitled "The Poet and His Art," is an interesting and well-written production.

The *College of Charleston Magazine* is perused by us with relish. "Williams & Co., Jewelers," is an excellent short story. "The Plot" is a good one, and is a model for a short story. "The College Bells is another of the same stamp. It is of the kind that will interest every college man, because it gives a unique picture of college life. The reader is held in suspense until the very end.

The Review has a pretty cover, and also has its material arranged in an attractive manner.

The Sorosis is up to its usual high standard.

The Maryland Collegian is an excellent joke book.

The editor of *The College Breezes* is a myriad-minded individual, judging from the wide range of material covered in his editorials.

The story entitled "Crowley," of *The Drexel Echo,* is a well written and well-worked out production.

The Mercury would do well to add a Personal, or Local Department. Otherwise, the November issue is be praised.

The Swarthmore Preparatory School Quarterly is a good paper, and if the editorial staff follows the advice given in the opening of the November issue, it will be a "howling success."

The College Chips has a neat appearance, and contains a few fine literary articles. The paper could be improved by insertion of a story or two.

The Purple and White gives too much space to school jokes.

It is pleasing to note the regular appearance of poetry in the various exchanges. A good poem certainly enhances the value of a paper. Those which are especialy worthy of mention are: "The Cat Fish," in *The Hill School Record;* "Dreams," in *The Delaware College;* "Friendship," in *The Albright Bulletin,* and "Autumn," in *The Perkiomenite.*

Morals are like collar buttons: easier lost than found.—Ex.

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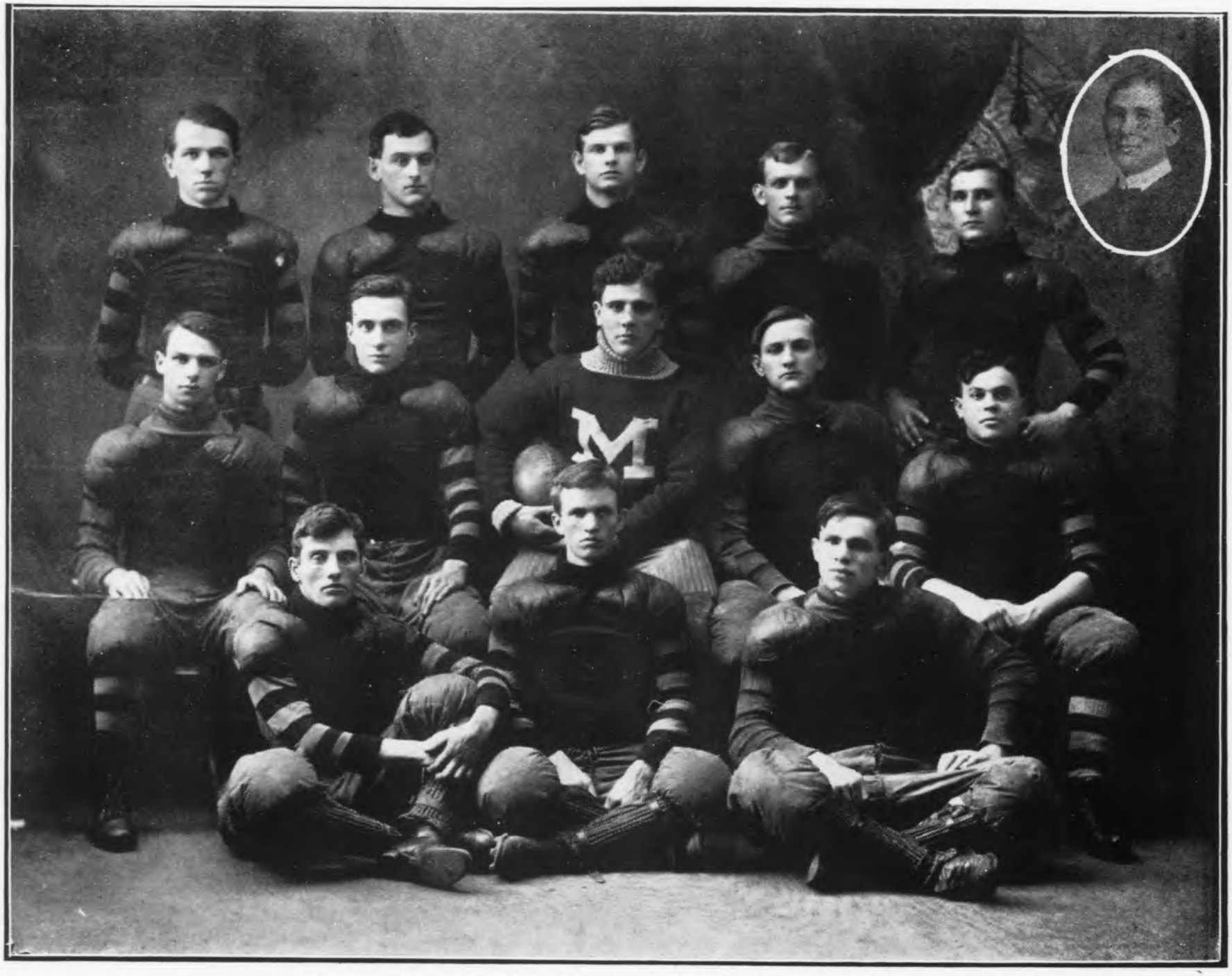

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NEW YEAR THOUGHTS

JAMES H. S. BOSSARD, '09.

O, bright, shining star,
Twinkling from afar,
Is my fate to be weal or to be woe?
And is it ever
Of use to endeavor,
Since destiny brings me to where I must go?

Friends that are near,
Precious and dear,
As you are now, will you ever be?
Or shall some future day
See the old love decay,
Parting us in spirit with the breadth of a sea?

Perhaps could I see
What fate for me,
The dark uncertain future had in store;
Perhaps would I know
This or that to be so,
I might be happy again—ah, nevermore!

Then I'll strive each day
God's voice to obey;
For is not He, of all things, truest and best?
Finally to sail
Through a beautiful dale
Until I enter the blest portals of Rest.

"The Nose"

H. L. Y. Seyler, '08.

To-day the evolutionist raises the hue and cry that the nose is losing its usefulness. He argues that many ages hence all the sense organs will be united in one grand organism. We dare not discuss this important issue now. Our task for the present is to find out what the nose really is.

In the first place it seems to be the prow of the human ship. With mind as the rudder, it can be steered through calm or stormy weather, with no other damage than a change in color. It is generally when the blasts from the North whistle about the head that the nasal extremity becomes tinged with a bright red. This condition is due to the headlong rush of the red corpuscles of the blood to gain front seats in the play of the winds. These guardians of life, in their constant battling to uphold our failing strength, become highly heated. If it were not for the cold gusts that blow from the regions of the Aurora Borealis, these corpuscles could not cool off and would finally dry up. For the same reason our organ of smell becomes pale. Too much warm air on the outside drives the scarlet marines into the cardiac refrigeratory. In regards to the brightness which arises when alcohol enters the blood, it can be explained on the same principle. As the fiery spirit enters the highways of the body, the preservers of our existence attack the enemy with their usual ferocity. They become inebriated from the fierceness of the struggle. In order to regain their much-needed coolness of composure, they trundle along to the nose, where they are most liable to obtain their desire on account of its exposure to the atmosphere.

The nose varies in size and form in different species of the genus homo. In the seething mass of humanity, the onlooker can see the Grecian nose glide grandly along. After him strides the Roman type. The prows of these two personages seem to be propelled by the muses, judging from their steady, unswerving steps and their concentration of mind upon some thought. Next is seen the beak of the eagle stuck in the center of the phiz. It belongs to the well-known Jew. It denotes the man who desires earthly things. Whither the nose directs, thither the whole body must go. At this moment along comes our friend with the turned-up nose. His aim and thoughts always soar to the regions of air-castles. Because secular things are too common for him, he turns up his olfactory organ in contempt. Only castles, made of the tissues of thought which can expand under pressure, are able to hold his lofty ideals. Lo! There comes a mortal who appears to be in a fluster. He is the incarnation of perpetual motion—shaking his arms, nodding his head, smiling, or crying, turning and twisting his eyes, even mov-

ing his ears at times. His nasal appendage is small and snubby, with large openings for the free passage of great quantities of oxygen. The nose of the next passer-by, is shaped like the sharp edge of a razor, tapering down to a pin-point. This is the shrewd one. It it impossible to derive the better side of a bargain from him. His prow never founders on the sand-bars of the treacherous harbor. The spot aimed at is always hit. In addition to this good quality he is irritable and spiteful in his dealings with the enemy. He may forget, but never forgive. The other kinds of noses which are seen in this bustling world are sub-types, or species, or even hybrids. The hybrids give us the delightful combinations of character. It is like mixing different poisons in definite proportions to give us the healing drug.

If the reader wishes to procure a new nose, or have the present one altered, he can do so by applying to any of our eminent specialists on this organ. If you are dissatisfied, do not fail to secure a hybrid nose. It is the most serviceable, guides you along the proper channel, and cultivates personal magnetism.

Every student of human nature should study noseology.

Is it not true that, when we see the prow of a vessel moving over the waters, we know how the rudder stands? Thus is it with the prow of man and his rudder—the mind. Whenever you see a human ship lying idle upon the sea of life, rest assured that either the prow, or rudder, are in poor condition. When the mind becomes weak, the nose becomes flabby. When the nose is disabled by maltreatment, the mind grows weak from lack of use and cobwebs cover the brain cells.

The nose is also an excellent storehouse. This fact is especially evident during early childhood. When the infant begins to creep, it inserts into this magazine anything from a shoe-button, pieces of wood, to almost any article small enough to enter the nostrils. Sometimes certain substances, which are held in our talking machine, pass part of the way down the digestive tract in the act of swallowing, and are vomited and lodged in the posterior nares. Some children store so much lumber away in their youthful days that in the adult stage they are unable to dispose of the material; even with the aid of Saw-Bones, and they travel to the land of ever-burning sulphur on account of the superabundance of fuel. Others absorb so many buttons that after passing the puerile period, the persons become regular producers of notions. Then also, through the law of "The Survival of the Fittest," these buttons usurp the place of the white corpuscles. On account of their firmness and solidity, buttons are better carriers of waste products than the original scavengers of the body. Thus, in the course of events, man is becoming more and more perfect.

Before closing this treatise, we must not neglect to investigate the interior of the facial protuberance. Every particle which passes through the nostrils must run the gauntlet. The vibrissae

stand on sentinel duty in the vestibule of the nose day and night. They inflict such punishment on the material visitors that the smaller substances drop over from exhaustion, and are finally cast out into the wide world. The nasal scourgers become so experienced and develop such skill and strength in their beating profession that, by the time an individual stands on the threshold of his fortieth year, they permit very few particles of dirt to dart by them. The scourgers, who gained their sustenance under the tyrants of old, could learn several tricks from these vibrissian guards. Do not think that these are the only inhabitants of the nasal tuberosity. Along every side of the nasal cavities are drawn up in battle array a regiment of infantry. This body of troops is called the mucus. All bacteria and dust molecules, that steal by the vibrissian sentinels, are bayoneted by the trusty foot-soldiers. Nobody escapes their watchful eye. If the mucus regiment mutined, we miserable creatures would have to cross the Styx in haste.

Another remarkable fact about the nose is that it experiences continual cyclones. As the air flows into the nose which is partitioned off by turbinated tissues, eddies are started. When a man breathes heavily, the storms become so fierce as to almost tear the mucous membrane into shreds. If the infantry were not giants in strength, they would be whirled about by the terrific tornadoes and ignominiously hurled into voracious space.

There is also a complete water supply in the inferior and middle turbinates. In regards to its efficiency, the excellent construction of its pipe system, its self-filling powers, and its usefulness, it excels any mechanical device made by human hand. The use of these reservoirs is to moisten the dust which the whirlwinds stir up and cause it to fall upon the extended bayonets. The air also receives moisture so that it will not dry up the tissues of the lungs. This water contains such a deadly poison that no bacillus, coccus, or any other animal can live after tasting it. Parasites beyond the vestibule are very scarce. The cyclones, the poisonous springs, the vibrissian van-guard, and the mucus regiment are too many obstacles for bugs to surmount. After deep meditation and careful consideration of these phenomena, who can sincerely say that the nose is losing its usefulness?

"Transpythagoria"

H. D. WHITTEKER, '09.

"Wach."

(Concluded.)

As our men moved swiftly up the slope, the enemies' gunners became more steady and began to get down to business. One shell falling into the middle of the column burst with a terrific force, tearing a great gap in the ranks. I ordered our guns to be trained upon the heights, when the head of a repelling column issued from the enemy's camp and a great force charged furiously down the hill, cheering defiantly. The crash as the opposing bodies met was heard even above the roar of the battle. Then, training my glasses upon the summit, as I expected, I perceived that the enemy was about to launch his cavalry. I turned to give the order for a general advance when my eye caught a dark line swiftly moving along the hillside. Quickly fixing my glasses upon it my heart bounded with joy as I descried Roe at the head of the cavalry sent out during the night.

With a light laugh I turned to Royal, who was constantly at my side.

"Not yet," I said. "We'll come in for our share later."

Meantime the battle on the hillside raged furiously and for the moment it seemed as if our men could not withstand the fierce onslaught of the Panonians. At length the tide turned and slowly the Transpythagorian flag began to move up the slope. Though suffering terribly from the withering fire poured into them with a grim determination, they plowed their way steadily up the hill toward the roaring summit.

Then the enemy launched his cavalry. A half groan rose from the ranks, but quickly changed to a cry of joy as Roe, with his little division burst from a clump of trees and bore swiftly down upon the advancing Panonian horse. Charging with all the fury of his reckless devil-may-care nature he struck them full on the flank and threw the entire force into confusion, completely paralyzing their movements.

"Now, gentlemen," I said, turning to the officers of my staff, "I suppose it is our turn," and galloping to the front we led the way down the hill at a canter. Fortunately the enemy were too busy with affairs on the hillside to notice our advance. But as we sped across the black, charred plain, thundered over the bridge and pressed up the slope they caught sight of us and were soon informing us of the fact.

After two shells had executed considerabe havoc in our ranks, I gave the order to charge. With a wild cry we urged our horses forward and, the flag of Transpythagoria fluttering triumphant at our head, hurled ourselves upon the enemy. As we came up our infantry

had divided, leaving a great gap through which we tore.

Cutting and slashing right and left I leaped forward toward the thickest part of the conflict. In turning one hissing blade a second came almost too quickly for me, glanced from my sabre and falling on my head, beat my shako down over my eyes. Tearing it from me I flung it to the ground, and with a back slash at the offender, plunged forward into a perfect hell of bitting steel. The Panonians fought like tigers at bay and at the moment we could make no headway whatever. For a time it even seemed doubtful; but the fury of our onslaught soon began to tell and slowly they gave away, pressed hard by the wild dragoons. At last, breaking through the line, we rushed up the hill, only to be received by an iron storm that literally tore in shreds the head of our column. There was a short pause, a moment's hesitation; then, with a great shout, we pressed swiftly on and charged the batteries.

In vain the Panonian gunners, springing to the machine-guns, swept the slope with a terrible hail; in vain they plowed the entire line with solid shot; up the hill we surged; up, up, in mad determination; up to the very muzzles of the black monsters—we would not be denied. And as we poured over the fortification, into the batteries, sabering the dauntless gunners where they stood, the last gun boomed forth, splitting the air with a howling shell.

Here I halted, Royal with me, while the rest swept by in triumphant pursuit. Turning I surveyed the disordered and chaotic scene in the valley below. At every point the enemy had given way and were flying along the hillside a broken and disordered mass of fugitives.

As I turned to Royal saying: "And now for Panonia. Two can play the same game, you know," a stray bullet struck me in the side. I reeled and my horse plunged, throwing me heavily to the ground. Royal was at my side in a flash. My sight became hazy and I tried to rise but fell back into the arms of my aid. I could feel myself sinking down, down, down, when suddenly something like a white-hot iron passed across my head, and I became unconscious.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

The peculiar situation in which I found myself upon regaining consciousness plunged me into a state of confusion from which I greatly doubt that I could have extricated myself save for the unlooked for assistance which in time came from without.

My first conceptions were of my original personality, that is to say, as an American returning from Abyssinia, having stopped off at Madrid. A secondary or more subdued personality insisted upon calling me Dol, a Transpythagorian Oligark of the Northwest, with all including details. My physical condition was a great cause of the general confusion. The benumbed and nerveless state of my body gave the primal personality especial prominence—the secondary seemed like a strange yet decidedly realistic dream.

With the gradual resumption of neu-

rotic activities I began to realize that from the top of my head to the soles of my feet I was completely encased in bonds whose nature seemed to be more that of strips of cloth. My arms were bound fast to my sides, my feet together, and, save for my nostrils and mouth, my head was totally enveloped. My confusion was decided and my position indisputable. Why all these bonds? I rolled over on my side and came in contact with an obstacle, smooth and flat, like the surface of a wall. I tried the other side, only to encounter a similar obstruction. I tried to rise but the bonds held me like a straight-jacket. Then a chill began to creep through my body and a horror unspeakable, with viperish gentleness stole softly over me; my whole being became intense with the rigidity of one awaiting a shock, and the air grew thick, heavy and suffocating; my brain fairly buzzed with wild and horrible imaginings and in a short space I was actually beginning to gasp for breath.

Suddenly, and I could have cried aloud with joy and relief, I heard footsteps, a door opened, and a voice called: "Hello! What's going on in here?"

Despite the bandages tightly encasing my head I gave vent to one big long "Thank God" and fainted dead away. The strain on my nerves had been raised to such a pitch that this sudden and totally unlooked for relief proved to be too much and I went under temporarily with the crash.

When I came to, the sound of human voices reached my ears, at first faintly and then more clearly.

"I tell you," one voice was saying, "I heard it as plainly as I hear myself speaking now."

"But he seems to be the same," another replied with a heavy foreign accent. "He does not move and his breath comes as regularly and slowly as before."

"I don't care if he is as stiff as a board," the first said, "I heard him say that and I'll swear to—"

Just then I rolled over onto my side and the results were startling. I could plainly hear both parties jump as if shot, mingling their exclamations of astonishment with cries of pleasure. The foreigner was especially demonstrative, apparently, as far as I could hear, running about the place in an almost aimless manner until ordered by the other to "help with these bandages and stop flopping around like a chicken with its head off."

With a gentleness but a rapidity that betrayed the eagerness of the strangers, the bandages were unwound from my head and a soft, feeble light, growing stronger and stronger, began to penetrate to my eyes as each succeeding layer was unwrapped. When the last strip was removed from my face, and my eyes wavered for the moment beneath the blaze of a great chandelier, I could distinguish in faint outline two men bending eagerly over me. I gave a deep sigh of relief. "Great heavens, " I exclaimed, "I thought you had buried me alive."

"Not quite; merely semi-mummified you," replied one whose voice sounded strangely familiar to me. I have a natural aptitude for remembering voices.

"I don't quite understand," I replied "Where am I?"

"Where do you think you are?" he queried.

I hesitated some time before replying. I was morally positive of my position and yet something continually persisted in placing before me another and rather familiar one, too. "I believe that I am in Madrid," I finally answered.

There was a half exclamation from the strangers. "Are you sure?" the one questioned in what seemed to me to be a rather anxious tone.

"N—o," I replied, speaking slowly. "There is another place, but—tell me first, am I in Madrid?"

"No," replied the one who usually did the talking, "you are not."

"Well, then, I might be—though I would believe it much against my will—" (both men bent suddenly and eagerly over me)—"I might be in Lars."

"What is that, Fritz? Where did he say?" questioned the other.

"Just one minute: I'll tell you everything; this is getting to be interesting." Then turning to me, he said, "But where is Lars?"

"In Transpythagoria Central, of course," I replied.

"Well, who are you, anyway?"

"Now, if you were to ask me who I think I am, I believe I could answer you better."

"Well, then, who do you think you are."

I hesitated for several minutes, while both men stood by me listening intently. At length I replied. "Under certain influences, I am almost compelled to believe what I regarded as a stupendous dream, to have actually taken place; and the personality of Dol the Oligark to be a strange reality."

There was a low and simultaneous exclamation from both. "Well," said the one, "tell us all about it—who this Dol is and all that he did, as far as you can recall."

"Ah, then I am not Dol!" I exclaimed.

"I have not said so," he replied. "Please tell the story of this peculiar dream of yours."

And I did, first requesting that they unwrap the rest of the bandages which encased my body.

I began with the scene in the great long room of the palace, going through all the main incidents that occurred there to the arrival of the scarlet-coated stranger and the departure of the expedition in the aero-planes by night. The mention of the aero-planes caused great excitement; but they permitted me to continue without interruption. I told of the sudden and successful assault upon Diffol and the capture of Pala, together with the various short sieges that took place at that time. They became intensely interested when I spoke of the several bloody affairs that occurred in the Southwest; and the decisive battle of Sipi drew forth many exclamations. But the greatest interest, by far, was evinced in the invasion of the Panonians; and when I told of their rapid and successful advance clear up to Erud, they

could scarcely restrain their emotions. At length I came to the battle of Lars, which, in the intensity of my feelings, I told with such vivacity and realism, that time and again they interrupted with their questioning outcries. This incident in the dream seemed to rise before me with a vividness that was almost appalling. As I proceeded with the description, everything became as plain to me as though I had actually taken the important part in the fray that the dream portrayed.

In my excitement I had been sitting up, gesticulating wildly with both arms; and now when my story was done, I sank back from sheer exhaustion and lay for several seconds breathing heavily. After a moment's rest, I spoke again. "I know now that I am not Dol, but John Doyle; I feel sure that I am somewhere on the continent, and would have sworn that I am in Madrid, though you have assured me to the contrary. Would you kindly tell me, then, where I am?"

"You are in the Rue Violette, Paris," one of them answered. "But possibly you remember me, and that will certainly recall several incidents of peculiar interest."

I looked up at him sharply. He was tall, dark, and though not exactly handsome, yet withal possessing a countenance that was rather pleasing. I was decidedly taken with him. He appeared to be the younger of the two. Then my gaze traveled to his companion. He was a short, chunky individual, of some forty-five or fifty years, I should judge, with a fierce mustache and goatee, and the inevitable red nose. He was Teutonic from the top of his friar-fringed head to the sole of his carpet-slippered feet; and his little red, beady eyes seemed to be fairly bursting with suppressed excitement.

But I shook my head, my efforts were in vain. "And yet," I said, "your voice is decidedly familiar. I could almost swear that I've heard it before. Who are you anyway?"

He laughed. "I am the person who helped you over the garden wall. Do you remember?"

I sat up suddenly. "Aha!" and my exclamation was low and intense with the inrolling flood of recollection.

"He laughed again. "I suppose the incident in the alcove rather annoys you," he said, seeing the peculiar look in my eyes.

"Yes," it does," I answered. "In fact as I recall it, the entire matter seems to be a sort of Chineze puzzle. Possibly you can clear it up for me."

"I believe that I can," he replied. "But first of all let me assure you that that affair of the alcove was altogether an accident and this is the culprit." Here he clapped his hands together and called loudly, "Ho, Ilasco!"

Almost immediately a great black entered the room, and when he espied me sitting upright, surrounded by a great mass of tangled bandages, he suddenly stopped with an exclamation of superstitious fear and wonderment. He muttered several strange words and rolled his eyes, but defiantly and doggedly stood his ground.

"Ilasco," said the younger, "We will carry this gentleman up to my room. No"—in reply to my protestations—"you will not be able to walk and I wish to place you in more comfortable surroundings before we begin our side of the tale.'"

I now observed that I was sitting in a long, narrow and somewhat coffin-shaped box. I looked up at them inquiringly.

"Yes," he said smiling, "that will be explained too."

I soon discovered that I had altogether lost the use of my legs and was forced to permit them to carry me into another and larger room and place me in a great canopied bed.

"Now," he said, as I sunk back among the covers and pillows with a luxurious sigh, "the fewer questions you ask the quicker the seeming mystery will be cleared up."

I gave a half-reluctant promise and then he began: "First of all, what date do you suppose it is?"

I thought for several seconds. "About the fourth of May," I at length replied.

He smiled. "I believe it is about the fifth of December. Is it not, Doctor?"

The doctor nodded and I gave an exclamation of incredulity.

"A fact," he replied. "And the Commissioners from Washington and Madrid are here negotiating for the treaty that will end the war."

"The what?" I cried, rising on my elbow. "What war?"

"The Spanish-American, of course. Didn't you read the newspapers?"

"Well, well. That is peculiar. I haven't seen the inside of a newspaper since I left New York three years ago. The fact is I have been a sort of a voluntary exile from the affairs of the civilized world for that length of time."

"Then you are not in the employment of the American Government."

"Why, no, of course not. What in the world ever made you think that?"

"Well, when you bowled into me so suddenly there at the garden-gate and the next moment I saw that rascally mob at your heels like a pack of hounds in full cry I took in the situation almost at once. Being an American myself I had a natural antipathy to seeing one of my own countrymen laid by the heels, especially when I heard what the pursuers were yelling; so taking matters into my own hands I shoved you over the wall and led you into that peculiar accident in the alcove. That stage of the game, I must confess, does seem rather odd on the face of it, but when one understands the circumstances it becomes quite clear. Ilasco, espying us sliding around through the garden, took us, most uncomplimentarily, for a couple of thieves and would have treated us accordingly had I not managed to free myself and command him to stop. Well, we laid you on the couch up in the long room and in about an hour you suddenly and most mysteriously disappeared. Now, possibly you can explain that."

"Yes," I replied, laughing. "I did not know just what you wanted with me and did not care to stop to investigate. So at the first opportunity I put a little scheme into practice and it worked beautifully." Then I related to

their astonished ears everything from that point, in detail, including, and up to as far as I could remember, my experiences in the crystal room. "But let's have the rest of your story," I concluded. "Things begin to grow clearer."

"Well," he said, "shortly after daybreak the house was mobbed and as the rascals came pouring in through the windows and doors, breathing out their venomous shouts of "Death to the spy!" and "Down with the foreigners!" we beat a hasty and somewhat disorderly retreat to that same crystal room. You can scarcely imagine our astonishment when we found you there stretched out at full length upon the couch, totally oblivious to everything. For a while I had a deuce of a time with the Doctor but finally succeeded in quieting him. We stayed until evening when we sent Ilasco out on a reconnoitering and foraging expedition. He came back after a time with the news that things had been pretty well smashed up, as of course, was to be expected, but the soldiers had arrived in time to save a good deal. The Doctor's medical chest and several other things of like importance had escaped damage. But what interested me mostly was the fact that the Spanish Government was very desirous of obtaining an interview with our august persons, something that I above all things wished to avoid—for reason strictly personal."

I looked up and smiled. "Cuba libre?" I queried. "Perhaps you judge others by yourself."

He nodded and laughed. "Well, at any rate, I soon persuaded the Doctor that it was extremely necessary for me to get out of that place and now came the great question, what were we to do with you? For a while, I tell you, the words flew; and when I suggested that we leave you here and return at some other and more expedient time, the Doctor went up in the air. Finally we hit upon the happy idea of mummifying you. The Doctor took to this as a duck does to water and sent Ilasco on a jump after his medical chest. This contained a number of large rolls of bandages which we dyed until you would have sworn they were a clean four thousand years old and then we wrapped you up in a manner that would have tickled the heart of old Rameses himself. Well, eventually we succeeded in sealing you up in a box and getting you to Paris. But let me assure you that it is no easy matter to be sliding through a hostile country with a confounded Egyptian mummy on your hands. I never took a decent breath until we were well across the frontier. We reached Paris on the eleventh of November and we've been here ever since."

After the close of his account we were all silent for several minutes.

"It certainly is peculiar," I finally said, "exceptionally peculiar. One of the strangest things I ever heard of."

"Yes," the younger replied. "I must confess I never had much faith in the Doctor's theory, but your self-evident case sort of takes my breath."

I nodded and then gazing absentmindedly at the ceiling said: "I just wonder—I just wonder—"

"Wonder what?" he questioned.

"I just wonder what became of Dol

and those Panonians. And—by the way, what is your name?" '

"Oh, I beg your pardon a thousand times. Why—my name is Ananias, the gentleman—permit me to introduce you—is the Hon. Dr. Munchausen.

(The End.)

SONNETS

TO SHELLEY

O, dreamer poet, who couldst fare so well
Into those dim-lit readers of the sky,
Where unguessed realms and worlds unnumbered lie,
Far out upon the heaving ocean's swell,
Wherein the constellations roll, canst tell
How high the spirit on its wings must fly
To see the forms of dreams like thine flit by?
Pray whither leads the road to where they dwell?

But thou art gone, O Shelley, and thy tongue
That erstwhile sang such liquid notes is stilled.
And yet, though thou art mute to there seems
To be the merest thread of distance flung
Across the gulf 'twixt thee and me; and, thrilled,
I call: "O, dreamer dead, send me thy dreams!"

TO KEATS

The slender volumes of thy verse, O Keats,
Is like a statue of the Greeks, most rare
And wonderful, and exquistely fair,
In which the craftsmanship of Phidias meets
A block of England's marble, and completes
It into sculptured form, quite unaware
Of Athens, and with but this single care—
To banish all that Beauty's charm defeats.

In thy brief life but few they were, who thought
That in thy works so much of loveliness
Was treasured up; but few, who would divine
How well that artist hand of thine had wrought.
And yet, didst not thou best of all express
The Beauty in the heart of Hellas shrined? —— '06.

"MORS"

J. W. FRITSCH, '09.

The trees are bare—it is not long since they
  Were vestured in gay Summer's green attire,
  And Autumn's shortlived, bright, resplendent fire,—
Yea, all is bleak. The sun's obstructed ray
With difficulty moveth on its way;
  The winds moan mournfully, and Nature's lyre
  Wafts baleful strains,—the hearth is our desire—
From Winter's chill and dreariness away.

What fear, when we in Death asunder part,
  Can harbored be in true and virtuous breast,
Or lodging find in brave and honest heart?
  As pilgrims, we in Death are truly blest
In that from Death we then do part,
  If we have loved and followed His behest.

THE DEPARTED

JOHN S. ALBERT, '09.

We call you, yet you answer not,
  The ones who've gone before.
We know not where is cast thy lot,
  We wonder o'er and o'er.
No more shall you the mortal see,
  Those days are gone and past,
We hope you're with that company,
  Where joys eternal last.

You have been called when full of years,
  When in the noon of life,
In youth, the days of doubtful fears,
  Those days of love and strife.
Your days were numbered, all by One
  Who gives us each a trust,
Who sends the rain, the burning sun
  On mortals .just, unjust.

Have you that trust in life ne'er kept
  Which God to you has given?
Have you forbidden bounds o'erstept?
  If so, where is your Heaven?
For you there shall be gloom, despair,
  Since you have proved untrue;
Your place is never with the fair,
  With ones more just than you.

CHRISTMAS MORN

FRANCIS H. SMITH, '09.

The aged sexton trodding along,
Is the first to think of the Christmas song;
For his is a duty, precious and rare,
To awaken the dreamers who are freed from care.

So through the sparkling snow he creeps,
While all the world in darkness sleeps;
His early duty he does not mind,
He breaks glad news to all mankind.

At last he reaches the old church tower,
And grasps the rope with all his power;
Then clang after clang re-echoes below,
Reaching each homestead and hearth's dim glow.

The Song of the Bells has now been ended;
From lips of awakened ones prayers have ascended,
For on this day of days we're told,
Our Saviour was born in days of old.

To worship him with humble praise,
By word of mouth and tuned lays,
The Christian goes to his church this morn,
With a feeling of joy and a spirit reborn.

There amid faces bespeaking great joy,
In the freshness of morn, with naught to annoy,
Each takes his place in the silent throng,
Awaiting the break of the choral song.

"Hark! the herald angels sing."
Doth through each humble bosom ring;
And then that blessed story is told,
As it was to the shepherd's keeping watch o'er their fold.

Thrilled by these carols of truth and love,
His thoughts are raised high above
And only too soon doth he have to go
To his home by the path in the crystal snow.

SOMEWHERE

R. R. Rudolph, '09.

On the straight and level Eastern shore,
From the bay ten miles and even more,
Is found a town not large in size,
But which to me is a golden prize.

The Chester river on its merry way,
Rolls through the town day after day,
It warbles and gurgles as it passes along,
Whispering sadness to some, to others a song.

As it comes to the mill its progress is checked;
Through flues it is run for some good effect;
The miller is mopping his brow from the heat,
For there's much grain to be ground, of corn and of wheat.

On opposite corners the hostelries stand,
Signs hanging out with a welcome hand,
The landlords, both plump and honest men,
To delight their guests do what'er they can.

Stores they have there, a half-dozen or more,
Which really sell everything from a pin to a door,
A pharmacy it boasts of and right proud it can be,
Where one can buy "Chicklets," cough syrup and tea.

In this little town three churches abound,
Attended by people from the country around,
On Sunday to service they invariably come,
Giving thanks to the Lord for the good deeds he has done.

Somewhat back from the village streets,
Stand the houses and cottages so trim and neat,
The housewives in linens so clean and white,
Give a welcome to stranger and friend alike.

If ever indeed you are feeling blue,
Listen to this; here's advice for you,
Pack up your belongings and hie yourself there,
To this quaint little town devoid of all care.

LOVE'S MESSAGE

JOHN S. ALBERT, '09.

No music swells the gentle breeze,
The birds are silent in the trees,
The crickets on the hearth are still,
And darkness all the world doth fill.

The silent moon no more doth show
Her brilliant light to men below.
Night, sable goddess, rules the world,
All things are to oblivion hurled.

But soon the rosy morn appears,
Blithe, happy, gay through all the years.
Her light doth chase the shades away,
Bleak night is changed into day.

So, buried in man's nobler soul,
Is pride and wrath without control,
No message of the heart can still
The inner workings of the will.

Dismayed and lost he looks on life;
Deep gloam is interspersed with strife;
No struggles of his humbled mind
Can peace and calm contrition find.

The day of peace must always come
And chase away the night of gloom,
That mortals can from sin and strife
Look calm and peaceful into life.

Then Love, the light of heavenly grace
Comes to this frail and fallen race,
Lifts man from out his sin and shame
To nobler work and purer aim.

Thus man with strength of mind renewed,
With love and deepest thought imbued,
Subdues false pride and higher soars
To bright, unchanged, celestial shores.

REFLECTING

PAUL P. HUYETT, '10.

Without the moon is softly shining o'er the hills and dales,
The wintry wind is wisp'ring now, in woe, its forlorn tales;
Within the family fireside lends forth its glow of red,
And fills the room with odors sweet of oaks and cedars dead.
Now, when I sit within the hall and watch the glowing light,
And see the moonlight softly shedding, golden rays so bright,
There comes to me a gladdening thought of all the thoughts most dear,
Of winter's eves in childhood days, the best of all the year.

How then I sat by the fireside upon my father's knee,
And heard again the stories o'er, the ones that int'rest'd me.
How first he left the good old home to seek the glowing west,
To build the home where now we dwell, the dearest and the best;
How next they hunted animals, the bear, the wolf, the deer,
Or drove away the savage face and lived a life of fear;
And then he told of battles too, on land and sea as well,
Of heroes brave and soldier boys who died in prison cell;
Then, too, he told the country's triumphs in tones of swelling pride,
Our own dear land, its armies too, its navies in their might;
But one of all the incidents that marred his happy life,
That brought the tear-drops to his eyes and filled his frame with strife,
Is when he spoke of country men who fought and bravely died,
To hold the freedom of the South, in valor, and in might.

He spoke of battles lost and won, he told how brothers fought;
He pictured now the bleeding South, the freedom that they sought;
He dwelt upon the lives of men, true heroes one and all,
And finally the enemies' triumph, the sad but noble fall.
And then his eyes would fill with tears, his aged form bent low,
And from his fervent lips a prayer of holiness would flow.
He thanked the Lord for gifts bestowed upon his humble home,
He prayed again for poor ones who had no place where to roam,
He thanked him for the brotherhood that reconciled his life,
A treaty that forever made this country free from strife.
And as I sit and think again of stories that he told,
There comes to me the picture of a hoary-head and old;—
And when I think of loved ones gone who cheered the golden past,
There comes to me the question old, "How long shall *my* life last?"

EDITORIAL

When our paper reaches your eyes New Year's Day will be so far away, that we shall have forgotten the good resolutions we may have made, so we deem it not out of place to devote a little corner of the monthly to a few New Year thoughts. Year after year we make good resolutions only to break and forget them almost as soon as made; but this was in the past. It is the present with which we have to deal. Our resolutions should be for this very day, not for to-morrow. While it is well to look forward to coming days, we should not forget the age in which we are living. Making resolutions should mean more than the mere making; there should be a fulfilling. If we failed yesterday, to carry out our grand aims, we should resolve again to-day. Let us also look into the future; our resolutions being made, and having asked for divine guidance and help to keep them, we can with renewed vigor and confidence meet any temptations that may beset us. In looking into the future, let us keep the present ever before us. We must neither lament over the past or prophesy what glorious deeds we will accomplish in the future, but we ought to "act in the living Present." Why should we worry or groan over our past failures? Longfellow has very aptly said, "Look not mournfully into the past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future, without fear, and with a manly heart." The past days are dead and have no resurrection, but the present days are here, with their advantages and opportunities on the one hand, and their temptations and pitfalls on the other. Which shall we choose? True, the future is before us; but it lives only in our expectations and imaginations. Let us seize the opportunities at hand, fight the temptations that now strive to engulf us; and the future will prove better and brighter than we pictured it in our wildest day dreams.

"Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant,
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!"

It is usually with much interest that the students attend the lectures delivered by Prof. John Lear, A. M., M. D. These lectures are given for the general good of the fellows and should be well attended. Even though you may have heard the lectures earlier in your course, it will still repay you to listen again to these short talks. Dr. Lear has revised his lectures, so that there will not only be some new features, but they will prove exceedingly interesting as well.

It was with much regret that the December number of the Manual came out at such a late date. It was no fault of the management, however, for the delay was altogether unavoidable, being caused by the loss of our proof and copy in the mails. As soon as the loss was discovered arrangements were made for its publication. The story entitled "Transpythagoria," which is concluded in this issue, has excited much interest among the fellows. In addition to the fact of its being a serial, the author's name was withheld. While this helped to increase interest in the story, the title itself has also awakened some curiosity. Now that the story is concluded we print the name of the author, and hope that all have enjoyed the tale. With this number the members of the present staff lay down their pens so that their successors may, with new pens, and bright ideas, take up the work where we leave off and correct whatever errors we may have made. The staff have all worked hand in hand with the editors and this opportunity is taken to thank them for their useful and valuable suggestions. The outgoing staff also thank all those who have contributed to the various numbers, for they have been the mainstay of the Manual.

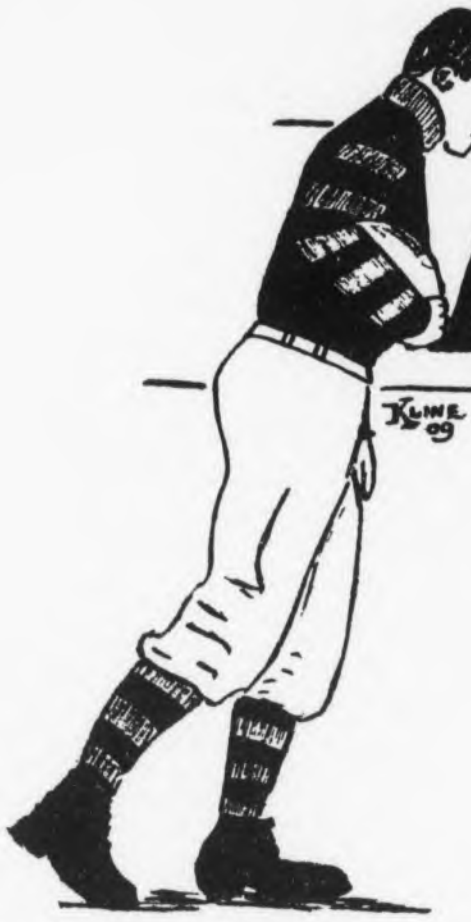
"You cannot prevent the birds of sadness from flying over your head, but you may prevent them from stopping to build their nests there."

Out of eternity
  This new day is born;
Into eternity
  At night will return.

So here hath been dawning
  Another blue day—
Think, wilt thout let it slip
  Useless away?—*Carlyle.*

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.—*Charles Lamb.*

"The Red Reign," a story by Kellogg Durland, is a book which every one should read. It is a true and most interesting story of conditions as they exist in Russia to-day. The author writes about things which he has seen. Although an American, he has traveled over the whole of European Russia, and has mingled, although ofttimes in disguise, with men of the very highest rank down to the very lowest. He flays the Czar and his chief adviser, Stolypine, most unmercifully. According to Mr. Durland's theory, the Czar is the chief exponent in encouraging the carnival of disorder and bloodshed which Russia presents. It is the Czar, who summoned by the Douma and frightened by them, makes the most solemn promises of change for the better, giving the guaranty of law through the National Assembly; it is the Czar, relieved of the pressure and fright occasioned by the Douma, who perjures himself, recalls his pledges, and sends cannons and sabers to the people instead. He maintains that the people will never obtain a voluntary grant of freedom; that their only hope lies in the destruction of the bureaucracy; that liberties can only be obtained through the people fighting for them. Mr. Durland condemns the foreign bankers who loan money to Russia, for by it the autocracy is maintained. He foresees a long struggle, although by no means underrating the short-lived Doumas, for through them the Russian people are learning that the autocracy is their ruin. He maintains that the Czar and Stolypine are arch law-breakers, and that the spectacle of law-givers and rulers so deteriorated, is a menace to the standard of private and public morality. Taken as a whole, it is the book of the day on Russia, whose history is one of the most pitiful in the history of the world. By area a magnificent nation, filled with indefinite resources, it is to be regretted that its progress is so successfully checked by the selfishness and wickedness of a few men. It is a stain on the boasted civilization of modern Europe. Autocracy, by its very nature, is incompatible with modern civilization.



ATHLETICS.

Basket ball is taking the attention of the students at present. It can only be said that since the foot ball men have been barred from participating in the sport, the team has suffered a severe reverse. With practically the same material Muhlenberg would be well represented. But such is not the case. The new men have been trained in the rudiments of the game, and from all appearances Muhlenberg will not be behind her last year's record. The main handicap is the lack of a large basket ball room, which is always necessary for the success of any team.

For the further development of players the editor understands that games are being arranged between the classes, the winner to receive a silver cup. The first of the series was between the Freshmen and Sophomores. These games will be played in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, and the money realized is to help pay expenses of the basket ball season.

SOPHOMORES, 34; FRESHMEN, 16.

The game just before Christmas was well played. The score at first was very close, but gradually the Sophs forged ahead, winning by a good margin. The line-up was as follows:

Sophomores.		*Freshmen.*
Ruhe	Forward	Eberts (Putra)
R. Shupp (Capt.)	Forward	Dampman
Aberly	Center	Boyer
R. Shupp (Huyett)	Guard	Kuder (Grant)
McCreery (A. Shupp)	Guard	(Capt.) Butz

Goals from field—Ruhe, 8; Aberly, 2; R. Shupp, 3; Putra, Eberts, Boyer, Butz. Foul goals—Ruhe, 6; Butz, 8. Referee—Clauss, Y. M. C. A. Time of halves—20 and 15 minutes.

MUHLENBERG, 20; STROUDSBURG, 15.

Muhlenberg opened the season auspiciously by administering a defeat to the strong Normal team, of Stroudsburg. The game was nip and tuck, and despite the game being played on the Normal's floor, our team showed that it has not forgotten the tricks of the game. Ruhe excelled for the locals; his goal-shooting and all-round general work were the

main factors in the victory. Keep up the good work and win all the games on the schedule. The line-up was as follows:

Muhlenberg.		*Stroudsburg.*
Ruhe	Forward	(Capt.) Clarke
Boyer	Forward	Cummings
Aberly	Center	Travis
Shupp	Guard	Brogan
Keiter (Capt)	Guard	Edinger

Goals—Ruhe, 7; Boyer, 3; Clarke, 2; Cummings, 2; Brogan, 2; Edinger, 1. Goal from foul—Brogan. Time of halves—20 minutes.

A hard schedule was prepared by the manager but the Faculty Committee have approved only the following:

Jan. 10—Stroudsburg Normal at Stroudsburg.
Jan. 18—Franklin and Marshall at Allentown.
Feb. 1—Stroudsburg Normal at Allentown.
Feb. 8—Ursinus College at Allentown.
Feb. 15—Susquehanna University at Allentown.
Feb. 28—Susquehanna University at Selin's Grove.

These words are addressed to the student-body. Help the team along. Attend all the games and give the wearers of the Cardinal and Gray your heartiest and loyal support, whether in defeat or victory.

PERSONALS

We are sorry to announce the death of the father of Calvin Schugar, '09.

Huff, '09, and Whitteker, '09, made war on their stomachs during the holidays(?) thus lengthening their vacation somewhat.

Dr. W.—"Why is that the normal order?"
Miller, '11—"Because the subject precedes the verb."
Dr. W.—"No, because the verb follows the subject."

Beidler, '09, is "apple supply" for the Dormitory.

Sine (Anthony, '08) plus cosine (Wohlsen, '09) equals Haasen Peffer.

Sailors want the C's, farmers want the B's, students want the A's, and no one wants the D—'s.

Keiter, '08—"I believe Dr. B. teaches us Astronomy, so that when we die we can navigate through the heavens without bumping into anything."

Kleckner, '10, was confined to his home due to a severe attack of la grippe.

Lewis, '11 (pointing to electric light)—"Who put that light in a bottle?"

Reed, '10; Tanaka, '10, and Snyder, '10, are minus quantities.

Wunder '11—"I wish there were a drug which would make a dull fellow bright."
Behrens, '11—"I think I should use several cases a week."

Albert, 09, has become a member of the "Red Nose Club." He is advised to read the essay on "The Nose," published in this issue.

EXCHANGES

The literary supplement of *The Ursinus Weekly* is an interesting addition to the paper. The articles show skill and ability.

The essay on "Robert E. Lee, in the *Sketch Book,* is a masterly production. The manipulation of the material, in order to present the heroic qualities of Lee, is excellent.

The Christmas number of *The Sorosis* contains both quantity and quality. Its plan of offering prizes for stories and poems is worthy of imitation.

The December issue of the *Canary and Blue* shows that its staff has ability and takes great pains to make the paper a success.

The Touchstone for December is little —but, Oh, my! Every page contains something good and interesting for the general reader. Its literary merit is great.

The Hill School Record has a very attractive cover. R. D., '08, is to be congratulated on his copious contributions to the paper. In particular, his beautiful poem, "The Call of the North," gives evidence of talent. To be brief, we must say that the entire manual is composed of elegant productions.

The Hall Boy is to be commended for the rapid progress it is making toward perfection.

The *Purple and White* has a neat appearance, both outside and inside.

The Comenian for December was read with desire and delight.

The Karnx is interesting, but its value could be increased, if more material were forthcoming.

The Albright Bulletin is read with relish by Mr. R. R. Urich, '10. After each monthly investigation, he delivers the following criticism to his bosom friends: "The editor of the Albright Notes is a very conscientious individual. Her department always displays the careful worker. Her style of composition is very "catchy." The sentences are perfect gems of poetry clothed in prosaic garb, etc."

We also gratefully acknowledge *The College Student, Res Academicæ, The Drexel Echo, The Perkiomenite, Normal Vidette, The Forum, The Blue and Gray, Purple and Gold.*

Of the numerous exchanges which occupy our tables, we have noticed, in the course of the last few months, that without exception every paper steadily improved either in appearance or in material.

"Truth, they say, lies in a well—
A paradox forsooth,
For if it lies, as people tell,
How can it then be truth?"

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THE STUDENT'S ENEMY

JAMES H. S. BOSSARD, '09.

O, thou destroyer of our health,
  Our strength, our energy, our nerve,
Dost gain o'er us a subtle power!
  Ever faithful slaves, we serve.

Worst enemy of our souls and minds,
  We know the harm thou dost;
Still, of all evil habits, we cling
  To thee, and love thee most.

O, fiend, that robs't us of ambition,
  We hate thee, curse thee! yet
We're fool enough to buy thee, use thee,
  O, cigarette, sweet cigarette!

Was Mir Nanner Ferzehlt Hen

H. S. Paules, '08.

Nat weit fum Bullfrogaschwam, about zwa mile uff dara sight a'm Grottadahl is an Stettel. Wie ich sohn glehner Springer war hen mer's als Balwiertown kasa, awer noh wie ich mohl venich uff gawaxa war sin die Leut g'scheiter warra un hens Stettle rum gadaft. Now gehts beim nama Sigarstettle. Ich hab der Dody mohl gfroght wies kumma is das sies Stettle als Balwiertown kasa hen, uhn noh hut er mirs gesaht. Sagt er, es war als for about finf un zwancigh Yahr zwuck an Barber doh im Stettle das wunderbahra Dinga gaduh hut. Sagt er, es war in sellera zeit wie ich als die mammie g'spärkt hab, as er die Dinga gaduh hut. Mohl a Somstag Owet wie ich bei deinera Mam war frogt sie mich. "Hocht du ah kehrt was der Barber do konn doh drunna ih'm Stettle?" Ofcourse ich hab nix dafun gawist funwaga ich hab mich immer selver gabalwiert. Noh hab ich gesaht nee sag mirs. Ei sagt sie er sagt er kennt anichma Monn oder Weibsmensch sei Haar ferennera zu anighra Fareb as sies hawa wotta. Ei wie konn er don des do hab ich g'frogt. Well er hut unnerschittlicha Messera. Balwier Messera, as er weit bei grickt hut un wan er doh Ebber mit balwiert duhn die Haar sich ferennera. Un no sagt sie ich hab ah gamahut ich wot mei Kub balwiera lossa das ich schwartza Haar grick. Ich hab nix gasaht awer es hut mich ah gawunnert wie die Mam gucka date won sie bloot gabalwiert wahr. Well sag ich, Dody hen fiel sich balweira lossa? Yah sagt er es hen so fiehl Weibsleit annera Haar hawa wolla das die gohns Nochbarshoft foll blotta Weibsleit g'schprunga is. Hut dee Mammie sich ah balwiera lossa? Yah sure hut sie. Er hut zeha Dahler schtick gecharged, un ofcourse yeders hut es ehrst sei wolla. Es hen sich about zwa hunnert balweira lossa in anera Woch un da nechta Mondag meyra war der Barber fort, er huts Geld kott, die Weibsleit hen zeha Dahler bazahlt for Haar das sie nat grickt hen, un es Stettle hen sie Balwiertown kasa.

Ich ways selver noch gans gute wie es Stettle rum gadaft is warra. Sellie Zeit war ich about fufzah yahr olt. Die manner un Weiver, Buva un Mäd, glaa un gross, yung un olt sin weit by kumma fah zusehna was es dough gebt. Es wahra finf funn uhns yunga Buva in der Nochbarshoft os about die same elt kotta hen, un now wan ich zurick gook wase ich dass mir finfa ols olla dewalstrach gadriva hen was zu denka war. Sella Owet wahra mir alla finfa am Stettle. Dough war der James Warmkessel, der Daniel Heffelbauer, der Adam Fenstersheib, der Jacob Hoyschrecker un ich. Die Buva sin als oft on unser Hans kumma funn waga sie hen als immer gesaht der olt Kissinger un sei sohn John wahra fina Karhls un ich denk sel mocht wenich

weil ich so gross feel dehl zeita. Un es kann ah sei das sie my Schwestera wen-ich gaglicha hen funwaha ich hab als gamahut der Dan Heffelbauer kaamt efter als notewenich, un er hut ah als wenich schebba Awga noch der Betzy g'schmissa. Well was ich saga hob wolla funn dem Stettle rum dafa war des. Die Leut hen selly zeit gamehut es Stettle ware rumgedaft one sie an Frollick hetta un an uffgalaybt die zeit. Mir finf Buva hen dafor ausgamacht kot das Yeders date sei Dody frooga eb er es erlawa date for uns an Madel hame zunemma wan die Frollick ware. Es is uns all erlaubt warra un ofcourse mir hen all gewist grawd well Madel dos mer frooga datea wan es dort ware. Zu allem Glick warren die finfa dort das mir hawa hen wolla. Der Jimmie Warmkessel hut sich glei ahgemacht bei der Alice Schnappermaul. Ich hab g'schena os er paar mole mit ihra gaduntz hut un wan als an set iver war hen sie sich als zurick kocht un nonner so schmachlich ahgagookt as wie wan sie nanner schun zwancig Yahr gute kenna datea. Wie der Jim about an Sthunn bei ihra war hut er mir gawunka as ich sot mit ihm nous gay. Mir sin mit nanner aus der dunz Stub un er hut shier net warrta kenna biss mer drous wara. No secht er. "Ich hob sie g'froght un sie hut gesaht, sure konnst du mit mir Hame gay wan dich behaaft." Der Jim hut mich no g'frogt eb ich schunn ehnie g'frogt het, awer ich hob net katta.

Anichar for an long Ding katz zumacha, der Dan Heffelbauer is mit der Ida Handwerick Hame, der Adam Fenstersheib mit der Jennie Knobloch, der Jake Hoyschrecker mit der Effie Bockastah un ich hob ganunk Mood uff grickt for die Flossie Buhnasthiel zu froga un hob sie gawiss ich lebe ah Hame ganumma. Sie war an gons schterns schaa Madel un es reit mich Heit noch das ich sie nat sivazamohl gabust hab instats ucht amohl, awer es hut nicks ous gamacht ich hob blenty chance kot die zeit. Sie hut die schansta roda Backa kot un bloha Awga as gaglitzert hen wie an Fenstersheib wan die sun druf scheint. Ich hob als gadenkt so an schaa Madel wie die Flossie is kens may zufinna in der gonsa Welt. Un wan ich gawist het sally Zeit was Lieb ware het ich sure gasaht ich ware in Lieb iwer Kob un Ohra. Un was so kayohs war, war das Yeders funn da onera Kahrl ah des mäd fever katta hen. Der Jake war kronk wan er die Effie nat olla Woch paar mole sehna hut kenna. Un der Adam, well ich hab mich shier grum galacht wie er mir ferzehlt hut wie schaa die Jennie Knobloch ware, was an feina Nohs sie het un so schaana Ohra, wie fei os sie ihra Fingernegel gadrimt het, un er hot mir ah gesaht das die Jennie ware es enchicht Madel os er sei lava g'schana het das die sivit Schaahate uff em Board het. Ich denk wan der Adam sell g'schana hut missa sie shun zimlich nagcht bei nonner kocht hava. Awer der Dan ziter as er die Ida Handwerick Hame ganomma hut sella Owet wase shier nimmie wu ihm der Kob schtate. Am Dan Heffelbauer sei Bawerrei war grawd navich unsera, un ich un der Dan hen monich mole mit nonner unich em schada Bahm kokt wan mir am bluha

sei hetta solla, awer funn da Mäd schwetza war uns liever. Mohl a Dog is der Dan river kumma wie ich am bluha war un hut mer ferzehlt funn der Ida Handwerick. Es war afangs September un mir hen alla finfa ous gamacht kotta das sella winder datea mir uns ready mocha for es nacht Yahr eritz noch der College zugay. Der Dan hot mer gasaht das es date nix ousmacha zu ihm wan er ah noch der College gengt funwaga er date anyhow die Ida seilava nat fergessa. Well sag ich Dan ich hab als schun kehrt das en mann sei Ideas errick ferennert weil er an der College is. Well secht der Dan sell is all recht awer wan ich die Ida greeha kan is sie mei. All recht hab ich gesaht mer wella mohl paar Yahr warta un sana was du no sacht fun der Ida. Denkscht dan du Dan sag ich die Ida gleicht dich so fiel as du sie gleicht, hucht sie schun gabust un recht gadrickt, hucht sie schun uff deinera Schoos kat oder hucht sie schun uhm der Hals katta. Der Dan is gons weis im Gschicht warra un hut fa paar minuta nix gasaht, noh secht er, "John, sellie dinger du ich net biss sie mohl secht dos sie my Frau sei will." May hut er nimmie gasaht un is ob Hame.

Sella winter hen mir all zimlich hart galarnt un ich denk wan mir als net so fiel on die Mäd gadenkt hetta, hetta mir may gawist wie es Zeit war for noch der College gay. Wie es summer warra is hen mir ofcourse all widder uff der Baverrei g'schaft, funwaga mir wara all Bavers Buva. Mir hen alla finfa Fuhra kaht un ganunk Gelt for user Mäd an all die Picnics zunemma uff weit un brate. Darich seller summer hen mir all decida missa noch wellera College oder University dos mir gah wotta. Mei Dody hut gasaht ich sot noch Bucknell gay weil sagt er dei Uhrgrossfadder war ah an Bucknell un ich will hava as du ah he gayst. Ofcourse ich bab als immer gado was mei Dody gasaht hut wan ich nat stahrkebbich warra bin. Der Jake Hoyschrecker hut sei Mind uff gamacht for noch Muhlenberg zugay, noch sellera grossa Schtadt Allentown, woos schana Mäd beim dutzind hut. Sei Unkle hut ihm ah gasaht selly gla College Muhlenberg het die menschta advantaga im gonsa Lond, un weil der Jake so shier war wie sei Unkle is er hie woo er gesaht hut er sot. Der Dan Heffelbauer hut long nat gawist woo er hie will awer about drei Wocha eb die Collegie g'schtart hen war er driva bei da Ida Handwerick. Es Handwericks wara all Presbaterians un die Ida hut ihn es lecht rum gabladert for noch Lafayette zugah. Mir hen long nat gawisst was der Adam Fenstersheib will awer wie die Zeit kumma is is er noch Cornell. Sei Dody hut gamant es ware es becht fa ihn wan er so weit funn Hame ware os meglich, os er net so fiel on die Jennie denka date, awer ich denk sei Dody hut forgessa dass der Adam doch an die Jennie denka kann wan er ihn ah noch Deutschland schicka date. Der James Warmkessel is es weitscht gonga. Ich wase nat was am Jim ei kumma is. Er un die Alice Schnappermaul waren olfert so gross mit nonner zitter der Frolick awer wie er sei Mind uff gamacht katta hut for noch der College hut er en Idea grickt os die Mäd

business g'schtupt sei muss. Nat das er die Alice nat gaglicha hut awer er hut gasaht funn drei biss finf Yahr ware zu long for fonna nous zugucka. Da letchta Owet os er Dahame war is er nuff gonga ons Schnappermauls un hut da Alice gasaht er gehnkt noch Yale. Sie hut howa wolla er sot ihra ahls schriva awer der Jim hut sei Mind uff gamacht kotta un da erriger das die Alice keilt hut da wenicher hut sies gabaht. Sella September sin mir finfa noch unsera unerschittlicha Collega. Darich der summer hen mir als nonner net oft g'schena biss mohl a Vacation iver Krischtag hen die Buva mich wissa lossa os da Somstag Owet kahmta sie river zu mir. Mer hen uns all ready gamacht. Ich hab Fire in der Parlor gamacht, mei Schwestera hen sich ufgadressed, der Dody hut sich schaa sauver gabalwiert, un die Mommie hut sacha ready grickt for zu drinka un essa.

Am about halwer achta is der Dan Heffelbauer kumma. Der Dan hut net weit zukumma kot weil die onera drei all about drei Mile fun uhns gawohnt hen. Ich hab der Dan als efter g'schana os wie die onera drei, ich league nat wan ich sag das in all denna drei Yahr un a halb as mir in der College wara hove ich sie nat may os zwa mohl g'schana. Der Dan hut sich errick ferennert kotta, anichar er war nimmie was er war wie er ehrst funn Hame is. Er hut uns no venich ferzehlt funn Lafayette un iverdem sin die onera drei kumma. Wan du sie g'schana hetscht eb sie noch der College warra un hetsch sie no sella Owet g'schana hetscht du gesaht es wara net die sama Kahrls.

Mir hen nanner fiel zuferzehla kat. Es is so shier gar anich ebbes g'schwetz warra so long das mir Buva net lanich wara. Wie es so shier zwelf uhr war sin die onera all ins Bed un no is es ehrst ob gauga. Mir hen about an Stunn fun College Dings g'schwetz un no is es about gonga wies oft gate wan paar so Karhl beinanner sin. Mir sin no ans Mäd schwetza kumma. Ofcourse es hut yeders es ehrst sei wolla un no hab ich gasaht ich date en Motion macha wan sie all agreed wara, das mir nanner unser Mäd experience ferzehla data. Sie wara all agreed under Jake Hayschrecker hut gasaht er wut es ehrst sei.

(To be continued).

Wit, Its Uses and Abuses

What is wit? For an answer we will quote from Sir Thomas Overbury: "Wit is brushwood; judgment is timber; the one gives the greatest flame, the other yields the durablest heat, and both meeting make the best fire." Wit is often confounded with humor, but this is a mistake, for although almost all wit is humor, not all humor is wit. Wit is precise and compact in idea and expression, while humor is more leisurely in movement. The distinction drawn by Carlyle, referring wit to the head and humor to the heart, is full of meaning.

Wit is by nature hard and cruel. Most wit consists of direct retort or repartee, where the thrust, to be effective, must strike home and be quick, for often the very point of the witticism lies in its heartlessness and readiness. Humor is better-natured; in its broader forms it calls forth more hearty laughter, it exhibits more tenderness than wit; it has also a wider range and often contains a deeper truth. But let us not think that all wit is cruel for often a witticism may have no sting to it.

There is one form of wit which, despite contempt, has a remarkable vitality —the pun. And yet, why should the pun be scoffed at? Many of the cleverest witticisms are in the shape of puns, while many of the most famous wits were celebrated punsters. Of course, puns are often liable to be too far-fetched, being, perhaps, upon a subject or person unknown to the reader; but one like that world-famous answer by "Punch," to the query whether life was worth living: "It all depends on the liver," has a world-wide meaning.

The eighteenth century in England was pre-eminently the age of wit, producing as it did, Swift, Pope, Addison, Steele, Walpole, Johnson, Boswell, Curran and Sheridan, desides many others of lesser degree. At the same time there lived in France that cleverest and cruelest of all French wits, Francois Marie Arouet, better known as Voltaire. Voltaire's and Pope's wit were of the most biting and sarcastic kind, and many were the people that were stung by their serpent-like tongues. Swift was more ironical, Johnson more argumentative, while Addison's wit was of a more kindly and gentle form. During the last century there have been, with the exception of Jerrold, no famous wits, for already the rush and push of the present day were making their inroads, and the coffee-houses, the gathering places of the wits, slowly became a thing of the past.

Too often a witty answer has caused pain and ill feeling, for the tongue, like the pen, is mightier than the sword. But with it all, the absence of true wit, in these strenuous days, is to be deplored, for without doubt, wit is the highest and brightest part of the conversational art. But let us remember that it takes "A soft answer to turn away wrath," while "Brevity is the soul of wit."

PARKE MOYER SHERER,
M. C., 1911.

Henry D. Thoreau

"Little Minds," writes Elbert Hubbard, "are interested in the Extraordinary; Great Minds in the Commonplace." This seems to be a self-evident truth, also a fair standard by which to measure men. This standard of measure when applied to Thoreau brings him to the front rank of the greatest minds America has thus far produced.

Nothing is too ordinary for the attention of this genius. He prefers ordinary walks, ordinary scenes and ordinary themes. He delights in the themes of Nature, which he so joyfully worships, since she reflects him so gloriously. Yet to him, "man is all in all, Nature nothing but as she draws him out and reflects him." He spent hours watching the smoke curl from distant chimneys; if a frog jumped into the pond on his approach he waited patiently for its reappearance; and in his journal he records spending a whole September afternoon watching some crickets hop out of a sandy gully into which they had fallen. All his life, with the exception of a few long trips and his four years at college, was spent in and about Concord. Day after day he rambled about the surrounding hills and meadows—Conantium, Fair Haven Hill, The Cliffs, Clamshell, Assabet, etc. Never tiring of the familiar landscape, never desiring a farther journey and a newer scenery; he always found a newer and greater joy in the solitude of the woods and the close communion with Nature. His walks were always taken etirely alone, save for the company of a botany and occasionally a field-glass. Even a dog was too much company and would mar his reflections.

This desire for close communion with Nature was not an artificial one, bred by reading and the study of the natural sciences at college. (The fact is, Thoreau was never very well acquainted with science. Though he always carried a botany about with him, he despised systematic botany. He would have had a botany in which flowers are described by the thoughts they aroused in the one who saw them; a descriptive botany he calls it.) From his earliest childhood, when he drove the cows to pasture, he would linger about the fields and wayside, admiring the charms of nature, and at the age of twelve he was collecting specimens for the Herbarium of Agassiz.

His journal, started in the year of his graduation from Harvard (1837), and continued to the end of his life, is an autobiography of a new order. It is not a record teeming with daring deeds, schemes of money-making or plans for the amassing of wealth. It is a record of his many rambles and boat excursions about his beloved hills and meadows, teeming with poetic descriptions, lofty thought and sound philosophy. This, according to Thoreau himself, is a true autobiography. "Our thoughts," says he, "are the epochs in our lives; all else is but as a journal of the winds that blew while we were here."

The range of thought that occupied his mind during his rambles was unlimited. Starting generally with the objects close at hand he would soar to the most abstract themes. As a poet he was highly imaginative. Though he dabbled in verse till he was thirty years old, he never accomplished anything in that line. His lines on "Smoke," however, received some comment from Emerson.

Thoreau did not believe that mankind must earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. He knew that the world was made to be enjoyed and his whole life was a holiday excursion. He was aware that this hustle and flurry that we often call life is not life but merely existence. Instead of working six days and having a holiday on the seventh, he would have had the order reversed. Holiday six days and work on the seventh seemed to him more like the natural order.

Anxious to establish this as a truth, and also to get closer to the heart of nature, he built the hut at Walden Pond, which has since become famous. This hut he considered no more his own than any other natural retreat. "No curtains to its windows, no lock to its door, it belonged almost as much to nature as to the man," says William Ellery Channing. Here he lived for two years, reading, writing and admiring nature. He made frequent visits to Concord, not that he was lonesome, but he found it utterly impossible to live entirely independent of his fellows, as he had expected. For, though he raised most of his food and made most of his clothes, still there were some things he had to depend on others for.

At Walden he lived in perpetual adoration of the beauties of nature. In the trees and flowers he saw God at first hand, and he knew that this was heaven.

"I cannot come nearer to God and heaven
Than I live to Walden even."

He knew that "heaven is a habit," and he formed the habit early in life.

This may account for his not being philanthropic. For if heaven is here for him, it is here for all men who have courage enough to leave society alone and set to work enjoying the world.

He never took any active part in the struggle for human freedom. However, he became very enthusiastic over the seeming injustice done to John Brown. He was fond of children and genial to his kin, but did not mingle very much in society. He made the acquaintance of a few eminent men and women of his day, chief among whom was Emerson.

Thoreau, though not a church-goer himself, thought the church a good institution, which should be taken advantage of to make the most of life. It is from this that most of the charges of egotism that are brought against him arise. But "Egotism," says Emerson, "has its root in the cardinal necessity by which each individual persists to be what he is." His cardinal necessity was contact with nature, the spring whence gushed forth all his thoughts.

An Epoch-making Revolution

CHARLES T. JACKS, '08.

A story is told of a king who was returning from a victorious compaign. His subjects had gathered in a vast multitude to welcome his return and celebrate his triumph. An old man, with gray head and tottering limb, had joined the throng, and was gazing upon the splendid procession that was passing by. A prince, wearing the equipage of the returning king, spies the old man, and, struck by his appearance of manifest joy, asked him the reason for it. The old man replied. "He is my king, the king of my country, and therefore I share in his victory." The spirit of that old man was that of loyalty—loyalty to his king and to his country.

The spirit of allegiance, love of country in time of defeat as well as of victory, has been a moving impulse in the history of the world. Without that spirit no nation can weather the storms of time.

The question with America, to-day, is whether its citizens are loyal, loyal to themselves and loyal to the government. Are we making the most of our independence and our liberties? Are we conserving the heritage of the past?

Politics have raised up feuds in our country that are destructive to the best interests of the people. The socialist is abroad in the land, preaching his levelling doctrine. Financial conditions have awakened a feeling of distrust and danger. The army of the unemployed threatens the disruption of industrial relations. The greatest and best men in our day, see, under the alarming phases of present-day conditions, the necessity for a more fervent allegiance to our country, a purer-minded patriotism. Above and beyond adherence to party platforms, or callous indifference to governmental policies, must come that wider outlook which sees the necessity of maintaining the integrity of Republican government at all hazards, "to the end that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, may not perish from the earth." Even now the forces are beginning to work which will eventually bring about a great, and let us hope peaceful revolution of thought and sentiment, breaking down party lines and placing character above policy. The good of the people will be placed higher than party success in the eyes of the masses —a new interpretation, and a grander, will be given to the spirit of loyalty.

Americans are loyal by nature. That sentiment of loyalty rings down the decades of American liberty and reverberates through the annals of our history. The first American colonists were intensely loyal to their king. It required the petty tyrannies and stupid oppressions of years to arouse the conviction that personal rights, the elemental personal rights of liberty of conscience, of

action and government, are more sacred than blind devotion to hereditary kings. During the Revolution the fires of many a hard-fought battlefield refined much of the dross from early conceptions of liberty, and loyalty to a dynasty was transmuted into devotion to an idea—that of representative government.

After the Republic was launched came the first alignment of poltical parties. Federalists insisted upon the adoption of the Constitution; Anti-Federalists cried out against its adoption.

The Constitution was ratified, and the Anti-Federalists passed into political oblivion. But conditions raised up new parties almost at once, divided as to the method of construing the Constitution.

Thus, it will be seen that political parties have been coeval with the Republic itself. Various issues have brought them into prominence. But the most serious fault of partisanship ever has been that peculiar atrophy of vision which prevents many from seeing the defects in their own party and leader and the good in the opposition or its leaders.

When the growing shadows of the "irrepressible conflict" began to darken all the land, the tide of rabid partisanship rose apace. Amid the conflict of parties and the scathing censure of political faction, a man of the people stood forth, a golden sun of morning to light the nation through the darkness of Civil War. The Emancipation Proclamation came as the proudest inspiration of Lincoln's great, patriotic heart. The assassin, whose unrighteous hand dealt the blow that brought death to Lincoln and sorrow to a loving and grateful people, was urged on by a misguided, fanatic partisanship. For Lincoln, the patriot President, there is the martyr's crown and the affection of a people unto remote generations yet unborn; for Booth, the misguided zealot and narrow partisan, the obloquy and hatred of posterity.

After the Civil War the two great parties grew in power. Until recent years the lines were closely drawn. But when the cry of oppressed Cuba reached our ears party distinctions were forgotten for the while. From the land of the pine and from the land of the fragrant magnolia, from the East and its cities, from the West and its plains, America's stalwart sons rallied to the standard, pledging themselves in the cause of humanity and freedom.

Still more recently has come a truer reading of an old, old text, "Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people." The significance of those sacred words has touched the heart of the American people. We have seen a commercial awakening. With every disclosure of unfair business methods has come a more insistent demand for honesty in the everyday dealings of man with man. And at last it seems as if the twentieth century would see the blossoming of its most beautiful flower, rising from the muck and dirt of existing political conditions, purity in politics and honesty in public office. Else what means the growing demand for honesty in political life? What mean the prosecutions of which your daily newspapers

are telling the story? The people are coming to their own; they demand an accounting of the trust imposed in public officials. And if a party is recreant to the trust, the masses are ready to step across the lines to follow the lead of character and truth, rather than be betrayed by the delusive pratings of "principle" and "policy."

The cry of the age is for men:

"God give us men: a time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor, and who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And scorn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking."

Trusts and combines, corporations and spectacular financiers are trying to place the seal of avarice on this epoch. But they will never succeed. The revolution is on. Partisanship is being changed into patriotism; loyalty to a clan is being transformed into allegiance to country, that great and sacred sentiment which will keep this nation safe through the changes and vicissitudes of countless centuries yet to come, and until the Eternal Morning dawns upon our shores.

EDITORIAL

In taking up the work of editing THE MUHLENBERG the new staff feels that it has a great work before it in order to maintain the high standard which the publication has already attained through the efforts of those who have preceded us. There is hardly any need for comment on their work, which speaks for itself in more ways than one. In order to follow the precedent which has been established, the new staff needs the hearty co-operation of each and every student at college. It is only by practice that we become proficient in any line of work. In no sphere of development is the truth of this statement more manifest than in composition. A thought is the embryo of an expression; a word is the germination of that thought into the flowering of a sentence, which may arouse the desire in some one for nobler and better action. If unexpressed, the thought in your mind is of no use to the people around you to whom you owe a duty of expressing that thought which God has given you in order to stimulate your fellow-men to duty and action. A good rule for your thought-life is this:

"SOW A THOUGHT—Reap an act;
SOW AN ACT—Reap a habit;
SOW A HABIT—Reap a destiny."

It makes no difference whether the contributor of an article is a Freshman or a Senior; but if you have a thought which you would like to express, you owe the expression of that thought to a piece of paper, and in turn you owe that piece of paper to the editor. However simple the thought is or its expression, it will be beneficial for you to express it, and it may be just what some student is looking for. Perhaps:

"Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again."

We would especially appreciate contributions from the Freshmen. The paper is not published for a few contributors but for each member of the college. Your work may not compare with that of an upper classman. What of that? Perseverance wins. Remember the words of the poet:

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

It is not the mute, inglorious Milton or the unknown Cromwell, whose pen writes a splendid epic, or who leads armies to victory. The victory with the pen or the sword lies with the man who is "Up and doing."

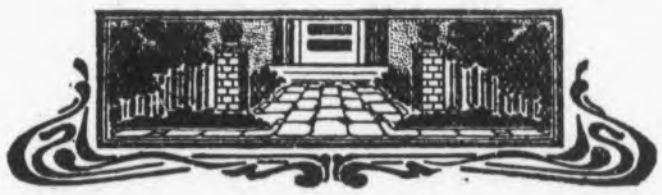
There are a number of scientific men

at college whom we would like to disturb from their lethargy in contributing to THE MUHLENBERG. Science presents a broad field for discussion and a multitude of interesting subjects are constantly being revealed. Any scientific article will be gratefully received and will be eagerly read by the classical as well as the scientific men at college, who are interested in subjects of the day. A man should learn to express his thoughts intelligibly whether he is an M. D. or a D. D.

Hand your material in by the 10th of March.

The Pennsylvania German dialect story has gained a place in the columns of most of our leading magazines. From Paules we publish a fine story of this class. The German dialect story is an innovation among our contributions. Mr. Paules has had several of his poetry compositions accepted by the *Pennsylvania German,* and we hope that he will favor us with some inspiration from his poetic muse for some issue in the near future.

The Glee Club is representing the college in a creditable way this season. The word "success" can be written across all the undertakings of the student organization. To foot ball we lay the foundation stone of our building of success. The basket ball team has about laid a second stone on the athletic pier, which is to be capped by an interesting series of inter-class contests. Beside the Herculean edifice comes the foundation stone of our success in art as manifested by the splendid production presented by the Dramatic Association. With the opening of spring athletics we will look for "new worlds to conquer." It remains with the student-body to continue the good work along these lines.



"A Victor of Salamis," as its name suggests, is an historical novel by William Stearns Davis. Though not one of the most recent books—having been before the public well nigh a year—its exceptional merit induces us to bring it to the attention of such of our readers as are not already familiar with it.

The book is a tale of the days of Themistocles, Leonidas, and Xerxes, of the struggle for vengeance and empire by Persia on the one hand and for liberty and native-land by the Greeks on the other—a struggle whose issue was so momentous to the Greeks and so pregnant with good or with ill for all Europe. Says the author: "Had Athens and Sparta succumbed to this attack of Oriental superstition and despotism, the Parthenon, the Attic Theatre, the Dialogues of Plato, would have been almost as impossible as if Phidias, Sophocles, and the philosophers had never lived. Because this contest and its heroes—Leonidas and Themistocles—cast their abiding shadows across our world of to-day, I have attempted this piece of historical fiction."

In our opinion, the selection of this crisis of history for the warp of an historical novel was a happy one, and the weft of story woven into this warp of fact has produced a fabric no less happy either in conception or workmanship.

The story woven about the hero Glaucon and his false friend, Democrates, contains all the elements essential to a first-class tragedy and would be an excellent drama could it be reduced to a form admitting of presentation on the stage. Replete with action (the times demanded action) whose result is always in doubt, but never exaggerated, never over-wrought, the story is fascinating throughout and truly Greek in spirit, especially in this, that it observes the Greek proverb, "Nothing too much." In its essence and in the maner in which it is told, it would not be unworthy of a Scott or a Dumas. Dull indeed must be the reader who does not keenly appreciate this story so excellently told of how Nemesis was not mocked but came to her own at last.

There are other phases of the book, however, which, to the student of Greek history, are no less charming than the story—phases which the general reader

fails fully to appreciate. Mr. Davis is thoroughly familiar with the history of the time in which the scenes of his story are laid. Using this knowledge as a guide to his imagination, he has painted for us mental pictures of those events and personages in Greek history and of things, Greek, in general, concerning which we would know so much and history tells us so little.

In the prologue to the book, the author introduces us to the Isthmian games, and here we make the acquaintance of Themistocles, Leonidas, Simonides, the poet; Cimon, son of Miltiades, and Glaucon, our hero, who, with bated breath, we see win the pentathlon by the skin of his teeth. Leaving the stadium and the merchants' booths behind, we follow the exultant procession to Elensis, thence to Athens, and triumphantly enter the latter city through a breach of twenty cubits in its wall. Once in Athens, we loiter in the Agora, mount the Acropolis, see the festival of the Panthenæa, conscious all the time of "the shadow of the Persian" hanging over the city. By following the fortune of Glaucon, we arrive at Sardis, get a glimpse of the marshaling of the vast host, witness the arrival of the "god-king," and proceed with the army through Thessaly to Thermopylæ, where we behold the annihilation of the bravest army of whom history bears record. The consternation at Athens, the evacuation of the city, the discord among the commanders of the Greek fleet, the stratagem of Themistocles, and the battle of Salamis are portrayed in their natural sequence. These events, together with "the avenging of Leonidas" at Platæa are described graphically and, we must believe, with the greatest verisimilitude. Throughout the entire book the author teaches us the customs and mode of life of the Greeks in a manner that obviates all possibility of our forgetting them.

Not the least of the virtues of the book is its style which is so clear and flowing that "he may run that readeth."

PERSONALS

Grossman, '09 (in Latin)—"Quo Fugiamus." "Whither shall we flee?"

Prof. Jacobs (to Seniors)—"For example of mediæval ideas, I refer you to the Allentown trolley system."

Nonamaker, '09—"Dr., don't the worst fellows make the best ministers."

Dr. H.—"What is illusion?"

Green, '09—"A false deception of the mind."

Dr. H.—"Nothing once in our consciousness is forgotten."

Junior—"What's the use of exams. then?"

Dr. O.—"What were the characteristics of Henry VIII?"

Wohlsen, '09—"He was a stout man, stout all around."

Smith, '09 (in English)—"The Pope sent a bull to Henry VIII."

Dr. O.—"Have you read Plato's Republic?"

Butz, '09—"Not in the original."

Bossard, '09 (in English)—"In 1145 the first Bible was invented."

Dr. Hass—"In a sculpture, provided it be not Quay, you can show lines of character."

McCormick, '09—"Dr., is there any relation between a wild man and a wild ass?"

Dr. W.—"Prepare for an exodus."

Reitz, '11 (playing Hassen-Peffer)—"We ought to stop playing since lately."

Rudolph, '09—"I get my inspiration south of the Mason & Dixon line."

EXCHANGES

The articles on "Hamlet" in *The Perkiomenite* are both interesting and instructive. Their authors are to be commended for their productions.

The Albright Bulletin, although not as attractive in appearance as some of the papers on our exchange table, contains several articles of distinctive literary merit.

The article in *The Seminary Opinator,* entitled "Some Curious Manuscripts," is exceedingly interesting.

The Touchstone is well gotten up. Its articles are written in a breezy style, which appeals to everyone.

The editors of *The College Student* are to be congratulated on the fine magazine they turn out.

The Buff and Blue comes to us in its usual pleasing form. The article, "Wordsworth's Treatment of Nature," shows that the author had complete knowledge of his subject. One thing noticeable in this monthly is the absence of a "personal" column.

The last *Red and Black* (Reading High School) is up to its usual high standard.

The article, "Conservatism vs. Radicalism," in *The Narrator,* is worth while reading.

First Fresh—"Ain't ye got no brains?"
Second Fresh—"I ain't said I ain't."
First Fresh—"I ain't ast you is you ain't; I ast, is you?"—*Ex.*

The Maryland Collegian contains some very good "paragraphs" and jokes. A short story or two and an essay would give variety to its contents.

The Karux is on a par with *The Canary and Blue, The Tatler, The Cherry and White,* and *The Purple and White.* All of these are welcome exchanges on our table.

Every lassie has her laddie,
To whisper words of love;
But every lassie has a daddy
To knock on the floor above.—*Ex.*

An Exchange Column is the only improvement we can suggest to the *Midland.*

The Penn Charter Magazine is one of the best papers we receive. All the elements essential to a good school paper are present, and every editor on the staff

does justice to his department. We recommend it to the attention of our readers.

Tramp (as he hurries over the back fence)—"If he ain't the rudest dog I ever seen. He not only made me get up, but he took my seat."—*Ex.*

We acknowledge with thanks, the receipt of *The Delaware College Review, Garnet and Blue, Blue and Gold, The Spectator, The Hasbrouck Sphinx, The Anvil, The Vedette, The Papyrus, Res Academieæ, and Comenian.*

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PAX

BY RALPH R. RUDOLPH.

Many times throughout the day,
My thoughts they wander far away,
To a little place below the line,
That parted the North and South one time.

When father and son locked in deadly strife,
Struggled and strained for each other's life.
Family ties and the nearest kin,
Were all forgotten midst the battle's din.

Chaos reigned supreme as king,
Covering the land with his shadowy wing.
Four long years of blood and gore,
Then the blue and the gray one evermore.

And now 'tis well both here and there,
Frightful war is garbed in despair,
Where once was heard the clash of arms,
Now lay the cities and quiet farms.

United again the two now stand,
By grace of God and His guiding hand;
Hatred and vengeance are known no more,
While friend loves friend as he did before.

"Organ of Infatuation"

PAUL H. RUDH, '08.

What makes a man fall in love? What makes him so foolish as not to go in doors when it rains? What causes that delightful, nerve-tickling sensation of the heart? How does he become smitten with that most inexplicable disease? Is it not because the gentle creatures, with whom men become enamored, possess some great and mystical power? In what does this power consist? Where is that irresistible force located? Is it not in their eyes that this strange power is hidden? Is it not the eye that is the organ of infatuation? If it is the eye, what particular part of the eye is the divine abode of Cupid? We take it, although others may differ, that the Son of Venus resides in the eye, and that this little charmer lives on Eye-Ball Heights. To be more explicit we imagine his secret hollow to be Iris Manor-house.

This circular, flattened, and disc shaped castle is situated behind the translucent Cornea Apartments, in front of Crystilline Lens Avenue. The mansion called Iris, in which the force of feminine affection resides, is that building which gives the characteristic color to the Isle of the Eye, namely, blue, brown, gray, and so forth. This beautiful abode of that most beautiful sentiment has a wonderful, circular window, which perforates its centre. This window of the eye, through which the Soul of Love is continually gazing, is called the Pupil. Through this window the Inflamer of Love sends his piercing arrows. The window is shielded by two curtains, an upper and a lower, which we call the Eye-Lashes. When Cupid is most active, he pulls down the upper curtain, winks slyly, then darts his pointed instruments at the most promising victims.

The resident of so wonderful, beautiful, and bewitching a home is, indeed, most clever and wise. He resorts to many arts and devices to fulfill his duty. While looking steadily through the mysterious window, he beholds many worthy men. The eye, being an optical instrument, constructed on the plan of the camera-obscura, takes a photograph of the various specimens of lovable gentlemen. After trying several of his artifices upon each in turn, the Heart Piercer discovers their value, then places them in a pigeon-hole in the Hall of Records, called the Retina. Here the various characters are weighed and tested. When it is found, after due inspection, that they do not meet the hopes of Cupid's employer, they are put on the shelf to become covered with dust. Others, who do not exactly meet the requirements, are deposited in the safe, where they are left to await developments.

The peculiar power of a maiden's eye is due to the various shades of color found in Iris Castle. This variation of color in different eyes depends upon the distribution and number of residents in the Uvea and Stellate Parlors of the cas-

tle. These fair inhabitants of the mansion are known by the name of Pigments.

The power of infatuation is the effect the Pigments have upon the victim, that comes under the glance of the Soul of Love, who is ever staring out, from between the curtains, of the dark but shiny window. In the darkest colored eyes the family of Pigments is very large, while in the lighter colored, they are few in number; but more powerful. The relative qualities of the Pigments is exemplified by the many different tinges. The particular colors of the various Iris Castles typify the special natures of the feminine bodies to which they belong. It is surely, not a matter of marvel that Cupid should live in so attractive, elegant, and handsome a home, as Iris Castle, situated on the splendid heights of the Isle of the Eye. It is also true that Cupid has many mansions—in fact, one in every daughter of Eve. In each mansion Cupid mixes Pigments peculiar to the nature of the individual. We can now discover how the Son of Venus captivates the unsuspecting victim.

Beams from the eyes of women do very quickly captivate "wise and wary heads." When a man is drawn within the compass of sweet, alluring eyes, a peculiar sensation comes over him. The surrounding atmosphere seems changed. He lives in a new world. The wind becomes a "divine afflatus" to him. The poor fellow becomes enraptured with the color of Iris Castle. Cupid knows how to expose just so much of the color as to attract the bashful and shy fellows. Brown eyes are "eyes that are fountains of truth and song." They are thoughtful eyes where meditations grow "sweeter and sweeter, deepening like the dawn." These are the eyes that the ardent admirer cannot forget. They fill his whole soul. He sees them in wakefulness and sleepfulness. They are omnipresent. The man who has been shot by an arrow from the window of a brown Iris Castle is lost. The brown eye demonstrates that the fair fascinator has a nature which is easily irritated and quick tempered; but very forgiving. They are kind and gracious to all, so they expect to be treated in the same way.

Blue and brown eyes are they which, when the Aqueous Humor flows, "shine like the moon in waters seen by night." It is then we see that pure, lovely—that liquid eye. The eye that glistens and sparkles like a star. It is the eye that seems to drop heavenly dew. The eye that coaxes, allures, captivates, and conquers all who look upon it. Cupid's work is done when once the King of Waters overflows the window of the soul, and the rays from it are focused in the heart of some sympathetic worshiper.

There is another class of Iris Castles which to a large extent rule the world. These castles rule the world because their possessors rule men. Some men become the slaves of women. All that some accomplish is done for the glory and comfort of their "better-halves." The grey Iris Castles are evident in natures who have imagina-

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tle. These fair inhabitants of the mansion are known by the name of Pigments.

The power of infatuation is the effect the Pigments have upon the victim, that comes under the glance of the Soul of Love, who is ever staring out, from between the curtains, of the dark but shiny window. In the darkest colored eyes the family of Pigments is very large, while in the lighter colored, they are few in number; but more powerful. The relative qualities of the Pigments is exemplified by the many different tinges. The particular colors of the various Iris Castles typify the special natures of the feminine bodies to which they belong. It is surely, not a matter of marvel that Cupid should live in so attractive, elegant, and handsome a home, as Iris Castle, situated on the splendid heights of the Isle of the Eye. It is also true that Cupid has many mansions—in fact, one in every daughter of Eve. In each mansion Cupid mixes Pigments peculiar to the nature of the individual. We can now discover how the Son of Venus captivates the unsuspecting victim.

Beams from the eyes of women do very quickly captivate "wise and wary heads." When a man is drawn within the compass of sweet, alluring eyes, a peculiar sensation comes over him. The surrounding atmosphere seems changed. He lives in a new world. The wind becomes a "divine afflatus" to him. The poor fellow becomes enraptured with the color of Iris Castle. Cupid knows how to expose just so much of the color as to attract the bashful and shy fellows. Brown eyes are "eyes that are fountains of truth and song." They are thoughtful eyes where meditations grow "sweeter and sweeter, deepening like the dawn." These are the eyes that the ardent admirer cannot forget. They fill his whole soul. He sees them in wakefulness and sleepfulness. They are omnipresent. The man who has been shot by an arrow from the window of a brown Iris Castle is lost. The brown eye demonstrates that the fair fascinator has a nature which is easily irritated and quick tempered; but very forgiving. They are kind and gracious to all, so they expect to be treated in the same way.

Blue and brown eyes are they which, when the Aqueous Humor flows, "shine like the moon in waters seen by night." It is then we see that pure, lovely—that liquid eye. The eye that glistens and sparkles like a star. It is the eye that seems to drop heavenly dew. The eye that coaxes, allures, captivates, and conquers all who look upon it. Cupid's work is done when once the King of Waters overflows the window of the soul, and the rays from it are focused in the heart of some sympathetic worshiper.

There is another class of Iris Castles which to a large extent rule the world. These castles rule the world because their possessors rule men. Some men become the slaves of women. All that some accomplish is done for the glory and comfort of their "better-halves." The grey Iris Castles are evident in natures who have imagina-

tive, artistic, and poetical ideas. Altho beautiful grey eyes contain the windows of a tender, loving, and generous heart, they also delineate a very sensitive soul and feelings that are very easily hurt. The steel grey eyes depict cold, hard, and determined natures. These eyes are like lamps of fire that "searcheth the heart." When the inward spirit is aroused they flash like lightning. You can be sure they know the ways of the world, and are not easily deceived. Cupid is very particular in his selection of mates for the owners of steel grey eyes. They are the piercing, magnetic eyes, and when they discover the right fellow, he is drawn to them by an irresistible force.

There are two other kinds of female eyes worthy of consideration. The one is the eye of mixed colors and the other is the green. The mixed eye would naturally be a combination of all the other Pigments, so the various natures would also be a combination of the qualities in proportion to the number of different Pigments prevalent in each particular mixture. The discussion, however, of the natures of the castles of mixed colors we will leave to the judgment of the reader. The green Iris is found in the cold, sleek natures of the talented women. They are usually very clever and cunning. A look from their windows makes one shiver, for one feels that their bodies are inanimate and that their hands have a clammy touch. Since there are exceptions to every rule, there are some beautiful maidens possessing green eyes, who are very warm-hearted and lovable.

What is man? Even with all his boasted strength, what is he? He cannot resist the eye of a woman. He becomes enraptured with the color, the lustre, the depth of her eyes. He cannot break away from that power, which emanates from that wonderful window of the soul, behind which Cupid is ever sitting. There is no help for a man who comes within the glance of a designing woman; because "the light of the eye rejoiceth the heart." Shakespeare truly said, "a lover's eye will gaze an eagle blind." He also shows how wild and distracted a man can become, when he makes Biron say:

"I will not love; if I do, hang me; i' faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. . . . . By heaven, I do love; and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool sent it, the lady hath it; sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady!"

The Student and Prayer

Whether a word on the subject of prayer in a college paper needs any apology, I am not in a position to state, but we know that this subject does not receive the attention of most students as it should.

In this busy, bustling age, prayer seems to be too frequently overlooked. We are in too much of a hurry. Let us stop a moment ere we rush on. In our race we fail to recognize its importance. Not only is prayer a means by which high ideals and noble purposes are inspired in the hearts of men, but also the medium through which men are endowed with the power and ability to realize those ideals. If we survey the list of the great leaders of the world in every age, we discover that they were profound believers in the power of prayer. Without a kneeling Luther the Reformation could never have been a reality. It required something more than human skill and genius to accomplish such glorious results. The callous on Paul's knees, occasioned by frequent prayer, brought the seeds of the Christian faith westward, even to imperial Rome. Abraham Lincoln, the emancipator, achieved his noble purposes by means of the inward power and assurance acquired in secret prayer and supplication. As a final example of thousands which might be cited, we behold the Saviour, himself, kneeling beneath the evening sky in devout supplication.

If ever there was a man who could have lived without prayer, it was Christ, and yet He is our grandest Exemplar. It was prayer that illumined, beautified and transfigured His life, that kept his vision of moral duty clear. How much more ought we in our weaknesses and failures look for divine leadership? Who of us does not feel the need of a strong guiding hand? Amid the perplexing problems and worriments which at times seem to engulf us, succor surely would be most welcome. And yet, we find ourselves dragging along day after day, destitute of ambition, with anything but an inclination for study. What a student needs is ambition, purpose and power. With these success is assured. In our lax condition we are apt to forget that "life is real, life is earnest!" Why should we not make the best of our lives, especially when we can have all for the asking?

To live without prayer is to live without stability. We become as "chaff which the wind driveth away." As chaff, we lack nourishment, and cannot expect to bear fruit. Through the soothing influence of prayer we become as "a tree planted by the rivers of water." We have roots now; we can imbibe nourishment, and as a result, bear fruit.

Some claim that a prayer, to be effective, must be long drawn out. Such is not the case. A petition like that of the publican, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner," simple as it is, is

long enough to work wonders. We ought always to ask for divine guidance before beginning evening study or daily recitation. "Men ought always to pray, and not to faint." Therein lies the source of power. We cannot all be Luthers or Lincolns, but we can all accomplish what is set before us in the most effective manner by following this advice of Christ's.

Trench, who experienced the revolutionizing influence of prayer, presents it thus in one of his sonnets:

"Lord, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make!
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,
What parchèd grounds refresh as with a shower.
We kneel and all around us seems to lower;
We rise and all the distant and the near
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear.
We kneel, how weak; we rise, how full of power!
Why, therefore, do we ourselves this wrong,
Or others—that we are not always strong,
That we are ever overborne with care,
That we should ever weak and heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy, and strength, and courage are with Thee?"

FREDERICK C. WUNDER, '11.

An Indian Legend

WARREN L. EBERTS, '11.

Last summer I had the good fortune to be able to spend a part of my vacation at Lake Winola, a clear body of spring water, about seven miles in circumference, situated in the northern part of Pennsylvania, about twenty miles northwest of Scranton. It was while visiting this beautiful spot that I heard the sad legend of Indian love given below.

Many years ago there lived on the shores of Winola a tribe of Delaware Indians. Their chief, Mattahonck, was a great warrior and hunter. He had a beautiful daughter, Winola by name, whose eyes were dark as the midnight shadows in the water of the lake by which she dwelt, and whose beauty was the pride of the tribe. For years they had lived on the shores of the lake, enjoying an unmolested existence; but finally a band of white men came to hunt and trap in this region. The leader of this party of hunters was one John Brooks, a young man, by far the best favored, both physically and morally, of the band. The Indians and the white men met and installed a

treaty of peace between them. During the meeting Brooks met the chieftain's daughter.

Now, Winola had had many lovers from among the young men of her tribe, but had refused all of them. However, when she and Brooks met, it was a case of love at first sight with both, and the old, old story was repeated. The youth asked the chief for his daughter's hand, and was refused, and even forbidden to see her.

Stolen meetings between the girl and her lover aroused the warrior's ire, and he had the girl put away in seclusion. The two now no longer met, and the girl pined for her lover. She would lie for hours weeping and dreaming, and continued to do so until she was but the shadow of her former self. The father, grim old warrior that he was, could not understand the reason for her decline, but laid it at the door of young Brooks.

One day, upon meeting Brooks, Mattahonck charged him with causing the girl's illness. High words ensued, and in the altercation which followed the chieftain slew the hunter. Upon returning home, Mattahonck boasted of his victory over the white and showed the scalp to his admirers. The daughter, recognizing the scalp to be that of her sweetheart, was almost beside herself with grief, alternately denouncing her father, and begging her lover to come to her. Later she grew calm, apparently accepting her lot; but that night, when all was still, she crept down to the lake where the lilies grew in great abundance, and, after walking on the shore for some time, she cast herself into the cold depths of the lake. The body of water which became her grave perpetuates her name—"Winola."

This, in brief, is the legend handed down by generations of men, and it is said that from this beautiful young girl did the lake receive its pensive beauty and the peace which pervades it.

Yesterday, To-day and To-morrow

Time divides itself into three periods —yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow. Each grand, each peculiar, and each measureless. The guardian that presides over the past, or yesterday, is called Memory; the present has no guardian by name, and the divinity of the to-morrow, or future, is called Hope. There is no eloquence, no poetry, no process of reason, that can do justice to the beauty and influence of any one of these periods. Looking backward and forward, the heart becomes overwhelmed by the wonderful mysteries of the theme.

The study of the distances in the heavens, in which we learn and discover that there are suns and stars whose first rays of light could not have reached this world in less than a million of years, is scarcely less bewildering than the contemplation of the yesterday, and the to-morrow. Led by its own impulse, the human heart has always prized to-morrow more than to-day or yesterday, and hence

Tennyson, Longfellow, Milton, Whittier, and Shakesepare have written most of their poetry in the name of Hope.

Hope has always been the popular goddess of this earth's children; but when we reflect we can truly say that the days which are now in the past are like a mother whose youth and powers of mind and affection have all failed in the life-long devotion to her children. And their lives, their love, their works, and their language and songs of the very present are a direct inheritance from the one who is soon to be recalled from their sight, and quietly ushered into the lines of the past.

Thus, yesterday is the mother of us all, and the tombs of all the nations, as well as their ruins, are only marks on the forehead of this great parent, and finger-posts pointing to eternal heights of loss or gain. The future greatness of man may be but a dream, but the past is a great fact, a great experience, of which nothing can rob us, and whose worth no thought can overestimate. Therefore, life is not worth living, but for the mental, moral, physical, and spiritual progress of self and of all mankind. The great graves on our battlefields and cemeteries of today are those that cover the dust of hearts that did some work, and who in all ages past and to come have taught, and will continue to teach, mankind, by words, by acts, and by example.

Why should man alone have vanity? In a word, the sea gives us her music and roar without egotism. The nightingale sings its unseen notes among the wild thorns of the silent night. The flowers fill the air with perfume, and the sun pours down its gentle beams in a similar manner, all without boasting. Yet man alone has vanity, because he has been blind to what he experienced in the past, and lives too much in the proud promises and glories of the future.

It is only when the past begins to be recognized by the mind that (a spirit) the soul looks back at its own path, and at the great path of mankind, and that a spirit rises from that wide ocean of love which drives away all self-worship and self-glory, and makes man stand in a combined strength and humility, the only combination worthy of man or his Maker.

Yesterday holds the battlefields in which Freedom won her cause by the martyr's blood. Yesterday contains the failures and experiments of all tyrants. Yesterday contains the onset and the defeat of every form of vice and sin. Yesterday holds the ashes of all beauty and of all life in the past, except that of the soul with God.

God has not without reason left such a wonderful history behind his children of to-day. It must be that out of the world that has been in the past, there is always flowing down to those who are now living, a stream of wisdom and character that bears them onward to a sacred destiny. To-day is the sublime part of life, because it is continually creating that yesterday which will follow us, go where we may in this life or one to come. If this is so, as we all know and feel that it is, then there is one thing better than all high resolve—namely, noble deeds al-

ready done. Better, therefore, than hope of great things to come is the memory of good already performed.

We are among those who have not yet had theirs completed yesterday, or past, but in whose hands destiny of the past is lying all untouched and ready to be formed for joy or grief, victory or defeat, and success or failure. Let us not then despise the value of to-day and fill our eyes only with the vision glittering Hope. Let us not sit on the banks of this present fleeing stream of time to run by and bring us the beautiful future, but let us pour out our hearts, minds and lives upon this present, since it is creating a yesterday whose smile, if it wears one, will never perish, and whose tears of sin, if it has any, not even a merciful God will wipe away.

Thus life should not go on deceived by a glorious hope, but it should be vigorously pressed forward by the example of noble days that have been lived by those who are gone. The chief part of our life is not that which spreads out before us, but it is that which will soon be back of us, and whose texture of noble deeds is out of golden threads, and cast forward to eternity as the south wind carries northward in spring the songs of birds and the blossoms of flowers.

Hope for the future has herself founded upon Memory of the past. A glorious past, and a glorious past only, can produce a glorious Hope. Therefore, comparing both Hope and Memory, Memory of the past laws, fates, and deeds, is the foundation of the Heavenly City. Hope may be compared to the sweet blue sky in which the structure rises. Combining both Hope for the future and Memory of the past, coming to the grave, he only can look forward with the greatest of joy who can sweetly look back to noble deeds already performed. EDGAR O. REITZ.

Was Mir Nanner Ferzehlt Hen

(Continued.)

All right sag ich mir wella hara was der Jake zusaga hut. John secht der Jake bicht du sure das dei Schwestera net doe ova am Uffarohr hucka? Ach sag ich die sin shun long im Bed un fang yucht amol ah. Noh hut der Jake awgfanga.

Well ihr wissa denk ich all noch gons gute wie ich seller Owet wie die Frollick war die Effie Backastah hame ganomma hab. Ich hab als gamahnt die Effie ware all right. Ich war ordlich oft gonga fa sie zusana, un hob als zu mir selver gasaht. Sie kann kocha, un backa, un die Eigel schpiela, un is schaa, un reich, un schmart, un yucht about an Madel wie ich ahns gleicha date zuhava. Des Ding is so schlimm wara g'schwicha mir un der Effie das ich may bei ihra war das wie Dahame. Wan ich net bei ihra war hab ich an sie gadenkt, wan ich nat an sie gadenkt hab hab ich fun ihra

gadramt un Owets hab ich bei ihra sei wolla. Well Buva ich will eich grawd saga was letz war mit mir. Ich habs Mäd fever katta un mei Dody hut mich gakuhrt wie er mich nuch Muhlenberg gschikt hut. Wie ich nuch Allentown kumma bin about es ersht Ding das ich gaduh hab hab ich da Effie an Postal Kort gschikt fun Berks Hall, Muhlenberg College. Ich hab gadenkt wan sie selly grickt no gleicht sie mich besser. Wie ich mol an der College war no hab ich may fun der Welt ousgfunna. Ich hab glei g'schana das es yucht so schana Mäd in Allentown hut as wie die Effie is, un alla gabut hab ich ehns g'schana das ich gamant hab ware schenner das wie sie. Anichar ich hab als wenicher an sie gadenkt biss ich es lecht so wenich an sie gadenkt hab das mèrs fagessa hasa hut kenna. Ich kan nat ucht grawd saga was die Uhrsach war awer anichar so is es gonga. Dyrich my Freshmann Yahr is net feel kappened in der Mäd line, awer wie ich mol en Sophomore warra bin huts awfanga schtava. Mol a Sundog-Namiedog hab ich an Introduction grickt zu der Mary Samuels. Es hut mich of course net long ganumma for sie besser bakant zuwarra. Es is ah net notewanich das ich eich alles ferzehl was kappened is. Es is so zimlich gute gonga bis ich so shier dyrich my Junior Yahr war. Ich hab no gadenkt now will ich either wissa eb die Mary mich gleicht oder nat. Well ich habs ah glei ausgfunna. Nat as ihr denka das ich gaproposed hab, awer es war dochs naacht ding dazu. Ich hab sie gfrogt eb sie willing ware zuwarta biss ich gagraduate het. Sell hut sie by surprise ganumma funwaga sie hot sich awgschikt das wie wan sies not recht ferschtanna het undoch hot sie gawist was ich main. Zumletschta hot sie gasaht sie wist net was zusaha. Ich hab gasaht sie mist either "Yar" oder "Nee" antwarta, un no hut sie gasaht, "Nee." Sie hut howa wolla das ich sot doch alsamol kumma sie sana ower sell hab ich gasaht date ich net. About an Monat noch dem hab ich mol a Dog an Brief grickt fun der Mary. Sie hut hawa wolla ich sut sie witter zurich nemma. Es ware mir lever gawest won sie mir gschriva het fawass das sie "Nee" gasaht hot sella Owet. Ich hab gadenkt now wan ich ihra schribe un sag das ich kent sie nimmie zurick nemma no sagt sie mir fawass das sie "Nee" gasaht hot. So hab ich gaduh, un no of course fa mir zuweisa das sie an ausret katta hot fa "Nee" zusagha hot sie mir gschriva fawass sie so gasaht hut. Sie hut gschriva das ich wist das veil zurick ihra Schwester keiert het un fun sellera Zeit ah het sie, die Mary, gadenkt das so kent sie sei lava net do fa mol ihra. Hamet falussa. Fa sell het sie sich selver glawa macha das sie even mich nimmie gleicha date. Now hetta ihr Buva ihra net awe fergeva? Ich hob, un now sehn ich die Mary efter wie dafor. Sell is all das ich eich zuferzehla hab.

Well ich denk der Dan Heffelbauer is es naacht.

Yar John secht der Dan es is wahr warra was du mir gasaht hocht. Ich hab schun so feel Druvel katta dyrich die Mäd das ich alls schun gawinscht hab sie wara net woo ich sie sana date. Ich war about zwa yohr an Lafayette biss ich

mol die Ida gons uff gawa hab. Ich bab ewa en Idea kot das es ware ucht a Madel in dahra gonsa Welt das mich suita date, un sell Madel ware die Ida. Un no hab ich ah gadenkt wan ich sie net grewa kan will ich gohr kennie. Du wecht John das mir als gasaht hucht ich date die Ida mol a Dog fergessa won ich an der College ware. Ich hab dirs net gaglobt awer es is so kappened. In Easton huts ah scana Mäd un ich denk won mer recht dahinner kehmt sin sie schenner wie die Allentowner Mäd. Ich bin wie ich en Junior war anie in Easton bakanut warra beim nama Beulah Kramer. Ich hob als gamahut die Ida ware schaa awer schwetz fun schaahate. Won die Beulah net about finf mol scenner war wase ich nix. Es is net notewennich das ich eich sag ucht wie schaa sie war anichar all das ich saga kan is sie was grawd mei Stile. Sie war net ucht schaa im Gschicht awer sie hut ah schaa gaackt. Es war ken Event an der College das ich sie nat dort katta hab. On all da Foot-Balla Games, Basket-Balla Games, Lectures un ich wase nat was all noch. Dyrich my Junior Zohr is alles all recht gonga awer wies Senior awgfanga hut hut die Buhla awenich kargahs gaacht. Es hut mir gscheint das wie won sie mich nimmie at all gleicha date wie dafor, un ich denk ich muss mol ebbes gaduh howa das sie net gaglicha hut anichar sie is eneritc may mit mir he. Die zeit hab ich ols oft gadenkt es ware endousandt mol besser gawest wan ich sie seilava net gschana het funwaga ich kon sie anichar net fergessa un grewa kon ich sie ah net. Ihr Kahrl wissa now about all wie ich schta in der Mäd business un may will ich net sawa.

Der James Warmkessel fun Yale is es nacht.

Well Buva ich denk biss ich fartich bin saga ihr all das my Story ware ken Mäd Story. Ihr wissa all das ich die Alice uff gawa hab eb ich noch Yale bin. Ich will eich grawd im awfang saga das ich die zeit nix may mit da Mäd zudo katta hab. Now ich denk sell scheint grawd about as wie won es net wohr ware, ower es is. Ich kan eich ah saga ferwass das ich ken Madel hab. Im erchta blotz, ich hab nuch kenny gfunna das mich suit, un ich wase net won ich mohl so anie fin eb ich sie greea kan. Wan ich kenny greea kan das mich suit dan will ich gohr kenna. Now of course froga ihr mich, "Wie muss dan die see?" Well sie muss an zimlicha guta Lering hawa, sie muss wissa wie Hauzuhalta, sie muss an guter Entertainer sei, sie muss die Piano schpiela kenna, sie muss about so gross sei das wie ich, sie muss schaa sie un muss mir wersa das sie mich gleicht. Now wan ich ken so anie finna kon don bleib ich an Bachelor. Of course ich sag net das ich net oft winsch ich het an schaa Madel os mich suit funwaga ich feel oft lonesome. Ich feel grawd os wie won ich ebbes net het das ich hawa sut, ower ich denk ich dreff "Sie" mol a Dog aw. Wan ich net do dan of course do ich net. May hab ich eich nat zuferzehla.

Der Adam Fensterheib is der nacht.

Ich denk es date zu long warra wan ich eich alles ferzehla wot was mir schun kappened is in der Mäd line. Ich hab

zudo katta mit about zaha, may oder wenicher. Ihr wissa all das ich en erriger Kahrl bin fa die Mäd zupleasa un aw zufoola, un alsamol foola sie mich. Es sin awer paar das mich ah schun gapleased hen. Eb ich noch Cornell bin war ich errick in lieb gfalla mit der Jennie un ich muss saga das ich sie Heit noch es becht gleich. Ich war mol so weit mit der Jennie das mir about dreifartels keiert wara un wans net fa mei Dody gawest ware ware ich Heit ferleicht en keiter Monn. Die Jennie war ucht an common Madel un wie ich mol awhile an Cornell war hab ich woll gschena das sie mich nimmie basst wan ich mol an College graduate bin. Dehl onera fun meina Freint hen mers sama Ding gasaht. Ich habs es letscht gaglabt un hab die Jennie uff gawa.

Zitter sellera Zeit hab ich don un won my Aug now uff die katta un no witter uff sellie biss do zumletschta. Ich hab en schaa gla Madel awgdroffa do weil zurick das a wenich hot zufertchta is, un ich kan eich net ucht grawd annaweil saga was es noch daraus gebt. Ich hab en Idea sie is all recht awer eb sie so denkt fun mir wase ich net. Es is now schun ordelich schpote un ich denk mer lossa der John Kissinger noch awenich schwetza no gaha mir hame.

"Ich hab eich gons venich zusaga," secht der John. Es gate mir yucht about wie eich all. Die Flossie wissa ihr hut schun weil an annera keiert un ich geb aw nix drum. Des Madel was ich bakont warra bin weil ich an Bucknell war gleich ich orrick gute, ower es schtate mir ebbes im Wage. Olsemol wase ich net eb ich es gute ganunk gleich oder nat. Dale Zeita main ich ols ich date un no widder main ich ich date net. Was es daraus gebt wase ich net.

Yar well John saga die onera "So is es uns schun oft gouga," Grick unser Reck. Mir missa hame. Good-by, John.

THE END.

The Great White Plague

C. HAROLD MCCREARY, '10.

The wiping out of this terrible disease is one of the most important Sociological problems of the present day. A few facts concerning the treatment and prevention of it, should be of interest to the college student, who, in his future professional capacity, can become one of the most important factors in its extermination. For centuries consumption has ravaged the population of European countries, and in America has assumed such proportions, that to-day its death rate exceeds by far that of any other disease. Over one million persons die annually of consumption, Pennsylvania alone contributing from eight to ten thousand. Societies for the prevention of tuberculosis are springing up all over the country. The purpose of these societies is not only to prevent the spread of the disease, but to treat and cure, if possible, those who have already devel-

oped it. To obtain the best results, these societies need the co-operation of the public in general, and more particularly of the consumptives themselves.

One of the first requirements in the treatment of any disease is a thorough knowledge of its primary causes. Tuberculosis is caused by a minute vegetable germ, the tubercle bacillus. So small are these bacilli that if four million of them are paced side by side ,they would only cover a surface the size of a pin head. These bacilli attack the lungs, where they generate a poison, which is taken up by the blood, and carried to all parts of the body, causing fever, stomach disturbances and other symptoms. Certain special disease, such as scrofula, hip-joint disease, and certain kinds of abscesses, can be traced to the tubercle bacillus.

Tuberculosis can only be contracted by exposure to the tubercle bacilli. The bacillus is fond only in the sputum. By controlling the sputum and destroying the germs it contains, we can prevent the spread of the disease. The careful consumptive is harmless, and ignorance and carelessness are, in a large measure, responsible for the alarming proportions the disease has assumed.

During the past ten years more has been done for the treatment and prevention of the disease than during the previous fifty years. Until recently, consumption was supposed to be hereditary, as well as incurable. Both these beliefs are erroneous. It cannot be inherited, and can always be cured if treated in its early stages. You may hear of cases in which three, four, and sometimes whole families develop the disease. This can be easily explained by the fact that the family is continually exposed to the disease. Take, for instance, the child of a consumptive mother. The mother prepares the food, tastes it with the same spoon, and perhaps even cough in the face of the child. Or, perhaps the father has the disease. He sits around the house, expectorates on the floor, the sputum drys and powders, and is being continually inhaled by the other members of the family. Is it any wonder the disease should spread under these conditions?

In combating the disease, we should always begin by attacking the breeding places of the bacilli. It is a well-known fact that the tubercle bacillus can only exist in dark, damp places. Consequently we see the need of thorough ventilation and plenty of sunlight in our homes. The exercise of cleanliness is an equally important factor. In the densely populated districts of the larger cities, and in many country homes, all rooms not in constant use are kept closed, shades closely drawn, and the windows never opened. Once a week, perhaps, the floor is swept with a dry broom, raising the dust which settles in curtains and other furnishings, thereby increasing the danger of infection. The abandoning of carpets, and the use of rugs which could be taken out into the open air and thoroughly cleaned, would overcome this evil.

One of the greatest evils in the treatment of tuberculosis is the so-called patent medicine. The word patent means honest, and these medicines are anything

but honest. The name only is patented. The majority of patent medicines contain only two active elements, alcohol and opium, whose actions are known to everybody. Under the Pure Food and Drugs Act, all manufacturers are required to print on the label the amount of poisons and alcohol contained. Even if this is carried out, we have no guarantee that these labels are correct. The patent medicine business is carried on through extensive advertising, in which many false statements are made. All claims made for any medicine in relation to consumption are untrue. This disease cannot be cured or even checked by the use of drugs. The only means of salvation for the consumptive is through the free use of Nature's own remedies, fresh air and sunlight. The great evil in the use of patent medicine lies in the fact that the consumptive who uses them finds that they check his cough, and for a time relieve him, due to the alcohol and opiates. He wakes up to find himself growing weaker and weaker, and

Tuberculosis is essentially a disease of the poorer classes, very often attacking the wage-earner, thus cutting off the food supply of the family and exposing its members to the ravages of the disease. The establishment of free dispensaries has been the means of salvation of many a consumptive of the poorer class. These dispensaries supervise the treatment, and, in needy cases, furnish the food required. The treatment consists in spending a large part of every day in the open air, partaking of four meals a day, each consisting of three glasses of milk and two eggs, and in absolute rest. Each patient keeps his own record of temperature, pulse, and other facts of importance to those in charge of the case. No case in its early stages has failed to respond to this treatment. All cases are treated in the home, where this is possible. When the conditions are such that this can not be done, the patient is sent to one of the sanatoriums under the supervision of the State.

The most important factor in preventing the spread of the disease is the education of the poorer classes. For this purpose the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis has established an exhibit, to be carried from city to city, in order that the public may know what is being done along these lines, as well as to instruct in the principles of prevention and treatment. The exhibit consists of photographs of homes in the poorer sections of large cities before and after coming under the care of the Society; model rooms; camp models; tables of statistics, and many other things of use in the treatment of the disease. It also contains a complete set of pathological specimens, showing the normal and diseased lung tissue.

The education of the school child is one of the most important objects of the exhibit. The instruction of the child in the cause and methods of the prevention of tuberculosis, together with the cultivation of the fresh air habit and practice of cleanliness, will assist to a marked degree in the extermination of the disease.

With the excellent system of compulsory courses in physical education now

in force in most colleges, the percentage of students developing tuberculosis is comparatively small. As the future professional man, coming in contact with all classes, the student should be well versed in all points pertaining to the prevention and treatment of tuberculosis. The physician cannot cure; he can only teach. When we take into consideration that ignorance along these lines is the one great cause of the prevalence of the disease, we can readily see what an important part the college man can play in the extermination of the "Great White Plague."

Sophomore Banquet

One of the most delightful and enjoyable events occurring during a man's college career is the Class Banquet.

The Sophomore year is appropriately termed the Charybdis, which must necessarily be passed on that not smooth voyage of acquiring a college education. Amidst the labor and intellectual exertion which are occasioned by this Charybdis, a banquet undoubtedly furnishes a most pleasing respite and a most effective means of recreation after mental application. This is what the present Sophomore Class determined it to be when they decided to hold their banquet on the evening of the twenty-first of February, at the Lochiel Hotel, Harrisburg.

All necessary preparations and arrangements had been made a long time in advance, so that there was nothing to occupy the minds of the Sophomores but the anticipation of a royal time. After some eager and anxious expectation, the date of the banquet at last arrived.

Realizing the unaggressive and nonwarlike spirit of the Freshmen, the Sophomores did not deem it necessary to take any precaution whatever against the frustration of any of their projects by the Freshmen, but without any attempt at secrecy left immediately after the last recitation period. After several hearty yells had been given, they boarded the trolley and rode to the Central Depot. Having arrived at the depot, there was still some time to wait; this was spent in various manners.

The 1.40 train pulled in, the Sophomores were informed as to which car had been procured for them, and, after attracting the attention of everybody within earshot by their good, strong and well-rendered yells, they occupied their special car. They were given the privilege of decorating the car, and very soon its sides within were literally covered with class and college pennants. On the outside were placed two long, white streamers, one on each side, on each of which was printed in large letters of maroon—"Muhlenberg, 1910."

The ride to Harrisburg was filled with interesting incidents too numerous to mention. Almost every town was hailed with ringing yells. After a most pleasant ride of several hours, the Sophomores ar-

rived at the Harrisburg Station, where their yells again caused them to be a centre of attraction, and from which they were escorted to the Lochiel.

After the men had registered, they formed into different groups and set out to see the sights of the city, all, however, having returned before 8.30 P. M., when the banquet began. To attempt to state the particulars connected with the banquet would be impossible, but I shall endeavor to give a brief account of it.

Upon entering the banquet room, the Sophomores were struck with the splendid manner in which the room had been prepared for the banquet. The pennants decorated the walls and chandeliers. The table was in the form of a "T" and most artistically set. At each plate was placed a program, and a beautiful red carnation. The table was covered with linen ironed in a manner especially appropriate for this occasion, and also with flowers and decorative plants. The Class made the room ring with cheers and yells, and while thus engaged the first course of the following menu was served.

MENU.

Blue Ponts on Half Shell
Queen Olives

—

Consomme Princess
Celery

—

Broiled Blue Fish Maitre D'Hotel
Pomme de Cere, Parisienne

—

Sweetbreads in Cases au Bechemel
Petit Pois in Cream

Fillet of Beef, Pique aux Champignons
Potato Croquettes

—

Roman Punch

—

Roast Young Turkey, Stuffed
Cranberry Sauce String Beans
Sweet Potatoes

—

Chicken Salad en Mayonaise
Cheese Straws

—

Ice Cream and Cakes

—

Fruits

—

Nuts and Raisins Crackers and Cheese

—

Cafe Noir

—

Cigars

This menu was well prepared and served in a manner not to be excelled. While it was being served ample opportunity for yelling and singing presented itself, so that there was not a minute of silence. After the menu had been served, Nathan B. Yerger, Magister Epularum, with introductions filled with humor and wit announced the different toasts which were all well chosen and exceedingly well treated.

After having sung several college songs and given one last class yell, the banquet was over, never to be forgotten, but ever to be a most pleasant memory. During the banquet the spirit of hilarity, together with joy and merriment, reigned supreme, and under such circumstances

was established a common and inseparable bond of unity.

In the forenoon of the next day the class visited the capitol, this being the 22d of February, and, therefore, a legal holiday, the greater part of the capitol was closed, but by special permission the members of the class were taken through the entire capitol. Not only were interesting things shown to them, but they were also explained to them by the men at the head of the different departments, a privilege which is very rarely granted. Having obtained permission from the sergeant of the capitol officers, the class gave the class and college yells with vigor and vim.

In the afternoon the class was represented at the New Majestic Theatre in the form of a box party. The box occupied by the Sophomores was large, and therefore permitted of some decoration, consequently the box was decorated with a number of class and college pennants.

In the evening, the Sophomores left Harrisburg well satisfied with their trip and banquet, and I feel safe in saying, considering the excellent treatment shown us, and the gentlemanly manner in which each Sophomore conducted himself, that should any future Sophomore class ask for rates at this hotel they will not be refused. A. H. S., '10.

ALUMNI

PHILADELPHIA ALUMNI BANQUET.

On Wednesday evening, January 8, 1908, the seventh banquet of the Philadelphia Alumni Association of Muhlenberg College, was held at the Manufacturers' Club, on Walnut Street, Philadelphia. There were nearly one hundred Alumni and friends of the College in attendance, and the banquet was one of the most successful ever given by the graduates of Muhlenberg. The very atmosphere seemed charged with wit and enthusiasm.

After the menu had received its full share of attention, Evan B. Lewis, Esq., '90, acting as toastmaster, proposed the following formal toasts, which were all greeted with great enthusiasm:

"The College," President John A. W. Haas, D. D.

"The Trustees," Professor George F. Spieker, D. D.

"Professional Knocks," Elmer E. Johnson, M. D., '85.

"The Law," John M. Dettra, '84.

"The Professor," Dean George T. Ettinger, Ph. D., '80.

"The Relation of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania to Muhlenberg College," President Jacob Fry, D. D.

There were also some informal toasts "not on the bill," which, together with

the singing of some of "the youngsters," added very materially to the enjoyment of the evening.

The banquet was an unqualified success, and a real benefit to all that attended, as well as to Muhlenberg College.

NEW YORK ALUMNI BANQUET.

From the *Lutheran* of February 13, 1908, we clip the following account of the recent gathering of Muhlenberg men in New York:

"The third annual banquet of the Muhlenberg Alumni Association of New York and Vicinity, was held at the Hotel Brevoort, Fifth Avenue and Eighth Street, New York, on Thursday evening, January 30th. The occasion was one long to be remembered, both for the pleasure which it had in store for all those who came and also for the interest in the college which it aroused.

"After partaking of a sumptuous repast, to which the men sat down at 8 o'clock, the President, Rev. S. G. Weiskotten, made an address, in which he spoke of the work now being done at the college and of the importance of co-operation on the part of the Alumni. Among other things, he made mention of the balance of the college debt which must be raised before the generous offer of Mr. Carnegie becomes available. He asked for help in this direction, and a number of men forthwith gave pledges. After the President spoke, addresses were made by Dr. J. W. Hassler, Mr. D. M. Kuntz, Esq., and others. A communication from the Athletic Association created great interest, and a number of subscriptions toward the support of a foot ball coach were made. Another matter which deserves notice was a resolution requesting the authorities of college to celebrate by a banquet the fortieth anniversary of the graduation of the first class, said banquet to be held in connection with the coming commencement. Although the Alumni residing in this vicinity are not very numerous, they are showing great interest in their Alma Mater. They are especially proud of having as their President one whose work for the college is evidenced by the fact that through his efforts more than sixty thousand dollars have during the past two years been given to Muhlenberg."

'74.

Hon. Milton C. Henninger, Allentown, Pa., has been re-elected Chairman of the Lehigh County Democratic Committee.

'76.

From the press of the General Council Publication House, 1522 Arch Street, Philadelphia, has come the second edition, revised and enlarged, of "The Passion Story as Recorded by the Four Evangelists, Together With Psalms and Prayers," by Rev. S. E. Ochsenford, D. D., Professor of the English Language and Literature in Muhlenberg College. The contents of the volume, as well as its beautiful purple binding, recommend the book as especially fitted for catechumens and the Lenten season.

'78.

Rev. Charles L. Fry, of Philadelphia,

has been conducting Lenten missions in various cities of Pennsylvania.

'78.

We regret to learn that Rev. James D. Woodring, D. D., President of Albright College, Myerstown, Pa., is not at all in good health.

'79.

We wish to congratulate George D. Krause, Lebanon, Pa., and his business colleagues upon the seventy-fifth anniversary of the hardware house with which they are now connected. A beautifully illustrated pamphlet recounts the history and the growth of the George Krause Hardware Company, which is now one of the largest establishments of its kind in the State of Pennsylvania. We wish it many more years of prosperity, and we are quite sure that in the hands of its present members the reputation of the house for honorable and dignified dealing will in no wise suffer. Mr. Krause is a good example of a college-bred man that has attained signal success in business.

'80.

At the recent celebration of Lincoln Day by the John Hay Republican Club of Allentown, an organization of 550 members, Judge Frank M. Trexler, '79, responded to the toast "Lincoln as a Lawyer"; Dean George T. Ettinger, Ph. D., '80, spoke on "Abraham Lincoln as President," and Percy B. Ruhe, '01, of the *Morning Call,* described "Lincoln as a Boy."

At the recent Sunday School Convention of the Lancaster Conference, held at Marietta, Pa., Dr. Ettinger read a paper on "How to Secure Order in the Sunday School," and in the evening delivered an address on "The Lutheran Layman."

'82.

David R. Horne, Esq., has been appointed Sheriff's Attorney of Lehigh County.

'83.

Professor M. Luther Horne, of the Allentown High School, has taken up his permanent residence in Allentown.

'85.

Rev. A. Miles Mehrkom, of Columbia, Pa., has had a severe attack of the grippe.

'86.

Among the Pennsylvania Germans that have become prominent in the teaching of science the *Pennsylvania German* publishes the name of Elmer P. Kohler, Ph. D., Professor of Chemistry in Bryn Mawr College.

'92.

Leo Wise, Esq., City Solicitor of Allentown, Pa., has been renominated by his fellow-Democrats for the same position.

'93.

At the recent municipal elections in Reading, Pa., William Rick, Esq., was elected Mayor of that city by about 1,800 majority. This is the largest majority

ever given a Republican candidate for Mayor of Reading.

'94.

Rev. Frederick W. Wackernagel, having resigned his position as Lutheran missionary at Rajahmundry, India, will shortly sail for America.

'96.

Rev. Frederick E. Cooper has removed to Lima, Ohio, where he has taken charge of a large and flourishing Lutheran congregation. Mr. Cooper, we understand, received the unusual compliment of a call before the congregation had heard him preach.

'97.

Alfred S. Hartzell, Esq., Allentown, Pa., still finds time to cultivate the friendship of the muses. One of his compositions recently appeared in a prominent New York publication.

'99.

Rev. Frank N. D. Buchman, of Allentown, is traveling in Europe.

1900.

Profesor Robert R. Fritsch, who is so satisfactorily filling the Greek chair while Professor Horn has leave of absence to study at Harvard, has been elected Instructor in German, to assist Dr. Wackernagel next year.

1901.

After taking unto himself a better half, James M. Fetherolf has gone to Salt Lake City, Utah, where he has charge of a United States forestry station.

1902.

We recently had the pleasure of dining with William M. D. Miller, at Columbia, Pa. "Will" is as enthusiastic and warm-hearted as ever.

1902.

Clinton Zerweck is teaching English in the Newark Academy, Newark, New Jersey.

1903.

Rev. Augustus W. Rohrig, of New Britain, Conn., has been elected successor to Rev. Frederick E. Cooper in St. Mark's Lutheran Church, South Bethlehem, Pa.

1904.

William H. Keboch has a position in the large hardware establishment of M. S. Young & Co., Allentown, Pa.

1905.

Herbert F. Gernert, B. S., of Trexlertown, Pa., is devoting all his time to the study of music, under Professor C. A. Marks.

1906.

Warren E. Bittner, having taken a year in the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania, now has a position in his father's wholesale dry goods house.

1907.

Charles W. Ettinger is a reporter on the *Allentown Democrat*.

EDITORIAL

With the approach of Spring, the student feels the "Love of nature" rising in his heart, and longs to "hold communion with her visible forms." There is no season that is more attractive than Spring as she appears to us dressed in her beautiful garb of green and bringing with her the balmy perfume of daffodil and crocus.

"Now the heart is so full that a drop
o'er fills it,
We are happy now because God so wills
it."

The student is suddenly attacked by a malady which cannot be prescribed for, even after the most careful medical diagnosis. The curious feature of this epidemic is that its victim seems to hear some sweet mermaid-like voice in nature calling, "Come out and play with me." This peculiar sickness you all know by the name of Spring fever. The only cure that can be successfully applied for this ravishing ailment, when it has taken the student in its clutches is this:

A firm determination
For added concentration;
To this the realization
Of your future occupation.

Brisk walks for recreation,
At each day's expiration,
Will give you inspiration
For the next day's recitation.

The old adage that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is not often the admonition which is necessary for the student's life. The reverse of this adage, as tersely stated by the old farmer, "All play and no work makes Jack a Jack-ass," is the warning which we give to the student who has become addicted to the spring loafing habit.

To make THE MUHLENBERG more interesting to the Alumni, and to keep them in touch with each other, as well as with their Alma Mater, we will establish an Alumni Department, which will be devoted exclusively to alumni contributions.

Tell us your experiences in your vocation, or give us suggestions as to how we might improve our paper, student organizations, athletics, or college work. This department can be made a success by the assistance of our Alumni, and we hope to give you some idea of its character and value in our next number.

We are living in a commercial age. Men are trying to gain a place as financial magnates by plunging into the whirlpool of business. Everyone is trying to "get rich quick." There are acres of diamonds lying at our doors. If we but choose to look we may find them. Evidently Swarthmore could not find many black diamonds at the door of her new possessions. We hope

that Swarthmore is not so mercenary as to seek after that which she may not find and lose sight of the gems of intellect and character which she can find by the development of men at her very door. May she not prefer the easy couch of luxurious endowment to the vastly greater opportunities of molding character, intellect and physique. We recall the story of the wise Roman mother who preferred her sons to all the splendid jewels of a kingdom. Would not Swarthmore be wiser if, calling her sons about her, she would say, "These are my jewels."

The 1908 catalogue has recently been distributed among the students. It contains a number of very fine cuts of the college class rooms and chemical laboratory. The truthfulness of these illustrations of the beautiful surroundings and excellent equipment of Muhlenberg can only be realized by those who have enjoyed its privileges. "There is not an overdrawn illustration or statement in the entire catalogue," is the opinion of the entire student body.

The most important feature of the catalogue came as a supplement to it. A slip of paper, which stated: "Since the publication of the catalogue, the following changes have been made in the Faculty. Instructor in German, Robert R. Fritsch, A. M.; Instructor in History and English, George N. Haasz, A. B.; Professor of Physical Education, George O. Barclay, D. D. S.; Instructor in Gymnastics, Willis P. Bachman; Examining Physician, Willard D. Kline, A. M., M. D."

We are all glad to have Professor Fritsch retained on the Faculty, as he has gained a place of esteem in the eyes of the student. He is well liked as a man and as a professor, and we know he will hold his own in his new department as well as he has in this year's work.

The admiration of the students for Coach Barclay and the enthusiasm manifested at the prospect of having him with us again is the best proof of his ability as Professor of Physical Education. His work as coach of the foot ball team is a mark of his competency. With the good will and co-operation of the students, together with his unquestioned ability, we feel sure that the standard which he has set in foot ball will be continued in the work of the other athletic teams.

Mr. George Neiley Haasz is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, '06, and is at present taking post-graduate work there in history and English.

Ursinus is trying to stop flirtation and courtships in its co-educational halls. The student at any college has too much to distract him from his work. Let us hope that the fair enchantress may never enter the halls of Muhlenberg as students, for they would add to the overabundance of attractions which the student already encounters.

The next number of The Muhlenberg will appear about the 15th of

April. All contributions should be handed to the editor not later than April 1st.

The first real attempt to establish any sort of system of Bible study among the students was made about two years ago, under the leadership of "Doc" Michler, '07. No more than about half a dozen men met twice a week the first year. When the movement was enlarged the following year, three class groups were formed, which met with varied degrees of regularity for an informal study of some part of the Bible. Occasionaly an hour was devoted to the consideration of the mission work in some foreign field. Throughout the year prominent men in various lines of church work gave lectures in the chapel, which were well attended by members of the classes. In the present year several attempts to organize classes met with failure, although monthly meetings were held in chapel. Excellent lectures were given by Rev. Bachman, who is at the head of the Deaconess' Mother House, at Philadelphia; Rev. Kuder, who has just returned to India, after an absence of some years; Rev. Charles Fry, and several others. Finally, about the end of February, the two lower classes were organized under Reisner, '10, and Bechtold, '11. Dr. Haas has been interested in the organization, and kindly offered to meet as many of the students as desired to come, once a week, to discuss informally questions that every Christian has to meet. The meetings held up to this time have been largely attended, and have proved most interesting and profitable. Next year we hope to have all the classes organized and meeting regularly. A full course of monthly lectures will be arranged, where all the classes can meet jointly in the chapel. Many of the students have shown an indifference to the whole movement, but that is, to some extent, due to its being something new. If they arouse themselves sufficiently to attend one of the meetings, they will perhaps find that they will not be bored, and that they may even gain some small profit by it.

FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL MAN PRIZE-WINNER IN STRENUOUS CONTEST

The sixteenth annual oratorical contest of the Pennsylvania Intercollegiate Oratorical Union was held at Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Thursday evening, a large crowd being present. The judges were: Frank S. Livingood, Reading; Professor Llewellyn Phillips, Bucknell University, and Rev. James Robinson, of Bethlehem.

The contestants and subjects were: Gettysburg, A. A. Bright, "Lincoln as a Man"; Muhlenberg, R. H. Schatz, "The World Standard"; Franklin and Marshall, A. S. Meck, "The Great Privilege,"; Lafayette, Carlton S. McHenry, "The Field Flower"; Ursinus, John B. Poist, "The Crime of the Congo."

The first prize went to Meck, of Franklin and Marshall, and the second to Bright, of Gettysburg.

GAMES FOR MUHLENBERG'S ELEVEN

The foot ball management of Muhlenberg College has about completed its schedule for next fall. Eight games with strong elevens have been arranged, the Thanksgiving Day contest still being open.

Professor Reese, Faculty Athletic Director; Dr. George O. Barclay, Athletic Director, and the manager of the team, are responsible for the schedule. Dr. Barclay, the old Lafayette College star, who was so successful in developing an eleven in 1907, will be in full charge of the team next fall. The schedule follows:

October 3—Temple University, at Allentown.

October 10—Medico-Chi, at Allentown.

October 17—Lebanon Valley, at Allentown.

October 24—Ursinus College, at Collegeville.

October 31—Susquehanna University, at Allentown.

November 7—Franklin and Marshall, at Allentown.

November 14—Rutgers College, at New Brunswick.

November 21—Carlisle Indians Reserves, at Allentown.

November 26, Thanksgiving Day—Open.

"The Cruise of the Shining Light," by Norman Duncan, is a story of life among the fisher-folk of Newfoundland and its neighboring small islets. This was not an untried field for Mr. Duncan, as he has already produced two books embracing about the same or similar realms.

The scene of the story is laid at Twist Tickle, on the Twin Islands, off the northwest coast of Newfoundland. Here resided Nicholas Top, a weather-worn sailor and fisher, somewhat on the leeward of middle age, and his foster-child, Dannie Calloway. Nick Top, to say the least, a grotesque figure, "so grotesque," we are told, "that folks forget their manners when he stumped abroad." An uncouth fisher, addicted to the bottle, he was, however, kind-hearted, and most solicitous for the welfare of his little ward, whom he reared after the manner of a gentleman, as he understood it, using Lord Chesterfield as the highest authority on all questions of gentlemanly accomplishments. Not only did he provide Dannie with a tutor, "direct from London," but also with the best and most fashionable clothes and jewelry such as, in his opinion, became a gentleman. Though poor himself, Nick Top lavished considerable sums of money on his ward. Where did he get it? Where, indeed, if not through his sinister business at St. John's, whither he was wont to go twice a year? This the reader can but guess, however, and all of Nick Top's doings remain darkly mysterious, and he himself an enigma to the very end of the book.

There came to live with Nick Top during Dannie's boyhood days a maid, who was left an orphan by the death of her mother. With hers the life-thread of Dannie and of his tutor (for the tutor was young) became strangely, or rather naturally, interwoven. Years pased; the tutor, disappointed in his love, leaves Twist Tickle, and Judith, concerning whom the gossips of Twist Tickle spread dark rumors, unfounded, to be sure, fled northward on a fleet bound for Labrador. The "Shining Light," recently refitted for the purpose of escaping "brass buttons" (constables) from St. John's, was put under sail, in pursuit, manned by Nick Top, Dannie, and Moses Shoos, the fool of Twist Tickle. Being somewhat the worse for age, the "Shining Light" sprang a leak. But the pursued

vessel was also wrecked, and Judith recovered.

Dannie, now grown to man's estate, desired to avow his love to Judith, but would not so long as a mystery clung to his birth. Upon Dannie's request, Nick Top related to him how his father, captain of a ship on which he was employed, deliberately wrecked the ship, and thereby drowned seven men, in order to secure money with which to rear his son as a gentleman, and how he himself, goaded on by an oath which he swore when Dannie's father died in the wreck of the Will-o-the-Wisp, for years extorted large sums of money from a St. John's ship-owner with which he reared Dannie according to his father's wishes.

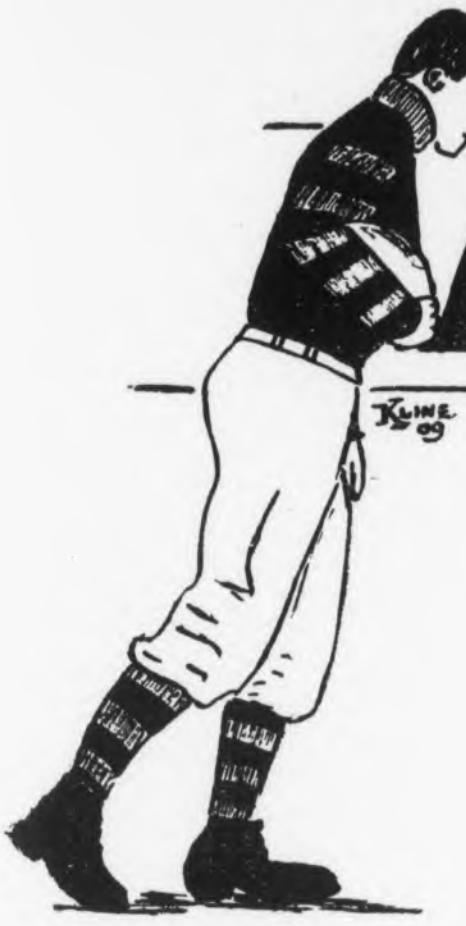
From this rough outline of the story the reader can easily discern that the plot is not complicated. The interest of the story, apart from the life of the fisherfolk which it opens to the reader, lies in the excitement and maintenance of the reader's curiosity. As a simple work of fiction, it probably is considerably above the average, and those who do not object to the fisherman's patois abounding in the story will find it interesting and entertaining reading.

ODE TO LEAP YEAR.

Is it up to us poor masculines
To bow beneath the feminines
And kneel before such wilful queens,
Because it is leap year?
Must we now use coquettish wiles,
Sweet goo-goo eyes, and witching smiles,
Our hats be always latest styles,
'Cause nineteen eight is here?

Must we make blushes come and go,
Hold fan up to the face just so
That naught but flirting eyes do show,
Because it's ladies' choice?
Must we seek victims to ensnare,
Use handkerchiefs two inches square,
Have pet cat, dog, or Teddy Bear,—
We who are men and boys?

Must we make giggling now an art,
Gum-chewing and fudge-eating start,
Finger in mouth, sly glances dart,
Quick refuge take in tears?
If thus things must be changed around,
—He now the rabbit, she the hound,—
In tall weeds refuge must be found.
—Let's disregard Leap Years.—*Ex.*



ATHLETICS.

Our basket ball season has come to a close, and that a successful one. From the opening of the season, when the foot ball men were excluded from participating in basket ball, things seemed to be blue for a good team, but beyond all our expectations the new men that came out for the team showed up remarkably well, as can be seen by the showing we made against our various opponents. Although not a very hard schedule, still hard enough to show the merits of our players. Out of the five games played, four were victories; and, surely, this is good enough. We should all give thanks to those men who faithfuly kept the standard of Muhlenberg in basket ball up to the mark made by our foot ball team last fall.

MUHLENBERG, 19; F. AND M., 17.

Muhlenberg again opened up negotiations with F. and M. after several years of dormant state. No kind of athletic relations had existed between the two colleges for some years until this game was arranged, and it was a game for blood. As no special love is felt between the two institutions, from the beginning of the game the F. and M. boys began to rough it up. As they kept up this work, it was necessary to take the center of F. and M. out of the game. Our team played rather loosely and showed lack of team-work. But, not considering this, all the fouls made by F. and M. were to our advantage, as Butz and Keiter made them count. The game, indeed, was exciting from start to finish, ending in the close score of 19 to 17 in our favor.

The line-up:

F. and M.		*Muhlenberg.*
Watt (Weisel)	forward	Keiter (Capt.)
Gotshall	forward	Butz
Richards (Watt)	centre	Aberly
Fahrenbach (Capt.)	guard	Eberts
Werner	guard	Shupp

Goals—Watt, 2; Richards, Fahrenbach, Weisel, Keiter, 3, Shupp. Goals from foul—Watt, 7; Butz, 6; Keiter, 5. Referee—Clauss, Y. M. C. A. Two 20 minute halves.

MUHLENBERG, 28; MORAVIAN, 16.

Muhlenberg added another victory to its list, and this time it was Moravian College. The game was brilliant in every way, good passing by both teams, but Moravian was not able to locate the basket. At the end of the first half the score was 12-8 in our favor, but the second half was a whirlwind, with some very good work by Aberly, and the game ended 28 to 16 in our favor.

The line-up:

Moravian.		*Muhlenberg.*
A. Doster.....	forward	.....Ruhe
W. Doster.....	forward	.....Boyer (Butz)
Rebstock.....	centre	.....Aberly
Shields.....	guard	.....Keiter (Capt.)
Bornaman.....	guard	.....Shupp

Goals—Rebstock, 2; A. Doster, W. Doster, Ruhe, 2; Keiter, 4; Aberly, 3; Butz. Fouls—A. Doster, 8; Ruhe, 7; Shupp. Referee—Clauss, Y. M. C. A. Two 20 minute halves.

SUSQUEHANNA, 25; MUHLENBERG, 26.

The most interesting game of the season was the one played with Susquehanna University. The game was rough throughout, but again the fouls called were all to our advantage, as Ruhe made them count. Ruhe was the star of the game, playing great ball, both as to passing and shooting, he doing all the scoring for Muhlenberg. Houtz and Harris were the star men for the opposite side. The game was in doubt until the referee's whistle blew at the end, the score standing 26 to 25 in favor of Muhlenberg.

The line-up:

Susquehanna.		*Muhlenberg.*
Harris..... (Sunday)	forward	.....Ruhe
Houtz.....	forward	.....Boyer (Butz)
Lesher.....	centre	.....Aberly
Thompson..... (Rhinehart)	guard	....Keiter (Capt.)
Sunday (Capt.).... (Harris)	guard	.....Shupp

Goals—Harris, 4; Lesher, 3; Thompson, Rhinehart, 2; Ruhe, 5. Fouls—Rhinehart, 2; Sunday, 3; Ruhe, 16. Referee—Clauss, Y. M. C. A. Two 20 minute halves.

SUSQUEHANNA, 60; MUHLENBERG, 17.

On the 29th of February, the team took a trip to Selins Grove to play a return game with Susquehanna University. En route Shupp and Aberly became ill, and their illness had a bad effect on the team. The team was a little stale, not having had a game the preceding Saturday, or a decent scrub the week before the game. After a few minutes play, Aberly felt so badly that he was obliged to leave the game, Keiter taking his place at center, and Eberts replacing Keiter. Ruhe played well for the home team, scoring 3 field goals and 11 out of 14 fouls. Sundae and Harris played the best game for Susquehanna.

The line up was as follows:

Susquehanna.		*Muhlenberg.*
Houtz.....	forward	.....Ruhe
Sunday.....	forward	.....Boyer
Lesher.....	centre	.....Aberly (Keiter)
Lester.....	guard	.....Shupp
Rhinehart.....	guard	.....Keiter

(Harris)	(Eberts)
Goals from field—Sunday, 10; Harris, 5; Lester, 4; Rhinehart, 3; Houtz, 2; Lesher, 2	Ruhe, 3. Foul goals—Ruhe, 11; Rhinehart, 8. Referee—Price, Bloomburg. Time of halves—20 minutes.

PERSONALS

Dr. H. (in psychology)—"What is active interest?"

Grossman, '09—"Six per cent."

Dr. H.—What does it lead to?"

Grossman, '09—"Greater wealth."

Anthony (trying to answer question in philosophy)—"Wel, well, ah, well."

Dr. H.—"Mr. Anthony, if you keep on adding wells, we'll have a flood soon."

Shumaker, '09—"Doctor, who is going to shoot off in chapel?"

Dr. W.—"We have no sharpshooters here."

Grossman, '09 (before the game)—"I'd like to bet, but I don't know which side will win."

A Senior has inquired of a Freshman how long Lent would be observed after Easter.

Someone has said that Weaver would make a good wife for someone.

Professor Rees took the Senior Geology Class to New York to give the benefit of examining the specimens in the "Museum" before beginning their work in historical geology.

Kuhl, '08, was confined to his bed with an attack of grip. George says he complains of feeling better.

Krause, '08 (in Greek)—"Professor, why are teeth like verbs?"

Answer—"Because they are regular, irregular and defective."

Wunder, '11—"Is it right to fall in love?"

Dr. W.—"No, no; keep on your feet."

Dr. Haas—"I advise the students to read Spencer's 'Fairy Queen' during Lent. It is splendid to read it for exercise in self-denial and patience."

Ralph H. Schatz, '08, was the guest of Charles E. Rudy, '06, while attending the intercollegiate oratorical contest at Lancaster.

Dr. W.—"Butz, '11, I always thought you were a little phlegmatic."

Wunder, '11—"Doctor, is that something good to eat?"

Dr. W.—"What is the House of Correction?"

Kuder—"House of Correction is a German recitation."

Paules, '08, is an expert ball-player in the shower-bath.

Dr. W. (translating German)—"There are fools."

Weber, '11—"Where, doctor?"

Dr. W.—"Not invisible."

Dr. W.—"Grant, take your seat." (Had been sitting on John Bauman's knees.)

Grant, '11—"Doctor, John Bauman got me by the gizard."

Dr. W.—"He thought you were a rooster."

Rentschler, '11—"Did you ever hoe corn, doctor?"

Dr. W.—"No; why?"

Rentschler, '11—"Grant said you had some on your feet."

Dr. W.—"What order is that?"

Shelly, '11—"Disorder."

Ammarell, '11, is become 'more drawn-out' every day.

Dr. W.—"We are talking about animals, Mr. Butz. Now don't interrupt, or you might be counted in."

Lewis, '11—"Has anybody seen my dog?"

Haas, '11—"No, but I've seen your pony."

Dr. W.—"You know, evening begins at 3 o'clock in England."

Rentschler, '11—"Does midnight begin at 10 o'clock?"

Gelsinger, '10—"I can always speak best with one foot on Shakesepare and the other on the Holy Bible. Therefore, pardon my position, chum."

Grant, '11—"May I read, doctor?"

Dr. W.—"No; I prefer a descendant of Adam."

Grant, '11—"How do you know I believe in evolution?"

Marsh, Kuhl and Jacks, '08, were registered at the Waldorf-Astoria last Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

Wunder, '11—"What are truffles?"

Dr. W.—"Mushrooms that grow in the earth."

Wunder, '11—"Did you ever hear of any growing in the air?"

Dr. Wackernagle returned from a visit to his son, Rev. Ed. Wackernagle, of Elizabethtown, whose pulpit the doctor supplied for two weeks, on account of the illness of his son.

Morning, '10—"Why is Pete Wohlsen a great electrician?"

"Because all his clothes are charged."

EXCHANGES

The essay, "Different Conceptions of Religion, in *The Sketch Book,* is exceedingly good. It presents the religious views of George Eliot, Bryant, Whittier, Browning, Tennyson and Carlyle. The authoress is well acquainted with her subject matter, and presents it in excellent style.

After a lapse of a few months the *College Folio* has again made it appearance on our table. It is always received with the greatest of pleasure by the students, especially by those who are residents of Allentown. No wonder either, —for it is well gotten up.

The literary standard set by the editors of *The Mercury* is very high. From beginning to end, its articles are A1 in quality. We recommend it to the perusal of the students. Seniors will find an excellent article on Plato in its menu.

The articles under the Scientific Department of *The Hall Boy* are instructive, and stand forth in a very neat dress.

The Delaware College Review is complete in every detail. Their Intercollegiate Column is an excellent summary of all the recent occurrences in the college world. From the articles published from time to time under their Athletic Department, we infer that their ranking in the athletic world is just about the same as ours, and we regret that the relations between the schools does not extend beyond the exchange of journals.

The Thielensian once again makes its welcome appearance on our tables. We would recommend a few short stories and an Exchange column.

From the middle west there comes to us monthly a paper which we prize most highly. It is *College Chips.* The articles on "Forestry and Its Opportunities," and "Patronage in Politics," are both interesting and instructive. An especially attractive feature of this paper is its Historical Department. This month's article in that department, "The Rise and Development of the Austro-Hungarian Government," shows considerable research on the part of its author.

THE TRUE AND THE UNTRUE.

He was a dog,
  But he stayed at home
And guarded the family night and day—
He was a dog
  That didn't roam.
He lay on the porch or chased the stray—
The tramp, the burglar, the hen away;
For a dog's true heart for that household beat,
At morning, and evening, in cold and heat.
He was a dog.
He was a man,

And didn't stay
To cherish his wife and children fair—
He was a man
And every day
His heart grew callous, its love-beats rare.
He thought of himself at close of day,
And, cigar in his fingers, hurried away
To the club, the lodge, the store, the show.
But he had a right to go, you know.
He was a man.—*Ex.*

The editorials in *The Comenian,* entitled "Hot Air," "Popular Airs," and "Fresh Air," are well written and to the point.

The author of the only literary article in *The Midland* is to be congratulated on the production. It is entitled "The Social Settlement and Its Work." He shows that he had the subject well in hand, and that his ability as a writer is of no mean character.

The Review (Galveston, Texas), is one of the best High School journals found on our tables. Its short stories are well conceived, and its editorials good.

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The Misplaced Stake

BY J. W.

"Ah, there they are." Ben Turner quickly adjusted his instrument and directed where the stake was to be placed. Then he immediately turned the transit to its former position and viewed a certain spot on the opposite hill. "Yes, they must be the ones; the child has no cap on."

All morning the engineer corps had tramped through the woods measuring and taking the grade of the land along a small creek, when the foreman, Ben Turner, picked up in his path an ice-wool shawl and a child's red cap, hoping that he might be able to find the owners. It was nearing noon and they were just about finishing up the work when Ben caught sight of two people on the opposite hill. There was a lady and a child, and he concluded that they were the persons to whom the articles recently found belonged. So he sent the instruments back to the office with his fellow workmen and then, with his private belongings, started in search of his party.

As he neared the place where he thought they were, he peered around and a sight met his eyes which made him stop in his path, less it vanish from before him. There, on a bed of soft green

moss, sat a young lady arranging flowers in a basket. They were trailing arbutus, for it was the month of May. At her side was standing a child arranging sprays of arbutus in the lady's hair, until she had completed a wreath. Then, standing off to look upon her, she laughed and clapped her hand for joy. Was there ever a May queen more beautiful? thought Ben. A wreath of fine black hair rested on a pure, smooth brow, and from beneath it shone out a pair of lovely brown eyes. Finer features were never carved by Grecian sculptor. Above them the tall fir trees stretched out their protecting arms in blessing, while the robins chirped their merry song nearby.

Finally, mustering courage, Ben approached. The child saw him first and spied the cap in his hand. "Oh! my cap, Miss Dorothy,and your shawl,"she cried, as she ran towards him. Immediately the young lady arose and Ben proceeded to explain where he had found the articles, and seeing them through his instrument, inferred that they were the losers. She thanked him very much for going to the trouble of bringing them from the other hill. "And won't you have some flowers?" the little girl said as she proceeded to pick some from the basket.

"Yes, Julia; take those out of my hair, please," she said, as she again went about arranging the blossoms. The child made up a liberal bunch for him, when Ben asked the young lady if she was Miss Lind, a sister to Robert Lind, and she replied that she was. Ben then introduced himself, and said that he was quite well acquainted with her brother, and she felt as if she were not with an entire stranger.

Little Julia seemed quite friendly to Ben, and asked him to tell her a story, as she was pinning a nosegay to the lapel of his coat. He told her how the fairies wanted flowers for their revel and begged the queen of the flower kingdom for some, and she, wishing to make them happy, touched the apple blossoms with her wand until they fell to the ground and grew much smaller, and the fairies called them trailing arbutus. Then he taught her a little stanza about the flower which he had composed during one of his rambles through the woods:

Sweetest blossoms from the dells,
Bits of pink like fairy bells;
  Chiming sweetness,
    Essence rarest,
  Springtime crowns thee,
    Blossom, fairest.
Breath of Eden, thou dost bring,
Earth is sweetest in the spring.

By the time Miss Lind was through arranging her flowers, a few drops of rain began falling around them, and by the appearance of a dark cloud above, it threatened to come faster. "Would you care to use my rubber coat?" said Ben, as he began unwrapping it from his pack.

"Then you will have nothing to protect you," she answered.

"Oh, yes, I will; the umbrella is enough protection for me, and this cape will be just large enough for the child."

"I am sure it is very kind of you," she said, as she allowed him to buckle it over her shoulders. Then she gave him her

address and he agreed to call for his coat in the evening.

Immediately, on arriving home, Dorothy Lind inquired of her brother concerning the young engineer, Mr. Turner, and seemed quite pleased when she received a favorable description of him. Little Julia begged that she might come over in the evening again when Mr. Turner called, so as to hear more about the fairies. That evening Ben called for his coat, and Robert Lind and Miss Dorothy insisted on his spending the evening with them. They introduced him to the rest of the family and were just about enjoying a pleasant conversation when Robert was called away by telephone, leaving Ben and Miss Dorothy alone. To Ben all the clocks seemed to be trying to make overtime that night. What all they had talked about he couldn't remember. His eyes hardly left her for a moment, and when he left he managed to forget the cape of his rubber coat. But it wasn't necessary at all, for a short distance from the Lind home he met Robert returning, and he received from him a very urgent invitation to call again on the next Saturday evening and meet some visiting friends, whose coming Robert had just received notice of.

Ben called that Saturday evening and many evenings after, until it came to be an understood fact that he take Miss Dorothy out rowing or driving at least one evening every week. In this manner the summer passed by and the frosts of autumn appeared bringing with them many enjoyable chestnuting parties, but also drew nearer the time when the outdoor work of the engineering corps would cease for the season and Ben would be compelled to return to the central office of the engineering firm in the city. He was for quite some time making preparation for this departure, but was never quite sure whether he had everything in readiness. He always seemed to be conscious of having missed something, yet he couldn't determine what it was.

It lacked two days yet of the time set for Ben to leave, when the thought struck him that he would have to separate himself from Miss Dorothy. But what difference did that make; he knew many other congenial girls down in the city, he tried to persuade himself. The more he thought of it the more serious it appeared, and especially so after spending the last two evenings in her company. As the train bore him away he slowly came to realize what a necessary part of his life she had become. And all this change had come about in so short a time, from spring to fall. How different life appeared to him now, as he was leaving that town from what it had when he entered it. He felt that part of himself was remaining behind.

When he arrived in the city he tried to shake it off. He called upon his old friends, attended several social affairs, but they only seemed to bore him. Fight hard as he would against it, he continually found his thoughts wandering back to that scene where he first saw the two gathering arbutus.

(*Continued in next number.*)

The Train of Chance

The girl's head gradually turned, and from the corner of her eye gave an alert glance at the two men whose conversation she had just overheard.

One was a heavy authoritative-looking person with a white mustache. The other was a slender, wiry fellow; it was at him that the girl looked the harder. He stood learning against a corner of the news-stand, caressing a curly brown mustache. His attitude was jaunty and careless.

The girl, whose name is May Douglas, gave him a searching look that covered every detail of his face and costume. Then she walked rapidly across the great, bare, cold station and stopped before the window of the telegraph office.

She asked if a message could be gotten to a person on a train from the East, which is due here at 10.15.

"No," said the operator. "That train has left Boston, and it doesn't stop between here and Boston."

She then cut through a stream of passengers, arriving from a local train, and went to the bulletin board. Upoh tnis was written: "Boston Express twenty minutes late, arriving on Track 5." The gate to Track 5 was open. She walked through it and up the narrow platform she sauntered. The young man with the brown mustache and careless attitude was sitting upon a baggage truck, smoking a cigarette.

She walked slowly past him, giving him another deliberate look behind his back. She passed on to a point a little farther up the platform, where she stopped and turned up the big collar of her fur coat. So coquettish was her pose, and so smart her costume, that no man whiling away a wait of twenty minutes would be content at so great a distance from her. He arose carelessly and sauntered along in her direction.

When he had passed she walked slowly back in the direction of the gate. He immediately turned and followed her. They were no more than ten feet apart when she took a few steps in his direction.

"Could you tell me if the train from Boston comes in on this track?" she asked.

He lifted his hat, as he answered, "Yes, this one right here."

She turned as if to leave and then added, "Its behind time, isn't it?"

"Twenty minutes late," he answered. "It ought to be here about thirty-five."

She gave him a little nod of thanks and walked slowly away.

The young man tightened the knot of his tie and pulled the lap of his collar together, fixed the lapels of his overcoat and was after her.

He came up to her and wavered slightly, but she smiled.

"It's cold, isn't it?" he remarked, kicking his feet on the platform, as if to keep them from freeezing.

"This station is the coldest place in the world, I am sure," she said.

"I suppose it's warmer in the waiting room, but I was afraid the train would come without my knowing it." She put her muff up to her face, and looked at him over the top of the fur.

"That's right!" he asserted. "I stay out here so I can smoke." She did not answer, however, but took a step or two sidewise towards the rails.

"Oh, dear! I wish it would come!" she said, as if to herself.

"Expecting a friend?" he questioned, moving toward her.

"Yes."

"Lucky man," he commented, smiling.

"How do you know its a man?"

"I'm only hoping it isn't."

"Well, you'll be disappointed, then," she replied.

"I'm waiting for a man, too, so you needn't be so proud.'

"From Boston?" she asked.

"Sure. Do you know anyone in Boston?"

"I should say so," she exclaimed. "My *fiance* lives in Albany, that's all!"

"Oh, that don't scare me a bit," he replied. "I suppose he's coming on this train?"

"I'm expecting him. You'd better not let him catch you with me."

"Oh, I don't know," he said, with considerable humor in his accent. "I'll bet I know him, anyway."

"Oh, do you?" she asked sweetly. "Who is he?"

"I mean I'm probably acquainted with him, since I know quite a few people in Boston. I'd like to congratulate him. Who is he?"

Just then he turned and saw a train coming under the bridge.

"Oh, is that the Boston train?" she cried.

"Only a local," he said; "it isn't time for ours yet."

She stood a moment looking at the clock. "Are you well acquainted in Boston?" she finally asked.

"Yes, I know a few people."

"Did you ever know anyone named—Davis?"

He looked at her with a look on his face different from the careless, confident expression he had previously worn.

Then he repeated the name:

"Davis! You don't mean Harry Davis, do you."

"Yes. Then you do know him," she replied.

"A rather stocky chap, with a short black mustache?"

She laughed gaily: "He probably had a mustache when you knew him, but he wrote me that he just shaved it off."

"Shaved it off," he said, still watching her sharply. "Are you sure?"

"Why, of course. I'm almost afraid I won't know him. But, I guess I can trust myself to know the man I'm going to marry, on my wedding day!"

"You're going to marry Harry Davis to-day?"

"Then you know him?" she replied.

"Only slightly," he answered; "I've only seen him once or twice, but I know a good deal about him."

"You know we're going to be married

the minute he gets in, and we don't know a soul to invite to the wedding. I wonder if you wouldn't like, if you had time, to be Harry's best man. I know Harry would be delighted to have one of his old friends with him."

"I'm mighty sorry," he said, "but I'm afraid you'll have to let me off. You see, I've got to meet a man on this train, and he may keep me some time."

She turned her face away from him and took a step forward.

"Well," he said, "there can't be any mistake about it; it ain't likely that there's two Harry Davis in Boston. But the man I mean used to have a little scar on the right-hand side of his chin.

As they approached the waiting-room she again glanced at the clock. It was half-past ten; in five minutes the train would be in. She looked at him and began to talk.

"We'll have to keep walking not to freeze to death here. Isn't it cold? I'm awfully glad I met someone that knows Harry, for I'm just dying to talk to him about you. I know you must like Harry —every one does who knows him. Of course, naturally, he has some faults. If you want to see a good imitation of a girl in love with a man, you just watch me when I see him.

He looked down upon her and replied: "Well, I'm afraid he doesn't half deserve it."

She withdrew a step. "The idea! Not deserve it. I'd do anything in the world for him."

He looked toward the end of the shed where the locomotive was steaming under the bridge.

"There she comes," he exclaimed.

They hurried down the platform and took their stand a few feet from the gate.

The train came to a stop and the advance guard from the day coaches passed by them, then, by twos and threes, the Pullman passengers approached, laden with baggage.

The girl slipped round in front of her companion and stood for a second directly in front of him. "There he is!" she exclaimed, looking back for a moment, and then was off, dodging in among the passengers, and elbowing them right and left. Her companion was after her, only a few feet behind.

In and out of the throng she flew, followed hard by the young man in the fur overcoat, until they had reached the passengers from the last car. Her eyes roved, jumping from one to another of the men, till at last she stopped in front of a short, heavily set, middle-aged man, with dark hair and large eyes, which seemed to be guarded by heavy black eyebrows. He was carrying a heavy suit-case in each hand.

She flung herself upon him with a force that knocked his hat off his head and cried, "Oh, Harry! Harry!" and putting her arms around his neck, kissed him upon his sallow cheek. He stared at her stupidly, until finally he began to grin, still holding a suit-case in each hand. "I'm so glad to see you, Harry," continued the girl. "We've been waiting here for hours and hours! See, I've got

a friend of yours here with me; he's going to be best man at our wedding."

Harry Davis didn't seem to remember meeting this gentleman who was to be best man at his wedding, so he left the girl under the impression he didn't hear her remark or notice the man in the fur-trimmed overcoat.

He of the fur-trimmed overcoat thought now was the time for action. He took a step in the direction of the departing travellers, and then returned, thrust the girl aside, and laid a savage hand on the new arrival.

"Are you Harry Davis?" he demanded. "You're under arrest."

The dark-haired gentleman stared for a moment, then a grin crossed his face as if to say, the game is up.

Before going any further let me explain the circumstances under which this man was placed under arrest.

One year before, on a cold winter night early in December, the vault of a large New York bank was cracked and ransacked; four men were concerned in this affair, the leader being this man, who calls himself Harry Davis, but his original name being Richard Crawford; he was known by his gang as Dare-Devil Dick.

A few days after the robbery happened one of the gang was caught and, after being landed in a cell, told all, giving the names of the other three concerned in it.

The detectives have been on the trail of this man Crawford, alias Davis, ever since, but have not been shrewd enough to catch him. The gentleman in the fur-trimmed overcoat happened to be one of the Pinkerton force, and when he heard the name Davis, he thought to himself, here was a chance to save an innocent girl from marrying such a man, as well as to arrest him and receive the large reward offered for his capture.

Returning to where Davis was placed under arrest, as he was being taken away by the detective, she said, "Don't hurry away, please; we haven't got half acquainted yet, and now you will not have to be best man at my wedding.

An officer was summoned and the prisoner was given over to him.

The girl turned to the king of Pinkerton detectives and said, "I'm awfully obliged to you; you don't know how you've saved me, but I do wish I could thank you for what you've done."

His grin grew broader as he gazed at her. "Well," he said, "I reckon I don't know much about your ways up here in Albany, but suppose you give me just one like Harry Davis received, and we'll call it square."

She put her arms around his neck and pressed her lips to him. "I guess Harry won't mind, considering its only you," she said.

Then she smiled, and now instead of Harry Davis partaking in the great wedding dinner, his friend, a secret service officer, will do so.

ALBERT STORB DAMPMAN, '11.

The College Man's Problem

A vast number of problems occupy the mind and attention of a young man during his college course. When he comes to college, as a Freshman, he understands it all, but the results of mid-year's examinations are sufficient to prove to him that he knows little or nothing. As he enters larger spheres of knowledge in the upper classes he begins to realize how little of this world's great storehouse of wisdom he can really claim as his own. When once a college man can be made to feel his own smallness, we cannot help but admire the pluck and strength with which he undertakes to solve the mysteries and difficulties of life. He becomes true grit to the backbone and he will attempt to conquer what the average man would consider absolutely impossible.

Ah, but the one question that the college man can solve without any thought or consideration, the one question that never causes him much concern, in the beginning, because it seems so easy, is woman. What cannot be eschewed must be embraced, says some philosopher. Many college men believe in that aphorism. A great many have always practiced it, *i. e.,* speaking of women. Man's one weakness is woman. Strange, too, considering the humble origin of the gentler sex. Primitive man is represented as feeling himself alone. In that beautiful garden, surrounded by fruits and flowers, encompassed by sights of supernal grandeur, greeted by the glories of the roseate morning, he is regaled by the song of the birds and lulled by the music of the river, yet he feels himself alone. The burden of his solitude induces sleep. We see him lying in that garden overwhelmed in that sleep, not of hard work, but of inanity, somnolent for the want of a common interest. Nothing around has any message for him. The trees have whispered, but not to him. The birds carolled their most entrancing matins, but not for him. Now comes to the sleeper a trance, or vision, during which a mysterious presence comes to him. From his side is taken a rib of his own body. It puts on flesh and blood, is rounded into a form of exceeding beauty. It was Eve. What a humble origin for this mighty maker of history. It would be interesting to trace the history of woman from the garden scene to the end of the chapter, but the subject is too large and the warp of women are too elusive.

One of the greatest mistakes a young man can make is to come to college with an elephant on his hands. The night before he leaves home, perhaps, for the first time in his life, he will call on a very good friend of his, and here is where the trouble begins. How beautiful she looks to him that night of all nights. How kind and sympathetic, how attentive to his every word and action. As he considers all her charms, and the fact that to-morrow he must leave all this behind, he becomes alarmed. Some one, in his absence, might steal this jewel and claim her as his own. Cunning, clever

little Cupid has also been watching the proceedings with an attentive eye. In a moment of great excitement and passion on the young man's part, Cupid shoots one of his deadliest arrows and "The die is cast." He has crossed the Rubicon, but alas! he knows it not. The joy he feels, as he leaves her home is intoxicating. He goes home, but not to sleep, for who can sleep under such conditions. The morning comes and his departure. If he could only see her once more. That thought takes hold of him and must be satisfied. It is satisfied, and he calls again in the morning for the last time. Time simply flies as they look upon each other now for the last time. He pulls out his watch, looks at the time, and exclaims: "Only ten minutes more until train time."

After a very hurried and affectionate leave-taking, he hurries to the railway station. On the way he runs over about half a dozen animals from man on down the line, and as many times, comes nearly being run down himself. He arrived at the station just as the train pulls in. How sad he begins to feel as the train leaves. Every minute is taking him farther and farther away from the scene of his thought. Distance lends enchantment.

At last, the university or college is reached. He registers, is assigned to a room in the dormatories and all alone he sits down to think. There is a knock at the door, he opens, a letter is handed to him. He sees the handwriting and the postmark. It's from his home town and from her above all persons. While reading it his sad feelings vanish. He is happy once more. He reads it again, and, perhaps, again; his thoughts busy all the while. Absence makes the heart grow fonder.

Next morning he begins his college life in earnest. Hard work has begun. He is prevented from doing his best work by an incurable disease which has taken hold of him. He cannot eat, he cannot sleep, he cannot study, but his thoughts are busy night and day. A certain letter every day makes him feel all the worse. He sees no beauty in nature. He cannot even be sociable. Everything is a hollow mockery. He consults a physician. The physician advises him to spend a few days at home. In an instant it seems the cure is effected. He goes home and, in a majority of cases never returns again.

But there is another kind of college man who might be considered somewhat stronger. He has not yet come under the influence of the fair sex to any great extent. Her charms and beauty have had no effect on him. He goes through his Freshman, Sophomore and Juniors years apparently uninfluenced by the weaker sex. But all the while he has been influenced unconsciously. We cannot label and classify all influence. Tabulated or conscious influence is the smallest part of influence. It is but the fringe. It is only the rustle of the skirt of influence passing by. The real influence of a human life is unseen. The mightiest natural forces, such as gravity and electricity, are intangible. They do not roar out their presence. Now and then there is a gleam of lightning, but this momentary flash is nothing to the great electric reser-

voirs which lie around and within all existence. So woman's influence is the intangible. The young man must have some amusement and recreation. He finds it in association with woman. So far, so good; but her influence increases continually and becomes more and more powerful, until the college man again loses his bearings and is enslaved.

Many a college man looking back to his school days might say, "Had I not allowed woman to play such a prominent part in my Senior year, I might have carried off the class as all thought I would. How many men have gone down and out in their Senior year just because they permitted themselves to be carried away in a moment of great passion by woman.

Other examples of the inability of some college men to solve this great problem might be cited, but the writer will close with an appeal to college men in general. Fellow college men, you are all, no doubt, destined to become great men. The great men of the world, men of mighty genius, and splendid achievements, have all been more or less spoiled by the other sex. For the love of a woman, Antony became "the bellows and the fan to cool a Gypsy's lust." He is a type of those who have been bewitched and enslaved by heaving bosoms, voluptuous eyes, and lips that quiver with the rhapsodies of love. The influence of woman is either good or bad. There is no tertium quid. Playing with womankind is more dangerous than playing with fire. Let the college man remember that school days are not the time to solve this problem. If he insists upon doing it, then, let him read the following lines, borrowed from one of our exchanges:

A lad, a book;
A lass, a look.
Book neglected,
Flunk expected.

The writer would gladly offer a solution for this great problem, but as has been said, the ways of woman are too elusive to explain any one formula to suit all cases.

There is no general rule to this problem. Better be wide awake at all times.

"WOBBIE," '10.

A Society for the Abolition of Bachelors

I began my canvassing trip in the upper confines of Maine and was working my way southward when I chanced into a strange locality, especially appearing anomalous to me when I observed, with sorrow, the absence of the tender influence of womankind. All was rude, crude, and rough human nature; no sewing societies; no afternoon parties; no soprano voices in back yards chirping out the events of the previous day; none of the amenities of city life. The question, why? The lamentable answer: Because there was only about one woman to every thousand acres in the State. Ten out of every eleven men you bumped up against were stamped—bachelors. A pitiable, a deplorable sight was this! I gazed on them with pity and compassion, eager to do some kind act for them. Here, thought I, is a magnanimous opportunity to assist suffering humanity.

All the spare time during the remainder of my journey homeward, I employed in thinking of those poor, lonesome, unloved bachelors in Maine, and in trying to devise schemes for the amelioration of their sad condition. I well realized their onerous affliction and solitude, for I myself was twice a widower and three times divorced. At last I discovered a way. About three o'clock one morning I sat up in bed and from my trembling lips gushed the word, "Widows!" I seemed ready to swoon away because of the surprise of my discovery. I fell back upon my pillow and soon found myself in dreamland, where a large host of stately bachelors, each clasping hands with a bashful widow, danced gleefully about me.

In every rural newspaper throughout the Middle States, I had the following advertisement inserted in bold type and at a conspicuous place:

> Wanted — Experienced widows, who can do housework and sew, to join the Society for the Abolition of Bachelors in Maine. Address,
>
> J. A. K.,
> Grand Sec'y and General Mgr,
> Providence.

Because of the continuous flow of mail addressed to me, it became necessary for the local postmaster to augment the delivery force by adding three new men.

In less than a month I had all my plans completed, and two hundred assorted widows picked out to ship north by special train, in addition to a local preacher as master of ceremonies, who didn't at all turn out to be a paying investment, for he eloped at the first opportunity with the youngest widow in the bunch. Then, in succession, several of the train crew took their chance at eloping. Seeing, that, if these conditions prevailed, my plans would be futile, I immediately employed myself with the exigent task of extirpating further elopement. My first move was to have the train sidetracked, after which, with the assistance of sev-

eral sympathizing widows, who perceived my dilemma, I finally triumphed in imprisoning the remaining crew in a separate passenger car. Having accomplished this, I then sent the following telegram to railroad headquarters:

Send me a train crew of married men.

When the new train crew arrived we made a fresh start, and after a few sleepless nights and anxious days, I safely landed a hundred and eighty No. 1 widows upon the soil of Maine, and began to reap the fruits of my self-sacrificing devotion to my fellow men.

Every widow had paid her own share of traveling expenses, and guaranteed me a fee of a hundred dollars in case she met her soul's affinity while under my care; and the way those bachelors flocked into town on horseback and afoot to woo my fair charges brought tears of joy and gratification to my eyes.

J. E. H., '11.

The Blast Furnace

By Jay Trixler.

One of the most important and most interesting industrial plants found throughout Pennsylvania and, in fact, throughout the United States as a whole, is the "Blast Furnace," so called, as a general source of heat for smelting is derived from a blast of air forced into the material to be smelted.

The most essential part of the furnace is the "slack" into which the iron ore, coke and limestone are alternately dumped. This is the first part of the furnace to be constructed, and on it all other calculations and constructions depend. The shape of the slack is like the frustrums of two cones of unequal lengths joined together with the longer projecting upwards. The height varies from forty to ninety feet and the width is from fourteen to seventeen feet. This construction depends on the daily tonnage desired with a saving of fuel and an increase of heat. Ninety feet, however, seems to be the limit for this purpose.

The slack, made of sheet iron, is lined with firebricks (iron free). This lining lasts usually for a period of about six years (depending on the quality of ore used).

The heat required for smelting, temperature from eight hundred to fifteen hundred degrees, centigrade, is derived from coke and coal, dumped with the ores and flux, and from a hot air blast, the temperature of which is almost the same as that in the furnace.

The chemical reactions taking place in a furnace are very complicated, but in its simplest form can be represented thus: the carbon from the fuel burning in the hot air blast forms carbon dioxide, but carbon monoxide, which immediately unites with the oxygen in the iron, and again escapes as carbon dioxide gas, leaving the melted iron to drop into a bowl-shaped affair from which it is tapped at regular intervals in a molten state, flowing into moulds of sand called "pigs," whence the name "pig iron" or "cast iron." The limestone ($Ca\ Co_3$) forms a complex salicate known as "slag"; this being lighter than iron forms immediately on top of it, and prevents the iron from being oxidized by the blast. This is drawn off into iron carts and removed.

The amount of coke, coal and flux added depends on the quality of ore and is determined by chemical analysis; if the ore contains a compound of calcium, sand ($Si\ O_2$) must then be added, so as to get rid of the calcium. This material is hoisted to the top of the stack and dumped on a bell, forming an airtight covering for the stack, and when the required weight is placed on this bell it dumps and closes automatically. This process must be continued at regular intervals from the time the furnace is "in blast" until it is "blown out."

The blast is forced into the furnace by means of engines and bellows resembling a blacksmith's bellows (at a pressure

varying from two to seventy-five per cent. of an atmosphere) into tuyerés reaching above the molten iron deposit. These tuyerés are usually made of bronze, on account of the iron adhering to it, and to prevent their being melted are continually cooled by flowing water. There are many devices for this purpose which cannot be discussed here.

Various gases escape from the furnaces and are conducted by flumes to towers, resembling an upright boiler, fitted with a loose latticework of brick and coke. As these hot gases enter these towers, combustion takes place and an intense heat is produced, according to the regulated flow of gases. The products of combustion here are allowed to escape. This is the flame commonly seen on the towers outside the shedding of the fur nace. There are usually three, and sometimes four of these towers, and are used to heat the air for the blast. As soon as one tower is heated to the required temperature (taken by means of a pyrometer) the gas is turned into another tower and air allowed to enter the heated tower at the cooler end, and this is conducted to the tuyerés. This allows one tower to be heated, one to heat the air and a third to cool. Again, another portion of the gases is conducted to the boilers and serves for heating purposes, while another portion is conducted to the chemical laboratory.

The gases escaping at a furnace are very dangerous and consist, according to Bunsen, of carbon monoxide, carbon dioxide, hydrogen, marsh gas and olifines.

It might be in place to state here, that ores not oxides of iron, are usually calcined before smelting. This causes a furnace to "work easier" and saves fuel which is the most important item in the production of iron. This consists in roasting the ores with a flux usually crushed limestone, or any other flux, according to the ingredients found in the ores, until it is an oxide.

The various ores usually are hematite, limonite, siderite, pyrites, marcasite and magnitite. Pyrites and marcasite require calcination before used. The best working ores are found in the region of the Great Lakes and in the West Indies in the form of hematite.

The iron produced at a blast furnace are not pure, usually containing from five to ten per cent. impurities, consisting of carbon, silica, phosphorus, manganese and sulphur (varying according to the composition of the ore), which are very injurious in working the iron into different devices. For further purification it is again taken through the Bessemer process, open hearth process or through the puddle furnaces and converted into steeel, wrought iron, and many other forms, as usage demands.

The slag is in some instances also utilized in the making of roads, and from ores it is crushed, moistened and placed in moulds and pressed into blocks (on the same principle as cement), and used for building purposes. It is also used to a large extent in the mixing of Portland cement, making a very stable compound, to be used in water and also for other purposes.

The Relation of Scholarship and Literary Activity in Milton

A genius may produce a masterpiece of creative literature without great scholarship, but a scholar cannot bring forth a similar production without genius. An harmonious commingling of genius and scholarship is "a consummation devoutly to be wished" and valued all the more for its rarity. Such a consummation we have in the poet Milton. Perhaps no other poet has to such perfection woven into the texture of his work the civilzations and religions of the pagan past with modern Christian ideas to "assert Eternal Providence and justify the ways of God to men." Milton never sings the myths of Greece and Rome for themselves alone and their own glorification; he makes them ever subservient to some nobler purpose.

Milton is rightly compared to the slender yet effectual shaft in the lofty aisles of a massive Gothic cathedral, which, through the direct descendant of the heroic Greek column, does not, like its prototype of splendid proportions and apparent independency of requirements, or, like the Caryatides of the Pandrosium, supporting their weight with one knee, complacently bent forward, stand for its glory alone, but is a necessary and subservient part of one stupendous whole.

The poet's profound knowledge of classical lore is everywhere evident in his works and the profusion of classical allusions is the despair of the general reader. It was for this multiplicity of allusions that Walt Whitman, though by no means ill-read, did not appreciate Milton. To him, Milton's poems seemed a mosaic of classical references. If we accept Tolstoi's conon as set forth in his startling little essay, "What is Art?"—that a work of art, if really great, will appeal to the masses alike, then Milton must be excluded. While we cannot subscribe to this canon, we must feel that Milton's scholarship has alienated him, and consequently his circle of appreciative readers must ever be of the elect few.

No one will, however, assert that Milton's use of his scholarship was a pedantic one. The methods he employs to introduce ancient mythology were always admirable, and, even when allusions become meaningless to the reader, their melodious arrangement is always agreeable.

The methods Milton employs in the use of classic tradition are various. The most frequent, perhaps, is the simile, as in Book IX, line 385:

Thus saying, from her husband's hand her hand
Soft she withdrew, and, like a wood-nymph light,
Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train,
Betook her to the groves.

Again, he often takes classical characters out of their accustomed settings into a setting of his own. Book III, l. 471:

Others came single; he who to be deemed

A god, leaped fondly into Ætna flames,
Empedocles; . . . . and many more too
long,
Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars.

Or else he may use only the original setting exclusive of characters. Book X, l. 697:

Now from the north
Of Norumbega, and the Samoed shore,
Bursting their brazen dungeon, armed
with ice,
And snow, and hail, and stormy gust,
and flaw;
Boreas, and Cæcias, and Argestes loud,
And Thrascias rend the woods, and seas
upturn.

Lastly, he often draws from classic sources to enliven and color his descriptions of nature, as in Comus:

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale
career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not tricked and frounced as she was
wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchieft in a comely cloud.

As has already been stated, Milton never draws upon classic myths for themselves alone, but makes them always subservient to the purpose at hand, adding to all the characteristic Miltonic grandeur and sublimity. Without despoiling their ancient glory, he rather refines and elevates them, and employs them as a medium for the exaltation of man's soul.

Milton was a product of the Renaissance. That he should have had such a clear perception in an age with a spirit so totally different an age that emphasized the individual and devoted itself to the facts and phenomena of this world rather than to the expression of divine and eternal truths, is remarkable enougn.

Like Raphael, who held the personal element in complete abeyance and sought with his calm Hellenism the ideal and the eternal, so Milton inherited only the best of the Renaissance, giving to his art, grace, purity, serenity and dignity, and to the world sublime perceptions of universal truths.

Classic scholarship was to Milton but the handmaiden of his art, and never the mistress, as it was to the writers of pseudo-classicism—Dryden, Pope and others. Only to Milton it was given really to "unsphere

The spirit of Plato to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshy nook.

EDITORIAL

The Lenten season is the time for an awakening and upbuilding of the spiritual side of man. By virtue of this peculiar endowment he has the distinction of being "homo." The environment of a college student should be especially conducive to the strengthening of his spiritual structure. Too often the student is apt to forget the opportunities which he has of building a spiritual edifice within himself which will make him formidable to the many perplexities and temptations in his career. The battle line in each life is made vulnerable for the enemy by the shifting sands upon which the stand is taken. If a student is afraid to stand for his religion while at college, he is weakening his battle line for life by robbing himself of his strongest defense and replacing it by weakness and cowardice.

The sneering attitude of some students whenever Christianity or prayer is alluded to, is a mark of ill-breeding, disrespect and ignorance.

For any one, who is enjoying the advantages of a Christian land and a Christian college, to say anything about Christianity of a derogatory nature, or who is ashamed to acknowledge that which is of such vital import to his welfare, we should brand an ingrate and a coward. Always remember what Christianity has done for you.

There is no law which compels any one to embrace the Christian faith, but the law of common sense in any student necessitates his reverence for that Power which enables him to be a student.

The editor feels perfectly free to use his discretion in publishing any article pertaining to Christianity or prayer, regardless of the scathing remarks he has encountered since the March publication.

The literary activity of a college is largely determined by the work of its students in the literary societies. The effort which a student puts forth to make his performance in society a success, is the standard which his literary work will assume in later years. If your literary society is not a benefit to you it is your own fault. You will only benefit through it by the amount of time and talent you are willing to put into it.

We were favored by several interesting and instructive chapel talks during the past month. We will welcome all of these speakers again whenever they are ready to favor us with such gems of truth.

After the Easter vacation the work of another scholastic year will soon have ended. Each one should run the final relay with renewed effort, especially the senior, whose final heat terminates his college race.

The editor wishes all the readers of THE MUHLENBERG a happy Easter vacation.

"Adventures in Contentment," by David Grayson (?) is a narrative of the events or "adventures," as the author calls them, of a quiet country life. The author, supposedly a failure in the city, wearied of city life,—"the dust, the noise, the very colour of haste"—turns farmer. Having emancipated himself from the drudgery, the sole goal of which is success measured according to a monetary standard, and having settled in the country, with but one purpose and ambition, that of gaining a livelihood, our author discovers that, after all, man is an animal, and that there is a joy in mere physical existence. The "adventures" which the author records as a part of the experience of his eight years' life in the country, are adventures in the mental rather than in the physical world,—the adventures in the discovery by a mind of its place in the world, and of a new aspect and meaning of life. These adventures, the author relates in an almost continuous narrative, and presents, at the same time, his outlook on life without resorting to philosophical digressions. The apparent digressions in the narrative are simply variations in style for the purpose of avoiding monotony, and should be regarded as mental "adventures" of the author in his new life.

"The chief charm of literature, old or new," says the author, "lies in its high quality of surprise, unexpectedness, spontaneity: high spirits applied to life." This quality of surprise, unexpectedness, spontaneity characterizes the author's own narrative, and the book in question is an admirable exemplification of the charm spoken of in the quotation above. This quality of the narrative all can appreciate. But upon those readers who have never made an intimate acquaintance with the country, who have never felt the spirit of the fields, of the hills, and of the woods on a warm summer day, a certain charm of the book is lost, viz.: that quality, that indescribable something which vibrates a sympathetic chord within those of us who have been on terms of the closest intimacy with the country during our youthful

days, and who are still lovers of it, though our lives have been ordered elsewhere.

The author's outlook on life is, we believe, for the most part, sane, though we cannot subscribe to it without qualifications. "The patriotism of drums and marching regiments is cheap; blood is material and cheap; physical weariness and hunger are cheap. But the struggle I speak of" (the struggle for perfection in self-government) "is not cheap." With this we cannot wholly agree. The mistake of the author lies, however, not in the overvaluing of the struggle of the "unknown patriots who preach the invisible patriotism which expresses itself not in flags and oratory, but in the quiet daily surrender of private advantage for the public good," but in the depreciation of the patriotism which pours forth its life-blood unto the fertilization of the seed destined for the harvest of another. Blood is not cheap, it stands for life; and the "patriotism of drums and marching regiments has certainly played no insignificant part in the history of our nation.

Taken as a whole, the book is easy and clear in style, elevating in tone, and conducive to the formation of sound and wholesome views of life.

"The Open Road," a sequel to "Adventures in Contentment," is at present being published in *The American Magazine*.

ATHLETICS.

It seemed as if basket ball had no end of enthusiasts, and the season being too late for outside games, a series of games was arranged between the classes. As an impetus to the classes, a beautiful Loving Cup was offered to the class winning the greatest number of games, and an individual medal to the man scoring the greatest number of field goals. From the beginning the classes fought hard, and some very good games resulted. However, before the entire series could be played, time had so far advanced into the base ball season, that it was necessary to stop the Inter-Class games, as it kept some of our good base ball men from coming out for practice. It was agreed by the classes to drop the contest and let the cup go to the class having won the greatest number of games, which was the Sophomore Class, winning six (6) straight victories. The individual medal also went to Sophomore Ruhe.

Following are the scores of the games and standing at close of contest:

SCORES.

Freshmen, 17; Seniors, 34.
Sophomores, 25; Juniors, 17.
Freshmen, 27; Juniors, 17.
Sophomores, 20; Seniors, 13.
Freshmen, 13; Sophomores, 33.
Seniors, 18; Juniors, 32.
Sophomores, 22; Juniors, 10.
Freshmen, 22; Seniors, 34.
Freshmen, 41; Juniors, 17.
Sophomores, 39; Seniors, 10.
Freshmen, 10; Sophomores, 28.

STANDING.

	W.	*L.*	*Per.*
Sophomores	6	0	1.000
Seniors	2	3	.400
Freshmen	2	4	.354
Juniors	1	4	.200

BASE BALL

Manager Beck has made arrangements for a number of games thus far, and a good season of this sport is looked for. When the call for candidates was made some two dozen men reported, and are now hard at work. There should be good material developed, as we have captain

Faudgraf, of the Allentown Atlantic League team, as coach, who is on the field every day to advise the fellows. Besides this sterling player we also have the privilege of receiving points as well as practicing against the Atlantic League team of Allentown, which should result in nothing less than a good team.

TRACK

In this department the fellows are also very active. As the Advisory Board has decided to send a relay team to the meet at the University of Pennsylvania, on April 25th, the track men are working hard every day and are getting in fine trim. Present indications point to a good team, which should take first or second place in the class of colleges in which we are entered for that meet. The college also expects to be representd at the meet which is to take place at Harrisburg on Decoration Day, for colleges of Pennsylvania only.

PERSONAL

Schatz—"Can anyone assert that the hands were not made for holding?"

Dr. W.—"When did Wufila live?"
Anthony—"In the 15th century."
Dr. W.—"No, in the 4th century."
Anthony.—"I missed it by 1000 years."

Dr. W. sniffing Kuhl's face.
Kuhl—"Do you think I put vanilla on my face?"
Dr. W.—"No."
Kuhl—"You don't need to think I go out kissing every day."

Dr. B.—"Did the early Christians make much of the resurrection?"
Beck.—"I don't know."
Dr. B.—"Did you ever go to Sunday school?"
Beck—"Yes, but not with the early Christians."

Dr. W.—"What does codex mean?"
Anthony—"That means photography."

Schatz—"The girl that goes with me has nothing."
Paules—"She has nothing if she has you."

Dr. W.—"Anthony, I never knew you were so soft."

Dr. Haas (asking Schmoyer, '10, logic questions which he is trying to evade)—"Now Mr. Schmoyer, don't try to drive the devil around the stump."

Dr. O.—"While making a purchase in a store down town, the clerk said to me, 'Well, Doctor, are there many people sick?' "
Student—"Why didn't you tell him that we are very sick?"

Dr. E.—"The Germans had no brass buttons on their uniforms. Buttons don't fight."

Marsh, '08—"I'm still here, Doctor."

Dr. W.—"Yes, you are not so spiritual as not to be seen in bodily form."

Ernst in English—"Edgar Allan Poe was on his way to get married, but in Baltimore he met some old friends and got drunk, died, and never came to."

Ernst and Everett took in the Orpheum last week.

Weaver loafed around Sixth and Hamilton Saturday night and smoked a half of a cigarette, came home and told the fellows he was dissipating.

Beidler, '09—"Did you speak with Dr. Jacobs of Philadelphia?"

Becthold, '11—"No, I spoke with his son, Prof. Charles."

Green, '09—"That's more serviceable, isn't it?"

Romig, '11—"This is St. Patrick's Day, Doctor."

Dr. W.—"Yes, and you don't need to put on anything green to remind me of it, you Freshman."

Weber, '11—"Did St. Patrick drive the snakes out of Ireland?"

Dr. W.—"Yes, but they often see snakes."

Butz, '11—"It stinks in here, Doctor, I can't stand it."

Dr. W.—"Then sit down."

Reitz, '11—"Give us more German Bible to commit, Doctor. When I was confirmed we had to learn 13.

Lewis, '11—"No wonder you're dippy."

Green, '09——"Jimmie can't play basket ball, he only roughens it up.

Anthony, '08—"Never mind his words, fellows; always remember that they come from a green source.

Prof. Jacobs—"Was Charles II fond of a strenuous life?"

Butz, '11—"Yes, sir, financially."

Gelsinger (looking over the catalogue of college)—"I am just finding out what a fine thing this English course is, anyway. The catalogue gives it all."

Butz, '11—"Amarrel is a schister."

Grant, '11—"Why?"

Butz, '11—"He declines to coach the Freshman tennis team."

Haas, '11, lost himself last month by accidentally coming into the German recitation room.

EXCHANGES

There are some papers which appear regularly on our Exchange tables, and which are always of a uniform excellency. Among the number of these are *The Mercury, the College Student, The Dickinsonian* and *The Touchstone.* All contain productions of the highest literary merit. The last mentioned especially, is a great favorite with us, because of the spicy style in which it is gotten up.

The essay on "Poe and the Raven," in *The Forum,* is very good. It shows the authoress was well acquainted with her subject matter, and of no mean ability as a composer. "The Awakening of the Heart," a short story in the same monthly, is written in a catchy style. The story entitled "The One Mile Championship" is not original. It is one which has often come to our ears before, perhaps in a little different form.

The Midland comes to us in its usual good style. "Civic Integrity," and "The House of the Seven Gables" are well written essays of the Literary Department. We notice, however, that the paper lacks an Exchange column.

The editorials of *College Breezes* are well conceived. The one entitled "Snuff, Etc.," is certainly "up to snuff." The articles "Respect for Others," and "Henry Wadsworth Longfellow," are excellent.

"The Tenderfoots Reward," in *The Buff and Blue* is as the title indicates, a story of the western plains. The plot and the characters are old ones, but the manner in which the story is told is charming. The essay on "Queen Elizabeth of Roumania" is far better than the story. We congratulate the author upon his production.

The Maryland Collegian contains, as usual, jokes, and very little else.

From this brief review of college periodicals we turn to a perusal of the Preparatory School papers, which have made their appearance at Muhlenberg during the last month. Of these the *Penn Charter Magazine* is exceptionally good, both as to form and to contents. We must stamp every department of the March issue O. K. It is concocted in a manner which is pleasing not only to its own students but to those outside the school itself.

One of the most complete school papers we receive is the *S. P. S. Quarterly.* Its Literary Department is especially worthy of commendation,—the articles there being numerous and of a high calibre.

Query—"If a man born in Poland is a Pole, is a man born in Holland a hole?" —*Ex.*

Pa—"Johnny, what are you making all that racket for?"

Johnny—"So I can go and play tennis with it."

Pa—"Then you need a bawl, too. Bring me the trunk strap, young man." —*Ex.*

A woman cannot be transformed into a hat, but a hat sometimes becomes a woman.—*Ex.*

The Red and Black (Beth. Prep.) indicates that there is a lack of interest in the school paper, among the student body. A verification of this fact may be found by referring to a statement of the Editor's, made in the Exchange Column of the March issue.

The *Purple and White* (Allentown Prep.) is very good. We have one criticism to offer: you still pay too much attention to your Personal Department.

The Hall Boy would be improved by an additional story or two.

We recommend that *The M. P. S.* pay less attention to their Athletic Column, and devote more space to their Literary and Exchange sections.

The Review (B. H. S.) is one of the most attractive school papers on our Exchange table.

The Blue and Gold (Darlington Seminary), uses a very poor quality of paper in their magazine. Their Literary and Exchange Departments also need a decided bracing.

A teacher in a Connecticut country school gave one of her pupils these two sentences to correct:

1. The hen has three legs.
2. Who done it?

The little fellow looked at his slate a minute, and then wrote seriously: "It wasn't the hen's fault; God done it."—*Ex.*

Mrs.—"I feel so sad that poor Gyp died."

Cook—" 'Tis the same with me, mum! Many's the plate and saucer he saved me the washin.' "—*Ex.*

"Professor," said a senior, trying to be pathetic at parting, "I'm indebted to you for all I know."

"Pray don't mention such a trifle," was the reply.—*Ex.*

The maiden sorrowfully milked the goat,
And pensively turned to mutter:
"I wish you'd turn to milk, you brute!"
But the animal turned to butter.—*Ex.*

James—"Your father must be an awful mean man. Him a shoemaker, and makin' you wear them old boots!"

Henry—"He's nothing to what your father is. Him a dentist, and your baby only got one tooth."—*Ex.*

"Faith, Mrs. O'Hara, how do you tell the twins apart?"

"Begorra, 'tis easy, it is. I sticks me finger in Moike's mouth, and if he bites, I know its Dennis."

With apologies to Dr. Ettinger we publish the following Exchange:

Puer ex Jersey ad school
Videt in meadow infestus mule,
Ille approaches—O fagnus sorrow,
Puer goes skyward, fumes to-morrow.
Moral: Qui videt a thing, non ei known
Eat bene for him, relinquere id alone.

Turn failure into victory,
  Don't let your courage fade;
And if you get a lemon, why
  Just make the lemon aid.—*Ex.*

CONTENT

"Sweet are the thoughts that savor of content;
  The quiet mind is richer than a crown;
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent,—
  The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown;
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbors quiet rest,
  The cottage that affords no pride or care,
The mean, that 'grees with country music best,
  The sweet consort of mirth's and music's fare.
Obscured life sets down a type of bliss;
A mind content both crown and kingdom is."—*Ex.*

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A Tale from an Old Mill

PAUL P. HUYETT, '10.

"Talking about witches," began Jones, as he slowly rose from the cracker-box on which he had been sitting, delivered a great mouthful of tobacco juice into the saw-dust box cuspidor, and giving a great "e-hem," to clear his throat,—"speaking of witches or pow-wows just reminds me." Slowly looking about the group sitting around the stove, as if to find any objections, if there were any, the King of the Story Realm again slowly sat down on his cracker-box throne and began.

"When I arrived at the age of fourteen, the thought suddenly came to my father's mind that I must learn a trade. Suddenly, I say, for my father never let things drag; but I must confess the thought was not new to my young mind. The all-important question was, what trade should I follow? It didn't take my father long to decide. He had a friend living in the western part of the state, a miller by trade, to whom he concluded I must go as an apprentice. My father's will was law, and so I went.

"The mill was a small grist mill, situated just at the foot of the Blue Moun-

tains along a beautiful stream with sufficient water power to run the huge millstones. It was kept quite busy in supplying the wants of the farmers and had a real business-like air about it when in motion.

"The miller wasn't such a bad sort of a fellow. He had some good qualities about him. For instance, besides being a good miller, he had succeeded in subduing his timid wife to his way of thinking, or reasoning, if he ever did any; he was a reputed raffler; was never known to have been beaten at raffling matches; could swear like a trooper; and above all was not a whit afraid of witches and did not believe in pow-wows; at least he said so.

"But the country was in a state of uproar at this time. A gang of thieves had made the Blue Mountains their rendezvous and were making continual raids on the lowland farmers, keeping them in a constant state of alarm. There was no farm-house that did not have its good-sized shot gun ready loaded, no pillow without its revolver under it, no farm stock complete without a watch dog. The slightest noise caused an uproar. The smallest suspicious object was soon riddled with lead, so that even a stray dog found it hard to prowl about at night and live.

"One evening just as I was locking up the mill, for the miller had gone to the house, I heard a heavy wagon coming up the street. I looked down the street and, sure enough, there was a heavy farm wagon, loaded with grain, coming up the road. The four horses looked tired out as if they had come a great distance. The driver, a tall, muscular farmer in boots and broad-brimmed hat, was slowly sauntering along the side, whip in hand. What surprised me was not so much the team or its driver but the lateness of the hour; that a man should travel so late in this part of the country and with a load of grain puzzled me.

"He stopped the team just before the mill, looked arund, and spying me standing there gaping at him, called in a rather gruff voice, 'Where's the miller?' 'Gone to the house,' returned I. 'Well, don't stand gaping at me. Call him,' answered the stranger. There was something mysterious about this man that made me obey on the jump.

"The miller came reluctantly enough, after a few groans and a few more oaths for having been disturbed from his rest, for the miller liked to rest real often. The stranger explained that he had come from his home across the mountains to sell his wheat but had been delayed by a broken bridge. The farmer's team was soon unhitched and stabled in the spacious barn and the miller took a hand at unloading the grain when the stranger protested. 'Too late to unload that wagon to-night,' said he, 'plenty of time to-morrow.' The miller was surprised. The mountain-gang, he expostulated, would clean the whole wagon in the night; but the stranger was firm. If the grain was stolen he was the loser and the miller had to be satisfied.

"We, the miller, the stranger, and I, went to the house and ate the simple but wholesome supper placed before us, in

silence. I was mystified by the man, the miller, by both the man and his actions, and the stranger was apparently no great talker.

"After the meal the new comer lit his pipe, puffed on it for a while, blew a cloud of blue tobacco-smoke in the air and by way of introduction began, 'I hear,' this to the miller, 'you don't believe in pow-wows?' The miller arched his brow as if thinking for a moment, then swore there was nothing like pow-wowing. The stranger again fell into silence and the miller in a mood for conversation, called for his dice-box. Now the miller, as I said before, was a reputed raffler. 'Well',' laughed the miller, 'If you know anything about such things beat me at raffling if you can.' He took up the box, shook it vigorously and threw out the dice. The count was extremely low and he put them back and repeated the process. Again the count was low and the miller's face clouded. Again the miller rattled the dice and threw them on the table. As he picked them up a smile played on his face. He had thrown a count of twenty. With the confident smile on his lips, he handed the box to the stranger. The stranger took it, gave it one shake, and dropped three aces on the table. He had won by one point. If the miller doubted the power of pow-wows, some of that doubt at least was apparently removed.

"Again there was silence. The miller called for wine. In a short time his wife placed a glass pitcher of sparkling blood-red wine on the table. Well, broke in the stranger with the assurance of a veteran, 'I can sap that pitcher of wine out of the corner of your house.' The miller swore it was impossible but called for another pitcher. The miller and the stranger together went out to the housewall while I stayed inside to watch the wine in the pitcher on the table. Slowly it receeded, without having any apparent means of escape until the pitcher was dry and immediately the stranger came in with a pitcher of sparkling, red, wine and poured it back into the glass pitcher on the table. He had tapped the wall with his finger, the miller said, and a stream of red wine flowed out into the pitcher. This time the miller was too astonished even to swear and it was plain that another grain of doubt of the power of pow-wows was removed from his cloudy brain.

"The stranger retired early and spent a comfortable night. I was the first to rise in the morning and naturally my first thought was of the grain wagon. Imagine my surprise when, looking out, I saw a man standing at the wagon with a bag of grain on his shoulder. I hurriedly called the stranger and the miller. The miller was surprised and loud in his 'I-told-you-so's.' But the farmer was not moved. What surprised me more was when we came out the man with the bag on his shoulder was still there and showed no signs of leaving or even moving. The farmer walked up to the intruder, took the bag off his shoulder and gave him a sound kick without even so much as taking a good look at him. 'The next time you want to steal, don't be fool enough to try to steal from me,'

said the farmer but the thief's long legs had already carried him beyond hearing. 'Why didn't he try to get away?' asked the miller. 'He had to wait for my permission,' returned the stranger with a smile. As the farmer was about to drive off, the miller studied the ground for a few minutes, passed his horny hands through his long hair and sighed. 'Well,' he began rather hesitatingly, 'There must be something in it anyway—in this pow-wowing.' The stranger smiled and drove off."

There was a moment's silence among his hearers as if each one weighed the matter carefully before venturing a remark as Jones concluded his narrative. Suddenly there was a stir near the door as a man suddenly got on his feet. "It's a lie," he yelled, "I never wanted to steal that wheat, I only wanted to see what kind it was," and the speaker disappeared, slamming the door after him. "Well, I was always told," said Jones, "that Perkins was one of that mountain-gang and I never believed it. Now I am sure."

The Misplaced Stake

Continued from April number.

It didn't take the Superintendant of the Central Office of the engineering corps long to discern what was wrong with one of the young foremen. He too had passed through the stages in his younger days. He knew the cause of those long lonely walks in the parks and those little scraps of poetry which he found Ben Turner constantly composing. He rightly guessed that this change had come to pass through some fair one at the place of Ben's last summer's work but he resolved to put it to a test and remove all doubt.

The next day several pages of data curiously went astray and the Superintendant found it necessary that some one should go to the branch office at Kinsford and recopy the lost acounts. He didn't announce immediately whom he intended sending and Ben walked right into the trap set for him by asking to be sent on the errand. He also suggested, that Saturday would be a good day to go.

The following Saturday morning found Ben Turner at the station for the early train going to Kingsford. He had slept very little that night, so concerned was he lest he miss the train. After arriving at Kingsford he immediately sent a message to Miss Lind stating that he would be compelled to stay in town that night and asking if she would allow him the pleasure of spending the evening with her. The answer came back very shortly and he was overjoyed to learn that Miss Lind was going to entertain friends that evening and would be very glad to have him present. She also stated that her mother invited him to

have supper with the family instead of going to the hotel.

With this as an encouragement, Ben set himself to work on the drafts and charts and early in the afternoon had the work completed. He made an extra blue print of a certain portion of the woods, to the west of the city, for his own use, with a winding path marked on it from one hill to the other, which however was not marked on the original.

In his haste to get the work completed he had gone without dinner and so developed a good appetite. When he arrived at the Lind home, he found Dorothy alone and preparing supper. He was alone in the parlor until the rest of the family returned home and meanwhile was trying to decide in his mind where she looked the prettiest, as he had first seen her in the woods arrayed in the garlands of a May Queen, as she shone forth in the simple but well becoming gowns in the parlor, or as she now appeared in her plain kitchen apron.

When finally the supper bell rang, Ben almost had to pinch himself to determine whether this was a reality or a dream. To think that not only was he going to sit beside her at the table in her home but even to eat a supper which she had prepared. He never thought it possible to make such good cocoa and the meat was just the way he liked it best. Probably he would have said the same if she had given it to him raw.

At the gathering he did not enjoy himself as much as he had anticipated, because he had very little opportunity of talking to Dorothy and then what caused him no little concern was a certain young lawyer, who seemed to be very attentive to her. But when he took his departure it was all atoned for. She bid him a hearty good-night and expressed her delight at the unexpected pleasure of having had him present.

On the next day, Sunday, Ben took his accustomed place in the choir, which he had held all summer; but this time he took it because he would have a better view of the Lind pew. He realized his mistake in this afterwards for he was detained in going out and when he found an opportunity to slip away, behold! there was the young lawyer already walking down street with Dorothy.

It was just about beginning to annoy him for he recalled what a prominent place Mr. Smull's photograph occupied upon the mantel and Dorothy had never even asked him for his though they had often been discussing photographs.

In this frame of mind Ben returned to the city and on Monday morning turned up at the office in a very melancholy mood. He had subscribed for the Kingsford daily paper and was very much engrossed after his lunch hour reading the personal column. Now and then he would find a little news concerning the Lind family. It was while reading this several weeks later that he gave a start which scared the colored waiter at the restaurant. He had read in the paper that Miss Dorothy Lind had gone visiting, for a few days, to New York City. If only he knew where she was visiting. She had told him of several friends she had in the city and he

just recalled the name of one. It was Waldenstein in the Bronx, he thought. He rushed out of the restaurant to the office half through with his lunch and without paying. Arriving there he hurriedly got down the city directory and looked up the name. Again he met with dissappointment for he could only find two Waldensteins in the Bronx, the one was a pawn broker and the other was an astrologist and neither had any daughters. All afternoon he racked his brain for some process by which he might learn her address and when he arrived home in the evening he had not yet found any. He lounged around and made believe he was eating supper when the evening mail arrived. There were two letters from college friends and one in a dainty slightly scented envelope addressed in a feminine hand writing which his sister gazed at somewhat suspiciously before handing it to him. The other two he had torn open, this one he carefully opened with his pen-knife. His whole disposition changed immediately. He had found it out, she herself had sent it and had invited him to call on the following evening.

A great deal happened that evening and he came home a happier boy. She had consented to correspond with him and the next morning when he went to work he felt like hugging everyone of the family.

Several months passed by in which Ben made frequent visits to Kingsford in addition to his correspondence. His letters, however, were several times the length of hers and contained many more poetical allusions.

When spring came on Ben's corps was again ordered out for field work; this time not at Kingsford, but away in the western part of the state. This was a trial for him for now he could not make those short visits any more and he could not get away from his work for a sufficiently long time. To make up for it he made his letters all the longer, but it seemed to have the opposite effect on the other end for they came less frequently, and then what bothered him most was the many references to Mr. Smull.

Time did not improve matters and they grew less and less until in September they stopped completely. What was he to do? What could he do? Evidently the young lawyer was doing it. At any rate, he thought she had no right to act in this manner. She had given her consent to this correspondence and if she wished it to cease it was her duty to tell him so and not keep him in suspense. With such thoughts in his mind, Ben lay awake at night pondering over the matter, at a loss to know what to do.

At last unable to endure it any longer he entrusted his work to a subordinate and started for Kingsford. The first sight which greeted his eyes when he arrived was Miss Dorothy out driving with Mr. Smull. To Ben this was like putting salt into an open wound and he bid farewell to all reason. He walked up and down the station platform brooding over his sorrows when presently he saw them return without the team. At

the station they parted, he to enter a large office building, and she to await his coming. This was his chance, he would have it out with her. Going up he said, "Miss Lind I have come here to get from you an explanation of why you have treated me so shamefully; but I suppose there is nothing more to be said as I have already seen the explanation of it all. It seems to me when a young lady makes a promise to correspond with one, she should, if she wishes it to cease, have womanhood enough to break off in an honorable way."

"Why Mr. Turner!" she said, "what reason have you to speak to me in such a manner?" "What reason have you to act toward me in that way?" he replied. "You say you have come for an explanation yet you have been so unreasonable as to address me in such an ungentlemanly way and not to give me the opportunity to explain. Much has happened since you were last here." "I see it has," he interrupted as he pointed to the office building. "Good evening," she said as she turned away and left him standing alone.

More enraged than ever, Ben turned toward his hotel, enraged more at himself than anyone else, because he had been so excited and had so addressed her in a public place while she had been so cool and collected. He knew he did not want to say those things nor did he intend to be so rude to her. For a time he paced up and down his room when a messenger appeared at his door with a sealed envelope. Hastily tearing it open he read:

Mr. Turner,—

Please do not on any account call or write to me any more. You have insulted and deeply wounded me. Henceforth we must be strangers to each other.

DOROTHY S. LIND.

The paper droped from his hand and he fell into a chair exhausted. "Deeply wounded and insulted, by me, by me," he murmured to himself.

He hid his face in his hands and continued in that posture until long after the hotel was quiet. Then he got up and wrote a long apology imploring forgiveness but in the morning his messenger returned it unopened. He tried calling at the Lind home but no one answered his rap. Very dejectedly he wandered back to the station and boarded a train for the western part of the state again.

Had Ben been a little less excited as well as less jealous he would have noticed the change in Dorothy and would have readily guessed the cause of her long silence. There had been a great deal of sickness in the Lind family and for some time Mr. Lind was in a very critical condition. Much of the nursing and night-watching had fallen to the lot of Dorothy and consequently she had little time to think of corresponding. She herself had been in danger of a breakdown and it was but the duty of Mr. Smull, as a family friend, to take her out occasionally and help her to tide it over.

When Ben came back to work the men could not understand the change that had

come over him; he spoke very little and seemed to want to do all the work himself. Matters continued in this manner for several weeks when he suddenly announced to his men that he had sent in his resignation to his employers and was going to start for Texas, where he would enter the employ of a company in which he could advance himself more rapidly. He did go, and as he said, did advance himself rapidly. The central office at New York was proud that they could send out such a man.

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Two years passed and Ben continued at his work in Texas. At Kingsford matters in the Lind family continued much in the same manner which they had before Mr. Turner had become known to them. What had come between Dorothy and Mr. Turner none of the others of the family knew and very kindly never mentioned him name. If she grieved over the incident she did not show it; only with little Julia she still went to the woods to gather flowers and always had a particular place in which to sit down and arrange them.

At the office of the engineering firm at New York the Kingsford Daily Chronicle was still arriving addressed to Benjamin Turner. Finally the men who were very intimate with Ben collected the two and a half years edition which had been accumulating and bound them into several books. These they shipped to Ben along with the bills from the printer. Ben was quite surprised when he received the big express package but very soon caught on to the joke. When he got them to his room he started glancing over the first volume when his eye caught the notice of the illness of Mrs. Lind. He followed it until he found a notice of her convalescence. Then he came to the account of the serious illness of Mr. Lind. This also he followed up and found numerous little references to the efficient nursing of Miss Dorothy Lind. All night long he pored over those newspapers hunting references. At last he saw through it all, this was the reason Dorothy had not been writing, this was why she felt so deeply wounded, when after having bravely done her duty and having nothing to expect but praise, he had so harshly accosted her. How he now hated himself for his unjustified anger.

At the same time up in Kingsford a lawsuit was in progress concerning a piece of land to the west of the town. Two parties lay claim to a narrow strip of land. There had been some mistake in the surveying of it and who had made the error the courts were trying to decide. An account of the controversy appeared in the evening paper and it stated that it would be necessary to have the evidence of the engineer, Mr. Benjamin Turner, who had surveyed the land and graded the roads running through it, but who could not appear for some time on account of his being employed down in Texas. As Miss Dorothy read this her heart gave a thump. What if he should call? she thought. How would she receive him?

The notice of the court reached Ben

shortly after the newspapers and afforded him the excuse for leaving, which he was only too glad to receive. As soon as arrangements could be made, he left Texas for New York. There he was happily greeted by his parents and sisters and late that night he started for Kingsford with a transit and the records. Being unable to sleep he started out for the scene of the trouble long before sunrise and after tramping around in the damp grass for some time found the old markings. Again he adjusted his instrument for the opposite hill and again there met a sight which made him gaze intently. "Could it possibly be her?" he asked himself. It was Dorothy on the other hill. The day before she had been in the woods with Julia and had lost a valuable necklace, for which she had gone out early in the morning to seek.

Ben did not look long, but left his instrument and started for the opposite hill to gain surer evidence. Again he paused, as he drew near, at the sight which met his eyes. She did not stir, she was gazing intently on the ground, held in a brown study. What a picture she made clad in a pale blue gown and standing on a carpet of soft green moss.

The sun had just risen over the hills and turned the dew of the foliage into a shower of sparkling diamonds around her. Nearer he drew and still she did not stir. Then a squirrel crossed her path and aroused her. "Ben," she cried as she sprang toward him. "Dorothy," he whispered as he clasped her to himself.

* * * * * * * *

"And they all lived long and prospered."

FINIS.

Verus Homo

Only men of careful intellectual and moral balance mark the onward course of our civilization. It is upon the even-handed distribution of these two forces —intellect and morality—that a nation must depend for its greater stability and prosperity in the future. It seeks not for men of royal birth but for men of sober thoughts and noble deeds. The man who is able to take a broad and sympathetic interest in the great questions of the day and a clear vision of life's chief end is the man whose judgment is to be trusted more than that of his fellow-man who is not endowed with these qualities.

A great breadth of mental development and a true moral discipline are needed in this world, and never more so than at the present time. The world is in great need of men who are competent and willing to take upon themselves the duties which are awaiting them, to work for the interest of all as well as themselves, and to fight the great battles against dishonesty, vice and wickedness which so often confront them.

In order to be thus qualified to fulfil the requirements, man must be energetic and ready to lean on his own resources. Sad and disgusting is the sight of a

young man with healthy blood, broad shoulders, and a hundred and fifty pounds of good bone and muscle, standing with hands in his pockets, longing for help or waiting as if he expected to attain success "on flowery beds of ease."

We must admit that there are positions in which the most independent spirit may accept assistance, but for a man who is able to help himself in the accomplishment of his plans of life is positive proof that he has received a most unfortunate training or that there is a leaven of meanness in his composition that should make him shudder. When a man becomes aware that only by his own efforts can he rise into companionship and competition with the shrewd, strong and well-disciplined minds around him, is he ready for work and not before.

Another requisite is that of patience and perseverance with the work at hand. This is perhaps one of the most difficult of all the lessons of life. It is natural for the mind to reach out for immediate results. As manhood dawns and the young man catches the first light of the pinnacles of realized dreams, the golden domes of high possibilities and the purpling hill of pure delight, and then looks down upon the long narrow dusty path by which others have reached them, he is apt to become disgusted with the passage, and to seek for success through broader channels, by quicker means. Beginning at the foot and working slowly to the top seems a very discouraging process, and precisely at this point is where thousands of young men have made ship wrecks of their lives. Rome was not built in a day, nor is a character formed by one round of the sun.

"The heights of great men, reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

Let it be understood, then, at starting, that the patient conquest of difficulties which arise in the labors and undertakings in life, is not only essential in securing the successes which are sought, but it is essential to that preparation of the mind requisite for the enjoyment of the successes and for retaining them when gained. It is a general rule of Providence that the process of earning success shall be the preparation for its conservation and enjoyment. The development which will be received in this brave and patient labor will help to make a man. It will give power, self-reliance, self-respect, and respect for fellow men and the public.

The last factor which we wish to consider is the sense of honor, and though last, it may be regarded as the most important. But the term Honor is not to be interpreted in the conventional, in the worldly sense. All great life-giving and life-meaning words have been sorely abused by many who use them. Love, Friendship, Charity, Courage, Truth—all these have been shamefully juggled with, but few have been more hardly used than honor. In the name of honor men have done dishonorable things. The code of the so-called man of honor is

often a code which will allow him to clothe the basest deeds with the garment of righteousness. The honor we wish to consider is not of that kind. It is the true honor that one owes to one's self, and that should be the great guide and standard of all our actions. Every one of us knows what is right and what is wrong for us to do. There is an honorable way of doing right and a dishonorable way of not doing wrong. A man may withhold himself from doing wrong and yet be even in the very act of self-restraint, ignoble. It is that private thought, that personal sense of honor that should animate all our purposes and control all our actions.

Let a man be rigidly scrupulous in keeping his own sense of honor flawless and he cannot fail to live an honorable life. The great teacher Epictitus, has put it, in this regard, in one pregnant sentence: "Always act," he says, "as if the eye of the great Master were upon you." Would that the personal sense of each man's honor were to himself what the "eye of the Master" was to Epictitus. To be a true man the poet commands thus:

"Be what thou seemest, live they creed;
Hold up to earth thy torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made;
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

"Fill up each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go:
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below."

GEARY E. EVERETT, '10.

The Return of the Prince

PARKE SHERER, '11.

The prince was dying. By his side kneeled the fool watching the shadows slowly fall. Above the thick branches which shrouded them, glittered the white stars, below the branches, by his side, lay multitudes of daises. Beyond them, could be seen the moon-lit river.

The prince moved uneasily and started to speak, "Thou wilt stay by me till the end, Fool."

The fool bent low and answered, "Aye, to the end." And when the prince had once more closed his eyes, the fool ran to the river and filled his cap with water, with which he bathed the brow of his master.

The prince again opened his eyes and spoke: "Hear me, Fool, and mark well my words: You shall take my place and play the prince."

"Me, master? How can I? Thy eyes and hair are brown while I am dark. Besides, I am but a fool."

"No, no, you are no Fool, but my comrade and a man. My father waits for me at the castle, together with my sister, whom I have never seen. He is old and his life waits only for my return. He is blind and so cannot see your hair and eyes, while your voice is as gentle as mine. You have been a faithful servant, Fool, so obey this last request

of mine. Farewell, my faithful friend." And the prince closed his eyes, for the last time."

In the cool dawn, a dark haired prince strode away, leaving upon the ground a motley fool with cap and bell-stick.

* * * * * * * *

Day after day, in the rose-garden ot the castle, by the side of the splashing fountain, sat the striken king. By his side, reading to him, sat the princess, the fairest lady in the realm. And every hour he put out his hand and asked if some one had come, but there was always the same sad answer, "Nay."

"Some day he will come," he told her, "and I want to be here, the first to welcome him. Ah, that my eyes might once more behold him. He is so noble and fair. Thou shalt be happy when he comes, and I too. Then shall I be content to die." And when the night fell and he did not come, he would murmer, "To-morrow he will come." But the to-morrows came and went quickly. The days became weeks, and weeks months, the months years. The king grew weaker, the princess more radiant. But one day he heard a strange foot-step upon the path. "It is he," he whispered, "It must be he."

Then up the path the foot-steps sounded nearer and nearer until suddenly the Princess saw him, and looked into his dark eyes, and saw the great coat of arms emblazened over his heart.

"It is he, father," she cried, "It is he," and at her words the king stretched forth his arms and cried, "My son, my son." And then did the prince spring forward and answer, "My father."

And thus did the prince come home.

What Forestry Has Done

By James W. Anthony, '08.

Many people in this country think that forestry has never been tried until the Government began to practice it upon the National Forests. Yet forestry is practiced by every civilized country in the world, except China and Turkey.

It gets results which can be gotten in no other way, and which are necessary to the general welfare.

What forestry has done abroad is the strongest proof of what it can accomplish here. The remarkable success of forest management in the civilized countries of Europe and Asia is the most forcible argument which can be brought in support of wise forest use in the United States.

The more advanced and progressive countries arrive first and go farther in forestry as they do in other things. Indeed, we might almost take forestry as a yardstick with which to measure the height of civilization.

On the one hand, the nations which follow forestry most widely and systematically would be the most enlight-

ened nations. On the other hand, when we applied our yardstick to such countries as are without forestry, we could say with a good deal of assurance, by this test alone, "Here is a backward nation."

The countries of Europe and Asia, taken together, have passed through all the stages of forest history and applied all the known principles of forestry. They are rich in forest experience. The lessons of forestry were brought home to them by hard knocks. The forest systems were built up gradually as the result of hardship. They did not first spin fine theories and then apply those theories by main force. On the contrary they began by facing disagreeable facts. Every step of the way toward wise forest use, the world over, has been made by the sharp spur of want, suffering or loss. As a result, the science of forestry is one of the most practical and most directly useful of all the sciences. It is a serious work, undertaken as a measure of relief, and continued as a safeguard against future calamity.

The United States, then, in attacking the problem how best to use its great forest resources, is not in the position of a pioneer in the field. It has the experience of all other countries to go upon. There is no need for years of experimenting with untried theories. The forest principles which hundreds of years of actual practice have proved right are at its command. The only question is, How should these be modified or extended to best meet American conditions? In the management of the National Forests the Government is not working in the dark. Nor is it slavishly imitating European countries. It is putting into practice in America, and for Americans, principles tried and found correct, which will insure to all the people alike the fullest and best use of all forest resources.

Take the case of Germany. Starting with forests which were in as bad shape as many of our own which have been recklessly cut over, it raised the average yield of wood per acre from 20 cubic feet in 1830 to 65 cubic feet in 1904. During the same period of time it trebled the proportion of sawed timber got from average cut, which means, in other words, that through the practice of forestry the timber lands of Germany are of three times quality to-day than when no system was used. In 54 years, it increased the money returns from an average acre of forest, seven fold.

In France foresty has decreased the danger from floods, which threaten to destroy vast areas of fertile farms, and in doing so has added many millions of dollars to the national wealth in new forests. It has removed the danger from sand dunes and in their place has created a property worth many millions of dollars. Applied to the State Forests, which are small in comparison with the National Forests of this country, it causes them to yield each year a net revenue of more than $4,700,000, though the sum spent on each acre for management is over 100 times greater than that spent on the forests of the United States.

France and Germany together have a

population of 100,000,000, in round numbers, against our probable 85,000,000, and State Forests of 14,500,000 acres against our 160,000,000 acres of National Forests; but France and Germany spend on their forests $11,000,000 a year, while the United States spent on the National Forests last year $1,400,000 and secured a net return of less than $130,000.

In Switzerland, where every foot of agricultural land is of the greatest value, frestry has made it possible for the people to farm all land fit for crops, and so has assisted the country to support a larger population, and one that is more prosperous than would be the case if the valleys were subjected to destructive floods.

In a country as small as Switzerland, and one which contains so many high and rugged mountains, this is a service the benefits of which can not be measured in dollars. It is in Switzerland, also in Sihlwald, that forestry demonstrates beyond contradiction how great a yield in wood and money it may bring about if applied consistently for a number of years.

A circular entitled "What Forestry Has Done," just published by the Forest Service and obtainable upon application to the Forester, Washington, D. C., reviews the forest work of the leading foreign countries. The chief lessons which may be learned from them are summarized as follows:

What forestry has done in other countries shows, first of all, that forestry pays, and that it pays best where most money is expended in applying it. The United States is greatly behindhand in its expenditure for the management of the National Forests, but nevertheless returns have already increased with increased expenditure for management.

A second lesson, clearly brought home by foreign forestry, is the need of timely action, since forest waste can be repaired only at great cost of money and time.

Third, private initiative does not suffice by itself to prevent wasteful forest use. England, it is true, has so far consistantly followed a let-alone policy. However, England has been depending upon foreign supply of wood. Now that all Europe is running behind every year in the production of wood (2,620,000 tons), and there are unmistakable signs that countries which lead as exporters of wood will have to curtail their wood exports, England is at last feeling her dependence and is speculating uneasily as to where she can certainly secure what wood she needs in the future.

Fourth, when the forest countries are compared as to wood imports and exports, and when it is realized that a number of the countries which practice forestry are even now on the wood importing list, the need of forestry in export countries is doubly enforced.

Russia, Sweden, Austria-Hungary, and Canada are making good the wood deficit of a large part of the world. Sweden cuts much more wood (106,000,000 cubic feet) than she produces; Russia, in spite of her enormous forest resources, has probably entered the same road, and England, the leading importer

of wood, must count more and more on Canada. But the United States consumes every year from three to four times the wood its forests produce, and in due time will doubtless take all the wood that Canada can spare.

In other words, unless the countries of the western hemisphere apply forestry promptly and thoroughly, they will one day assuredly be held responsible for a world-wide timber famine.

Fifth, in comparison with foreign countries, the prospects for forestry in the United States are particularly bright, for the following reasons:

1. We start with the assurance that success can certainly be attained.

2. We have few of the handicaps which has trammeled other countries. We have no ancient forest rights and usages with which to contend, or troublesome property questions to settle.

3. The results which other lands have achieved by long struggle, often with bitter costs, are free to us to use as we wish. We have, it is true, our purely national and forest questions, but the key to many of them is somewhat in the keeping of the countries which have achieved forestry.

4. In variety combined with value our forests are without a parallel in the world. They produce timber adapted to the greatest variety of uses, so that, except to meet shortage, importations of wood are unnecessary. Furthermore, transportation facilities enable us to make every forest region available. Thus, by specializing our forest management, each kind of forest may be made to yield the kind of material for which is best adapted, and the wastes due to compulsory use of local supplies may be practically eliminated.

The Modern Novel

PAUL H. RUDH, '08.

"Nemo enim illic vitia ridet, nec corrumpere et corrumpi seculum vocatur."

To make an acurate survey of our own or present day literature would be a most difficult and an almost impossible task. The field through which one must traverse to ascertain its true character is exceedingly large. However, without much search we become aware of the great prevalence of fiction. The immense influence of the novel and short story is perhaps the most striking fact of the literature now in vogue. Fiction fills our monthly magazines, and it is piled high on the counters of our book-stores. In fact, there passes continually before our vision a great, wide stream of novels and tales, rushing through our newspapers and magazines, and in bound form swamping the book-stands of the land. This seemingly endless current sweeps through the publication houses with such a rapid flow that other literary products are forced to the background. Doctor Holmes once said, that during the Civil War the cry of the American people was for "bread and the newspapers;" it would be an exaggeration, of course, to say that during periods of peace the cry of the fairer and gentler half of our population is for "clothes and the novel," but it is an exaggeration only, it is not a misrepresentation. Every year, and sometimes oftener, we learn of a story which has the surprising sale of over a quarter of a million copies, while it is only once in a life time that a work in any other branch of literature achieves so wide a circulation.

We can truly say, and we think that the literary critics of a few generations hence will also agree with us, that our age is a period of prose fiction. This is due not only to the great abundance of novels, but also to their general excellence. It is impossible, from so great a mass of material, and our nearness to the age in which the novels were written, to draw any accurate conclusions regarding their character. Still, by considering the development of the modern novel, two facts are made evident. We first notice, that the technic has been steadily improving. The story is now told more directly and character portrayed more carefully. The artist himself is more self-respecting and takes his work seriously. Secondly, it is clear that the desire to reproduce life with all its intricacies has increased with the ability to acomplish this. The best fiction of the nineteenth century is far less artificial and less arbitrary than the fiction of the eighteenth. Serious novelists, nowdays seek for the interest of their narratives not in the accidents that happen to the hero, but rather to the man himself. They do not depend for their plot upon the external and strange perils from which the extraordinarily courageous hero

chances to escape, but rather upon his character with its balance of good and evil. The successful authors of our time derive their pleasing tales from the struggle man has with his conscience in its reaction against his heredity and environment. "Know thyself," said the Greek philosopher; and the English poet told us that the proper study of mankind was man. In the modern novel, if properly read, we find presented an instrument of great subtilty for the acquiring of knowledge of ourselves and of our fellow-men. It broadens our sympathy, by telling us how the other half lives. It sharpens our insight into humanity at large. We see ourselves "as others see us" and so can profit by the delineation of our peculiar fads and fancies. The modern novel helps us to take a large and liberal view of life; it enlightens, it sustains, and it cheers. While it entertains, pleases and delights us, it also gives us hope, makes us sympathize and forgive. What John Morely once said of literature as a whole is even more accurate when applied to fiction alone; its purpose is "to bring sunshine into our hearts, and drive moonshine out of our heads."

Although the general character of the modern novel is most excellent, there are a number of works of an inferior type, which, strange to say, have sometimes the greatest circulation. This less excellent kind of novel is found among our romantic productions. While there are many romantic works of a high standard, there come forth some which should have no place in American literature. The writers of this style of story do not seek to add to the world's store of facts by making minute studies of types and surrounding country sides; but their highest aim is simply to please the readers. They do not even care to teach moral lessons, but merely endeavor to satisfy the desire for a story. While a story which treats of an idealized life has its value and good features, it is to be noted that many authors, in dealing with such a character, fall into the sensuous style. This is especially true of the women writers. They write their books so that they will sell, regardless of the effect their works will have on the minds of their readers. Among persons, who just read for the pleasure or to pass away the time, there is quite a desire for such work as "Three Weeks." Since there are many people who are aching to read books that tell of the affinity craze, or that treat of a young man falling in love with another man's wife, there is at present a great sale of such works. This is the class of fiction which the society of to-day demands and such writers as Miss Erminie Rives supply. However, this kind of story will not live beyond its age. The works are read almost before the ink is dry; but their titles and authors are forgotten as soon as the tales are read. The subject matter leaves a hurtful impression upon the mind of the reader, which leads her to look forward to the next work of this class. The fair reader becomes filled with the desire to peruse the latest novel, not the best. It is well, that a great sentiment of protest is being expressed by the literary critics of to-day, which feel-

ing of reproach, censure, and disapproval, we hope, may have the desired effect. All such works cast so great a blemish upon the authors and upon our literature, that the reading of them should be greatly discouraged.

Vast as is the fiction of America, there is room for much more of the realistic and romantic types. Stories, descriptive of truly American types, ideals, characteristics, and localities should be forthcoming. Novels of a high moral standard are wanted. The present and the future has a mine of subjects from which to draw. Although there are thousands of stories based on Colonial, Revolutionary, and Civil War history, yet this source of story will never lose its strength, when drawn upon by masters of the literary art and not by mere imitators, as is now the case. The story of the settlement of the western half of the new world, has not been half told. The romance of the struggles of labor, politics, and traffic, in our unique union of the world's civilization, is one that no writer has begun to tell. The posbilities of American fiction are marvelous; they are, indeed, beyond our comprehension!

PAUL RUDH, '08.

EDITORIALS

The wheel of time has again slipped around to a commencement season and the students are looking forward to the festivities of commencement week and the joys of vacation. Various plans have been formed and pleasures an ticipated for some time past, and these will at last be realized during the vacation season. In our college work we have had a regular routine of duties laid down for us. While we have had a regular time for our classes, meals and recreation prescribed, we have not had the responsibility of planning each day's work. When we are launched out upon the sea of vacation with no pilot to guide us but wild impulse, we may forget that our time is in our own hands to plan and not to waste. The lines of Longfellow in reference to "The Village Blacksmith are especially apropos to the planning and accomplishment of each day's work, when he says—

"Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees its close.
Something accomplished — something done,
Has earned a night's repose."

Throughout God's Universe we see a reason for all things. His method, plan and purpose is often veiled to man in his blindness, through his inability to penetrate the unfathomable wisdom of a providential Creator. The planning of a time and fitness for everything is seen particularly in the perfect harmony in the revolving of the heavenly bodies. Since all the celestial bodies move definitely in time through space, we can learn from this that plan should be the first law of our lives. Do not look at your vacation as being a vast desert of fun to be gotten somewhere, somehow: But view it as a privilege given to you which it is your duty to systematize and utilize in the best way possible. Even if one is employed in some business during the day there will be time left at your disposal to improve or waste.

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun,
Sees from thy hand no noble action done."

A practice among students as well as with men and women in all walks of life is the ridiculous error of writing one's personal business on a postal card. The souvenir Post Card is a decided innovation and as such its use has been sadly abused. Remarkable revelations are found written on these cards. Some expressions which, if taken for their face value, might be interpreted rather peculiarly. One of these, discovered in one of our mail bags, was a picture of a "mushy" looking couple holding hands with these words written under it, "Does this remind you of anything?" and signed by the sender's full name.

A souvenir post card of an interesting building or a beautiful scenic production sent to a friend when one is visiting a place of importance is a token of appreciable remembrance. But the promiscuous sending of cards with no discrimination for the recipient's tastes or writing love letters on them is a deplorable inconsistency and a sign of ill breeding. A man at college should be careful in choosing the language he uses in correspondence for idle sayings bring no good but ofttimes harm. When men aspire to political office or gain positions of honor they are often confronted by the follies of some youthful correspondence, resurrected from an old maid's treasure chest, which may be used to their detriment.

College bred men and women must set the precedent in correct form and manners and too often they are either misinformed or careless in these apparently trivial but very marked features of culture. The souvenir post card or the regulation postal should never be used for the transfer of matters personal or of vital import to either party. A letter is a more dignified form of correspondence and insures absolute secrecy.

The course in music is a course which classical men should elect. Professor Marks is a man of wide reputation and measures up to it in every sense of the word. He has spent years in acquiring the material for the course in the theory and history of music and is a man of high ideals and keen musical perception as a teacher of it. There are few men in the country who are willing to sacrifice their time for the preparation and teaching of such a course.

The students who expect to enter the ministry are making a sad mistake by not taking this course in music. The playing of "Annie Laurie," "A Happy Farmer," or the "Last Rose of Summer," at communion and funeral services in many churches could be rectified by a pastor who knew something about the propriety of church tunes.

Moreover for men who expect to enter any sphere of activity in life, a knowledge of musical forms is indispensable to the well-rounded man.

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet
sounds
Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils."

For the sake of developing a well balanced faculty of conversation in polite circles, if for nothing else, one should know enough about music to keep the conversational ball rolling and not appear to be stupid.

Professor Marks does not attempt to make a musical freak of any one, but through this course one can avail himself of the opportunity of acquiring a well balanced knowledge of general affairs and will aid in giving one the polish of true culture.

AS WE SEE THINGS.

One of the celebrites of college asked the following question in the study of art: "Can I acquire a love for art if

I have no taste for it?" We think that so ludicrous an interpolation should have been flatly ignored by a professor and would suggest that the person who interrupted a recitation and encroached on the time of the other members of the class with such nonsense, should send his question to the "Query page" of the "Ladies' Home Journal" or look up Margaret Sangster's "Talks to silly Girls."

Men who are otherwise apparently conscientious do not think it unjust to monopolize the time of a professor to the neglect of the other members of the class.

We notice a tendency among students as well as professors to unjustly criticize men who do not conform to the routine way of thinking. When a man like Ingersol, Shaw or Hubbard is mentioned, or any of that type of men who have not conformed to the average man's way of thinking, some men will change the subject as if it were contaminating, while others have stamped them as criminals merely because they are unconventional types of men.

Darwin formerly appeared on this list and pious folk were shocked at the sound of his name.

One does not need to subscribe to anything that these men have said or done, but the free discussion of their principles will not be injurious to the most pious thinker.

Perhaps if college men were less conventional, their influence on their fellows would be more keenly felt.

The superman type, not the overman, however, is the one who may bring about new ideas in art, literature or science by being what the masses pronounce as "unconventional."

A mistaken idea is prevalent that the poetry of Browning is too deep for the ordinary mind to grasp. Some of the most beautiful thoughts are expressed in the crevices of Browning's lines and are truly gems to search after. The student is endowed with more than ordinary mind development and should try to grapple with the thought of such magnificant poetry rather than devour some of the circulating fiction which appears in the rooms of dormitory students. Browning or Shakespere reading societies will fit men as well for the problems of life as the poorly organized missionary societies which are in vogue at college for men who try to secure the good-will of professors.

OUR ALUMNI

'72. Gen. William P. Snyder, of New York City, has arrived in Liverpool, whither he has gone to close a large contract for a corporation in which he is interested.

'73. Francis D. Raub has been elected Superintendent of the Public Schools of Allentown, Pa., and his salary increased to $2,500 a year.

'74. The Allentown Trust Co., of which Hon. Marcus C. L. Kline is President, has purchased the old Romig home at the northeast corner of Hamilton and Law streets, from Dr. George M. Romig, for $40,000. After the company's lease expires for its present quarters in the Commonwealth Building, a new banking building will be erected on the site just purchased.

'76. During the vacancy in the pulpit of Trinity Lutheran Church at Catasauqua, Pa., caused by the removal of Rev. Edwin F. Keever, to Utica, N. Y., Prof. S. E. Ochsenford, D.D., of the Faculty has filled the pulpit to the complete satisfaction of the members of the congregation.

'78. Rev. Charles L. Fry, of Philadelphia, has received a call from Trinity Lutheran Church, Catasauqua, Pa.

'78. Rev. James Daniel Woodring, D.D., who for the past five years has been President of Albright College, Myerstown, died at the home of his brother, No. 149 Apsley street, Germantown, yesterday. He had been ill for two years and last summer had submitted to an operation. Early in January of this year he went to Florida, but returned to Philadelphia last month. His funeral will take place from the Germantown address to-morrow evening, and the body will be brought to Allentown on Friday and services will be held in Bethany Church here at two o'clock.

Dr. Woodring was one of the most prominent ministers of the U. E. Church, and Albright College, the principal institution of the denomination, prospered under his Presidency.

He was born at Wescosville, June 1, 1854, a son of John J. and Mary Ann Woodring. He studied at the Keystone State Normal School, Kutztown, in 1871, and from 1873 to 1875. He entered Muhlenberg College here September 2, 1875, and was graduated with first honor June 27, 1878. While at Muhlenberg he was a member of the Sophronian Literary Society.

In the same year that he was graduated he was licensed to preach and after completing the conference course of studies, he was ordained in 1883. His first charge was Freemansburg, 1879-80. In 1883 he was appointed to Christ

Church, Philadelphia, of which Rev. E. S. Woodring, a younger brother, is the present pastor. During the thirty years of his ministry he served the largest and most influential churches in the denomination at Bethlehem, Terre Hill, Reading and Allentown. He was Secretary of the East Pennsylvania Conference 1888-91.

From 1893 to 1896 Rev. Woodring was pastor of Bethany United Evangelical Church, this city, and his pastorate in this charge was one of the most successful the congregation has ever known. It was just after the split in the Evangelical Association and the congregation met in the Academy of Music, which was destroyed by fire during that period. The handsome church at Sixth and Oak streets was erected during his pastorate.

In 1902 he was elected to the Presidency of Albright College and was installed October 21, 1902.

Dr. Woodring was an eloquent preacher and a successful college president.

His parents now reside in this city. In 1878 he married Ella J. Glick, daughter of the late Reuben Glick, of Cedarville, who preceeded him in death in 1885. September 6, 1887, he married Margaret K. Hurst, daughter of Dr. M. W. Hurst, of Talmage, Lancaster county, who with the following children survives: Durbin E., of this city; E. Grace, of Monroeville, N. J.; Mabel, Wendell, Harriet, Hurst, Margaret and Mary, of Myerstown.

Hundreds of friends, former parishioners and fellow-workers in the ministry of the late Rev. Dr. James D. Woodring, President of Albright College, attended his funeral this afternoon in this city. The remains were brought from the home of his brother in Philadelphia, where he expired on Tuesday, this morning and removed to the home of his stricken parents Mr. and Mrs. John J. Woodring, No. 541 Green street, where private services were conducted for the family by Rev. James E. Acker, of Philadelphia, an uncle of the deceased. Brief services were also held last evening at Philadelphia, by Rev. Dr. H. T. Schlegel, of Myerstown.

Immediately after the services at the home of the deceased's parents, the body was removed to Bethany United Evangelical Church, where it lay in state from 1.15 until 2 o'clock. An opportunity was given the friends to view the remains in the lecture room of the church and a steady stream of people filed past the casket and took a last look on the features of the beloved pastor, which bore the marks of great suffering. Sursounding the casket were a number of magnificent floral pieces.

At 2 o'clock the body was removed to the main auditorium and placed immediately inside the chancel rail. Rev. Edward Haines Kistler, the pastor, opened the services with scripture reading. The funeral sermon was preached by Bishop W. F. Heil, of Highland Park, Ill., a life-long friend of the deceased and one of his greatest admirers. His eloquent eulogy, feelingly delivered, moved many of the large audience to tears. It was a splendid tribute throughout.

Rev. Dr. C. A. Bowman, Dean of Albright College, and acting president since the death of Dr. Woodring, spoke of the relations of the dead officer with the institution he so worthily represented. Presiding Elder A. M. Sampsel, of Reading, read the obituary. Rev. Dr. W. E. Detweiler, of the Central Pennsylvania Conference, President of the Board of Trustees of Albright College; Presiding Elder J. Willis Hoover, of Harrisburg, and Presiding Elder J. H. Shirey, of Allentown, followed with brief addresses. The choir of Bethany Church sang several beautiful selections. In the chancel were seated with the officiating clergymen Rev. Prof. C. S. Kelchner and Rev. Prof. E. E. Stauffer, of Albright College.

The pallbearers were J. G. Mohn, of Reading, and W. J. Gruhler, of Germantown, representing the Board of Trustees of Albright College and four members of the faculty of Albright College, Rev. Dr. A. E. Gobble, Prof. W. J. Dech, Prof. J. P. Stover and Prof. H. A. Kiess.

Burial was made in West End Cemetery, whither the remains were escorted by many who attended the services.—*Allentown Daily City Item.*

'80. On Sunday, May 10th, Trinity Lutheran Church, Lehighton, Pa., Rev. John H. Kuder, pastor, held special services commemorating the one-hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Pennsylvania Bible Society of Philadelphia. At the evening services Dean Ettinger, of the Faculty, delivered an address on "The Influence of the Bible."

'81. A daughter of Frank H. Reinoehl, teller in the National Bank of Lebanon, Pa., recently was married to Harry Snell, formerly a student at Muhlenberg.

'82. In the Y. M. C. A.'s series of Sunday afternoon lectures, Dr. Samuel C. Schmucker, of the West Chester Normal School, yesterday afternoon gave a very interesting and profitable discourse on "Belshazzar's Feast." Dr. Schmucker is one of the best known lecturers in the state and wherever he speaks his audiences are charmed with him.

In spite of the bad weather, fully three hundred and fifty people turned out to hear him. The meeting was opened with the hymn "I Need Thee Every Hour." Mr. Yardley led the meeting in prayer, after which Ralph Krecker sang a delightful tenor solo, "In My Father's House."

In the fellowship luncheon following the meeting, addresses were delivered by Messrs. Schmucker and Yardley.

Dr. Schmucker's address was a powerful appeal for good men. Dr. Schmucker said that the feast of Belshazzar was one of the most dramatic episodes of the Old Testament. It displayed the glory and grandeur of the ancients coupled with barbaric luxury. Servants had gathered into the dining hall everything possible of the dainties and luxuries of the eastern world. The guests lay on divans and the servants came bringing more, and more and they drank more and more until their heads and murky brains

glowed and gleamed with the powerful influence of alcohol.

The king, upon seeing a hand on the wall, grew pale, and immediately called for the soothsayers to read, but their power was of no avail as they were confronted with a problem that mastered them. Nebuchadnezzar then had his famous dream and Daniel interpreted it to him.

He promised power, riches and honor to the young Hebrew to read the dream, but Daniel refused all but read it for him and told him that his grandfather grew hard, proud and haughty and forgot his God and Master. You also have need of a messenger of God said Daniel for far have you strayed from the path of righteousness. He then spoke of the five-cent piece, nickel, meaning little devil and how many succumbed to the influences of the little devils. He said that many men are straight but for a little devil which has an unyielding influence. Then referring to Theodore Roosevelt he said that he is the unbending backbone of the American nation and that he alone is pulling the moral forces together which alone will save our government from ruin and destruction. Carlyle said if a person can make one honest man there will be one less dishonest one in the world. Dr. Schmucker then closed the address with a stirring appeal for men to follow the right path and forsake the luxuries and evils of dishonest lives.

'76. E. O. Reyer, Esq., of Northampton, Pa., has returned from an extended trip to Colorado in the interest of a mining company of which he is President.

'89. Rev. John H. Raker, has opened his newly-established home for crippled children in South Allentown.

'90. George Ormrod and Mr. and Mrs. John F. Saeger will sail from New York on June 17th on the Cunard liner "Lusitania." They will be gone three months and will tour the British Isles and the Continent.

Allentown Chronicle and News.

'92. Rev. Edward H. Trafford and Rev. Frederick W. Wackernagel, '94, Lutheran Missionaries at Rajah, Mundry, India, have resigned, and will shortly return to America.

'92. Leo Wise, Esq., has been re-elected City Solicitor of Allentown, Pa.

'93. After a prolonged delay caused by the tie between the Republican and the Democratic members of City Councils, William Rick, Esq., has been inaugurated Mayor of Reading, Pa.

'96. Thomas L. Rhoads, M.D., of the United States Army, has been promoted to the position of Surgeon with the rank of Captain.

'96. Rev. T. A. Bridges Stopp, of Atlantic City, recently preached an excellent sermon in St. John's Lutheran Church, Allentown.

'99. A telegram to the *Allentown Chronicle and News,* gives the following news:—A hair-raising automobile trip saved the life of Wilbur Best, a young college student who, while at dinner at the house of his father, at Macadia, choked on a bit of meat. Nathan Fritch, in his automobile, rushed four miles to town and back with Dr. J. S. T. Ritter in exactly eight minutes.

'92. Thomas M. Yoder, B.S., is now located in the Fisher Building, Chicago, as sales agent for various corporations.

'06. After receiving his M.A., at Yale University and teaching a year at Western Maryland College, Preston A. Barba has received a German scholarship in the Post-Graduate School of the University of Penna.

'07. Elmer B. Ulrich has received the Botanical scholarship at the University of Penna.

'07. Charles W. Ettinger is a reporter on the *Allentown Democrat.*

"The Barrier," by Rex Beach, is a worthy successor to "The Spoilers" and a credit to the pen of Mr. Beach. It is a story delightfully and masterfully told, a story of love and hate among the rather uncouth, the picturesque, characters of a frontier mining town. Incident and adventure abound in the tale giving it a vivacity and freshness that tingle the blood of the reader.

The author portrays life in a new country, amid rough, primitive conditions, in a vivid and realistic way, imparting information while he entertains.

The fundamental assumption of the author, the assumption upon which the story hinges, is that Nercia Gale, the charming heroine, is mistaken for a Siwash half-breed.

This assumption has been criticized by some reviewers but, we believe, unfairly. Most readers who have never seen a half-breed—and few have—have their own preconceived ideas of such a person, and to most of these this seems a very audacious supposition. But we

trust to Mr. Beach's greater experience and veracity as well as to his better judgment which would surely not permit him to base his story upon an almost impossible assumption.

Lieutenant Burrel of the United States Army is captivated by the charms of the trader's daughter at Flambeau, Alaska. He learns to his dismay, however, that she is a half-breed and determines that their friendship must cease; but it does not cease, and a "strike" by "No Creek." Lee conspires to strengthen the bonds between them, as well as to bring a host of new settlers to Flambeau. When Burrel is resolved to give up everything—his career in the army and his family—and marry Nercia, a startling denouement begins in which is disclosed the fact that Nercia is not a half-breed at all nor is she Nercia Gale, but Merridy Bennet.

Mr. Beach has succeeded in creating possibly one of the most interesting characters one can meet in present-day fiction in the person of Napoleon Doret, a French Canadian, who figures largely in the story and who is, in truth, the hero of the book.

"Poleon" is a well drawn character. Large of physique, muscular, magnanimous, a generous friend, and a noble enemy, he engages our attention from his first entrance upon the scene to his final exit. When finally after his disappointment the "wander-lust" again take possession of him and he drives his canoe down stream, singing,

"Yours is a heart that laughter cheers,
Mine is a heart that's full of tears.
Long have I loved, I love her yet;
Leave her I can, but not forget."

In order to restrain the tears we stand upon the shore with Nercia, following him with our eyes and saying with her, "God love you—always."

The last chapter of the book, "The Call of the Oreads," is particularly fine for its mingled pathos and humor. It is a chapter that would have graced the pen of Dickens.

PERSONAL

Reitz, '11—Are you descended from the royal family, Pete?

Wohlsen, '09—Oh yes, my great grand-father was cleaner of the royal cuspidor, in Sweden.

Dr. O.—At the Brook farm were such men as Hawthorne, Chas. A. Dana, and Margaret Fuller.

Landis, '10—Put on your overcoat Miller, then help me to put on mine.

Dr. E. (to Haas reading Latin)—Well! well! pony up.

Wunder, '11 (smelling Miller's cigarette)—"Holy Smokes."

Rentschler, '11—What smokes?

Dr. E.—I could play the violin, too, if it wasn't for this fingering.

Mr. Reisner, '10, responded very nicely to an early morning call over the 'phone on the first of April.

---

(1) *Hardy on Schmid's farm.*

Hardy, '11 (having spent a day on a farm).—You should have seen me milk a cow to-day.

Bechthold, '11—What kind of a cow?

Hardy, '11—I don't know but I think it was a heifer.

(2) Hardy, '11—A calf that had never seen a fly, kicked to-day when it heard a buzzing sound.

Bechthold, '11—You did the same when you were a baby.

Miller, '10—Hardy wasn't a calf baby though.

Hardy, '11—You don't know what I was when I was young.

Eberts, '11—Listen to our *classical* music.

Weber, '11—Cut off the first two letters.

Bechthold, '11—Don't you eat pie, Bill?

Landis, '10—What kind is it?

Bechthold, '11—Cream.

Landis, '10—I don't need to eat cream, I am the cream of the sophomore class.

Lewis, '11—Who is out?

Dr. W. Kuder.—I know him by his feathers, just as you know an Indian.

Green, '09—What time, Anthony?

Anthony, '08—I don't know. I am slow.

Landis, '10—You're not so slow but your watch is.

Dr. W.—I'll soon send you out of the room, Butz.

Butz, '11.—I know that.

Shoemaker, '09—I read a love story last night.

Dr. W.—Well yes, it affects your head.

Dr. W.—Now Miller, that chirping sparrow, recite.

Landis, '11—I am going to the lab. this afternoon. (Sunday).

Zook, '11—What are you going to do, distill whiskey?

Zook, '11—What do you use that tongue for; an umbrella?

Bechthold, '11—No for a wash rag when I don't have time to wash myself in the morning.

Reitz, '11—I wish I was getting the money that you are getting in the aluminum business, Pete.

Wohlsen, '09—What would you do?

Reitz, '11—I'd take a double course at Muhlenberg College, female and classical.

Bechthold, '11—When Bill Landis gets a dark brown taste in his mouth, he doesn't need to go downtown. He only has to look at his new tie.

Dr. Haas—Who sits next to you, Mr. Horn?

Horn, '10—Mr. Gelsinger.

Dr. Haas.—Isn't Mr. Gelsinger here? (After looking all over the room for the boy). He doesn't appear to be.

Dr. W.—Is your book too big to carry to school, Boyer?

Smith, '11—No, too little to carry home.

Dr. W.—Put your stockings down, Lewis; calves' legs are sold at the butcher shop.

Eberts, '11—I think Peter Wohlsen could write a good article on "the blast furnace."

Dr. E.—If you say that a man should not be as virtuous as a woman your logic is out of joint.

She—Did you lose a dime? There is one lying on the floor near your chair.

Wohlsen, '09—(feeling about his pockets)—Yes, I think I did.

Mother (to daughter when Pete was gone)—Did you find two dimes in the room last night? I dropped them yesterday.

Haas, '11—What does "neget" mean?

Dr. E.—It means to say nay.

Dr.. E.—There are some happy accidents.

Lewis, '11—It will be a happy accident if I get through this year.

Dr. W.—Read Hebrews, 6th Chapter, 6th verse.

Rentschler, '11—Where is it?

Dr. W.—In the Bible.

Pete Wohlsen, '09—(To a girl that Morning was escorting down street)—Do you know where I live?

She.—Yes, I heard that you live in Lancaster.

Pete—Yes, Mr. Morning and I are from the same place, but I am from Lancaster City while Mr. Morning is from a small village near Lancaster.

The most comic event of the year was the Bechthold-Kuder hand to hand fight.

Dr. W.—Lewis, keep quiet. You complained that you have headache.

Lewis, '11—(holding his head)—Oh! yes.

Dr. W.—Oh! You forgot that you have a head, isn't it?

Sophomore—Where did Green leave his friend?

Senior—He left her down at the fair grounds until he ate his supper.

Dr. W.—Lewis, don't begin to lie, or to continue, rather.

Dr. B.—What do you think you're giving, Lewis?

What was he giving, Weber?

Weber, '11—I don't know.

Dr. B.—I don't know either, hee haw, but he actually gave something that is in the book.

Laubach, '09—Why does Green have his shades down?

Landis, '10—He has a visitor.

Dr. W.—Butz, don't be too much in evidence, please.

Reitz—(translating German)—"Here she laid it upon the Tish."

Kuder, '11—(who had turned on electric lights)—Now ask me questions, Dr.

Dr. W.—Yes, but remember there is only one light there.

Shiry, '10—The most important study has still been excluded from our course, namely, peripetatics.

Freshman—Fellows, you're supposed to laugh at that unless the staleness is too stale.

Pete was very much disappointed when he was told that he wasn't eligible for the college base ball picture after he had spent two days in telling the fellows how he learned to play ball by watching the Lancaster Tri-State team last summer.

Huyett, '10—The prohibition movement is carried on in Louisiana, Georgia and other New England States.

Kleckner, '10—Dr. Reisner and I are going to sell peanuts, lemonade and pretzels. We want your patronage.

Dr. W.—Be sure that you sell your photographs too; that will net you a larger income than anything else.

Wunder,'11—Doesn't Telos mean end?

Prof. F.—Yes, but not the end of a dog.

Dr. W. Mr. Butz, you did very well with your music but you needn't practice it for I'll practice writing zeros.

Dr. E.—(to Latin class)—Gentlemen, never think that somebody will get you by your collar or another portion of your anatomy and put you on the right track.

Butz, '11—John Bauman ought to get out his German by mathematics.

Dr. W.—Now, take care Butz, or there'll be subtraction.

Landis, '10—It cost me 10 cents to go to church this morning.

Reisner, '10—How's that?

Landis, '10—I didn't have any change.

Hardy, '11—I have a lump on my head.

Bechthold, '11—Where is the head, I can only see the lump.

Mueller said he wished he might see his name in print once. Well, here goes, Henry:

Mueller, Mueller, Mueller,
Mueller, Mueller, Mueller.

Reitz.—Do you know, Grant, it's a source of consolation to a fellow to have a sweet little maiden walking at his side glancing sympathetically into his eyes?

Yes, Charlie; it's a wonderful experience.

ATHLETICS.

BASE BALL.

At this time of the year the land, from shore to shore, resounds with bat swats and base ball slang, and we have not escaped the malady. Our team has been practicing daily under the eyes and directions of Captain Landgraf, of the Allentown-Atlantic League Team, and is in good working order. On May 2nd, Lafayette 2ds were to be here, but they cancelled. On May 9, Lehigh 2ds were our opponents, and a good game resulted. Hauser pitched great ball, and with his number of strike-outs, should have won the game, but our looseness in fielding and weakness in batting lost the game. Flippers, of Lehigh, also pitched good ball, and Butler, of the visitors, was the scorer for that side, having a two-base hit and a three bagger. The line-up was as follows:

LEHIGH 2D, 3; MUHLENBERG, 2.

Lehigh Second.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Vela, 1b.	0	0	9	1	1
Borden, sf.	0	1	0	1	1
Cheraboga, 3b.	1	0	0	0	1
Butler, c.	1	2	14	2	0
McFarland, lf.	0	0	1	0	0
Richards, rf.	0	0	0	0	0
Bason, ss.	0	1	1	0	3
Smith, 2b.	0	0	2	1	0
Flippera, p.	1	1	0	3	0
Muhlenberg.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Putra, 2b.	0	0	0	2	0
Shelly, 1b.	0	1	6	0	0
Albert, ss.	0	1	1	0	0
Aberly, c.	2	1	16	1	0
Shupp, 3b.	0	1	2	0	1
Butz, lf.	0	0	1	0	0
Hauser, p.	0	1	0	1	1
Funk, cf.	0	0	1	0	0
Anthony, rf.	0	0	0	0	0

Lehigh Second...0 1 0 0 0 0 0 2 0—3
Muhlenberg .....0 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 0—2

Earned runs—Lehigh, 1; Muhlenberg, 1. Two-base hit—Butler. Three-base hit—Butler. Struck out—By Hauser, 15; by Flippera, 10. Bases on balls—Off Hauser, 4; Flippera, 4. Umpire—Swenk, Atlantic League.

TRACK.

About a dozen men are practicing daily on the track in preparation for the meet at Harrisburg on Decoration Day. Mr. Smith, Physical Director of the Y. M. C. A., has charge of the men, and is getting good results from them. From all indications, some of our men should capture places in the meet.

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